

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1890.

MILLICENT AND ROSALIND.

CHAPTER I.

ON a certain afternoon in May, some years ago, a middle-aged gentleman presented himself at the window of the Lost-Property Office, in the Waterloo railway-station of London.

He was a queer-looking personage. In stature he was barely of middle height, even in the tall hat from which the rubs of life had removed the gloss and blackness. His shoes were too large for him, and had very heavy soles; the creases in the sleeves of his coat and behind the knees of his trousers had become set in their ways. The gentleman's shoulders stooped a little, his frame seemed emaciated, and his gait had no buoyancy.

But his head was remarkable. It was large, and, for a man of middle height, surprisingly large. It was long rather than broad: the space of the intellectual faculties was vast, and beautifully developed; the brow was prominent, and bushy eyebrows overhung deep-set eyes. His cheeks were thin and deeply furrowed, and a thin beard did not conceal the sad expression of the mouth. His nose was relatively small, and very delicately moulded, with thin, sensitive nostrils. His voice, when he spoke to the clerk, was mellow and courteous, with a slight Scotch burr in it: he rested his hand and shoulder against the frame of the window.

"There was an umbrella,—a new large cotton umbrella,—I left it in a third-class compartment of the 3.30 train."

"Tain't often we gets umbrellas here," answered the clerk, looking amused. "Folks as finds 'em mostly nets 'em: especially new large cotton ones like yours. My advice is, you'd best apply to the parties as was in the compartment with you."

The gentleman's nostrils expanded at this rather impertinent speech, and there was a glow in his eyes as he fixed them on the clerk.

"Thank you for your advice," he said, "but, as I was the only occupant of the compartment——"

Here there was an interruption. A tall, erect man, white-haired and well dressed, came up with a quick, firm tread, and, taking a half-crown from his waistcoat-pocket with his gloved forefinger and thumb, he threw it down on the counter. The clerk promptly picked it up and touched his cap.

"Look alive, now!" said this prosperous person, in a brisk, authoritative tone. "Find me a black morocco Gladstone, with gold fastenings,—left in the 3.30 to-day. Be quick about it!"

"Since you seem in haste, I concede you the precedence," said the shabby gentleman, as the clerk scuttled off; and he made a gesture so lofty and condescending as to contrast oddly with his poor attire and insignificant stature.

"I really beg your pardon!" exclaimed the other, facing round with a quick, inquiring look on his firm-set and handsome face. "Were you here before me?"

"Here's two black morocco Gladstones, sir——" began the clerk, from the back of the office.

"Give me the one with 'Snowden Mayne' on it in gold letters,—yes, that's it."

"Servant, sir," replied the clerk, who was, in his sphere, a judge of human nature. He put the bag down on the counter. The owner would have taken it up; but there was a thin white hand already upon it,—the hand of the shabby gentleman with the deep-set eyes. These eyes now met the keen, surprised glance of Mr. Snowden Mayne.

"I think this is mine," said the latter, after a moment.

An odd smile played about the face of the shabby gentleman. He still kept his hand on the bag.

"I don't question it, but——" he said, and stopped. His face grew paler, and his smile became more forced.

"I fear I'm dull,—or you may have made some mistake," said the other, with a touch of impatience in his voice. The shabby gentleman removed his hand. "I look like some acquaintance of yours, perhaps," continued the owner of the bag, more kindly. "But as I landed in England only two days ago——"

"After an absence of over twenty years in America," interposed the shabby gentleman.

The other stared. "I never pretended to understand enigmas," he said, at length.

"You're not much changed, Snowden, in some ways," was the reply. "And, though you don't recognize me, I'm less changed in other ways than you seem to be." There was now a gleam of something like boyish playfulness on his worn visage. He went on half laughingly, but with a tremor in his voice, "Maybe if I mentioned Caius College 'twould refresh your memory a bit!"

Snowden Mayne gave a start, hesitated, and shook his head.

"Oh, man alive!" cried the other, in a deeper tone, "I'll bring you to your bearings!—Mildred Gordon!"

Mayne's blue eyes brightened and widened: there followed a passing

shadow of constraint, succeeded by a glow of feeling that reddened his face and unloosed his lips. "Paul Penwyn!" he said, in an inward voice. They took each other's hands, and moved away still grasping each other,—Mayne carrying his bag, but Penwyn without his umbrella, which had slipped his memory.

For several moments neither spoke. Meanwhile, a variety of expressions hovered over Penwyn's face: there was a certain awkwardness in all of them, but beneath all a kind of spiritual beauty shone out. Mayne's countenance wore a preoccupied look, and was as firm as marble, with a touch of sternness. But presently he turned, and, laying his left hand kindly on Penwyn's shoulder, said, in a hearty voice,—

"Come round to my room—I've got a room at the hotel—and smoke a cigar."

Penwyn waved his hand in assent. They took a hansom, which, ten minutes later, set them down at the hotel. They went up to Mayne's room: he brought out a bottle of whiskey and some cigars. The two sat down by a table in the window. They smoked, and exchanged some observations about the quality of tobacco and the difficulties of importation. Penwyn remarked that all the best cigars were sent to England. Mayne laughed and replied that none but Americans knew what a good cigar was. After a separation of twenty years, they seemed to find conversation difficult.

At last, Penwyn, earnestly scrutinizing the ash of his cigar, said, "You're alone?"

"Yes," replied the other, nodding his head slightly.

"American women didn't suit you?"

"Oh, they're very charming. But I've been too busy." He showed his hand, on a finger of which was an amethyst ring. "Do you remember this?"

"That I do!" returned Penwyn, a pink color flushing his pale cheeks.

"Meeting you again recalls all that. But sentiment, in fellows of our age, is three parts habit, and the rest—accident!"

"I don't know,—I don't know. No, I can't agree with you. And you don't believe it yourself."

"Well, I guess most of us believe more than is good for us. The day I gave this ring to Mildred Gordon—Mrs. Penwyn, I should say—I believed, a good deal more than I had warrant for, in the rose-color of life; and when, later on, she gave it back to me, I went as far in believing evil,—that neither man nor woman could be trusted, and all the rest of it. I was a fool both ways, though, to be sure, the incident changed the course of my life. But—three parts habit and the rest accident is the rule of life, after forty. Have some more whiskey?"

Mayne spoke in a low, swinging monotone, probably the result of his long transatlantic residence. He seemed more attractive in this thoughtful retrospective phase than in the brusque, authoritative mood of half an hour before. His features, at once refined and bold, were browned by warmer suns than England's: his flesh was thinned and hardened by a life of activity in a dry climate. His soft white hair enhanced the manly freshness of his vigorous face. His dress was a

well-made dark travelling-suit, with a Parisian nicety in the details of boots, sleeve-links, and scarf-pin.

"Twenty years is longer in passing than to look back upon," said Penwyn.

"It's rather the other way about with me."

"You've had little leisure, probably. I've had a bit more than I wanted."

"You have prospered, then? I knew they'd been pirating your books on the other side."

"Prosperity has had nothing to do with my leisure: it's an overstocked market."

"Not overstocked with work so good as yours, I guess! But what of old Gordon? Do you mean to say he has held out all this time?"

"Let Gordon be: he's gone, and I've nothing against him. How long do you remain in England?"

"Till I hand in my checks, probably. My brother Frank died last autumn."

"Frank, too? I live so little in the world, I hadn't heard of it. Then you succeed to the estate. Well, welcome back!"

"As to the estate, that won't amount to much, I imagine. But Millicent wrote me she was alone in the house, with old Pat Malvini, the steward."

"Millicent—is she——"

"She's my sister, though I haven't seen her since she was three years old. She has written to me regularly during my absence. I should judge she was a good girl, with a better head than Frank, poor fellow. She and I together ought to be able to make ends meet, —especially with the help of Signor Malvini."

"You say you haven't seen her yet?"

"I'm to dine at the house this evening. The fact is," added Mayne, laughing, "I've been a little shy about presenting myself. I might have seen her any time in the last four-and-twenty hours, but one feels hesitation about opening a closed door. By the way, why can't you and—Mrs. Penwyn come to the house in Park Row and dine with us? It's short notice, but——"

"Oh, man! you've not heard—you don't know?" interrupted Penwyn, in a strange voice.

The two men gazed at each other with startled eyes. Mayne was the first to recover himself. "What is it?" he asked, steadily.

"She left me five years ago," said Penwyn; and he cleared his throat.

"Left you? How's that? A separation?" returned the other, sharply.

"Silence!" cried out Penwyn, with a voice and gesture so commanding that the tall man felt rebuked. How the eyes glowed under the bushy brows! After a few quick breaths, he continued in a calmer voice, "My wife and I were true and dear to each other for seventeen years. She came from wealth to poverty to marry me, and against her father's will; but I can say, thank God, that she never regretted it,—ay, nor did I ever regret it for her sake. After all, Mayne," he added,

in a still gentler tone, "I was wrong to say she'd left me. When I am lonely, 'tis I that am to blame. When I am worthy, I feel her presence still; and I know her dear hands are always held out to me, and that we shall know each other when we meet."

"I ask your pardon for my mistake, Paul," said Mayne. "I, certainly, of all men, ought to have known better. But, to tell the truth, when I left England I had some hard thoughts of you; and perhaps some dregs of that feeling muddled my judgment. I ask your pardon," he repeated, holding out his hand.

"You have it, with all my heart," said Penwyn, striking his own into it. "I know you cared for her, Snowden; but——"

"It wasn't that; it wasn't only that. I thought—— But, bless my soul, who cares what a wrong-headed boy thought twenty years ago? No, it had never entered my mind to imagine that Mildred was dead: I saw her always as the girl I knew, full of health and beauty. And when you said she had left you, I suppose I took the word literally because I couldn't bear, for a moment, to believe the truth." He got up from his chair and paced across the room and back. "I'm a little dazed yet," he said. "I expected to see her again: I didn't realize till now how vividly I expected it. Well, well! Will you come and dine with me, then?"

"Not to-night,—not to-night, my dear boy," answered Penwyn, smiling, and balancing on his heels and toes, with his hat waving gently in his hand. "'Tis for you to call first on us, you know. I've a daughter nineteen years old and over, and I must present you to her in my own house."

"I'll come with pleasure. Where are you?"

"Out Putney way a bit: here's the address on this card. 'Tis a wee small place, but you'll always be welcome, and Miss Millicent too."

"I'll come, and bring Millicent with me. Don't go yet, old fellow,—just as we're beginning to find each other again! Well, then, you'll soon hear from me in person; and after that we won't lose sight of each other. Good-by!"

After Penwyn had gone, Mayne sat down in his chair and clasped his hands around his lifted knee. He said to himself that Penwyn was little changed in essentials,—an odd, reticent, unaccountable man, with queer enthusiasms and sensibilities, with lofty dreams which some deficiency prevented him from realizing, and with occasional lapses into perversity and absurdity. He was conscious of a hesitation in entering into familiar converse with him, because there was something in the man's nature that he had never understood or fathomed; and what Mayne could not understand he was prone to distrust. Moreover, he believed that he had had definite warrant for distrust of Penwyn, in the past. Still, he himself being honest and free-spoken, he wished to talk freely with the only man in England whom he had heartily cared for. And he now thought it possible that his old suspicions had been exaggerated or incorrect. Penwyn must really have loved his wife, after all; and to a man in love much can be forgiven.

He looked at his watch: it was nearly seven. At eight he was to dine with his sister. He put aside his preoccupation and began to dress.

CHAPTER II.

A SMALL house in Park Lane, not far from Upper Brooke Street, had a dark-green door, furnished with a brightly-polished brass knocker. A young gentleman of good address and appearance lifted this knocker, at five o'clock on the day we are speaking of, and played with it one of those light, rippling tattoos which are recognized in polite London as the proper signal of gentle callers.

The door was opened with the moderate promptitude that indicates preparation on the domestic's part to let callers come in. In fact, it was the hour at which the lady of the house was accustomed to receive her friends at five-o'clock tea. The young man entered as one familiar with the premises, and, holding his hat and cane in his left hand, mounted the stairs. The drawing-room door was on the right of the landing. He was shown in.

The room was of good size, though not lofty. The general effect of the hues of walls and furniture was subdued and pleasing. One noticed, moreover, that the chairs and lounges were broad-seated and comfortable and the tables were low and prettily draped. A few pictures decorated the walls, their tone melting into their environment. The only flowers in the room were half a dozen yellow jonquils, so disposed, each in a separate vase, as to lighten up and enliven the shadowy corners. A transparent twilight pervaded the place, and the roar of London was heard only as a doubtful murmur.

There was a fire in the fireplace,—a heap of red glowing Wallsend, —which was intended more to please the imagination than to increase the temperature; for the weather was scarcely cool enough to necessitate artificial heating. It also offered a meeting-place and refuge: a man standing on the rug in front of it felt morally supported, and emboldened to maintain his opinions, or to open his more private thoughts; while for women it was useful as a means of warranting graceful and engaging postures,—the curve of the arm holding a screen, the arched foot resting on the fender, the sway and bend of neck and waist, and the sparkle of a latent jewel here and there, not to mention the ruddy reflected glow on cheeks too pale, perhaps, from the season's dissipations. The heat of summer is suitable for the natural or elemental qualities and passions of humanity; but to good society a fire is almost indispensable. This may be the reason why in England, which is hardly ever too warm for live coals, society is in so advanced a stage of excellence.

At the moment of the caller's entrance there were two women in the room, seated one at each side of the fireplace. One was short, stout, and rosy; the other, rather tall, slender, pale-faced; a great quantity of crisp black hair was drawn back and gathered in a massive knot on the top of her head, giving her delicate neck the look of a fine Oriental pillar.

The young man came towards her with a free, strong step and bearing. "How d'you do, Millicent?" he said; and, nodding to the other lady, "How d'you do, Miss Plumptre?" Millicent gave him her hand, and a friendly smile, without rising, and he immediately seated

himself beside her. Evidently he was at home in this house. "May I pour you a cup of tea?" inquired Miss Plumptre. Yes, she might: lots of sugar. "Where have you been all this time, Tom?" asked Millicent.

"It is quite a while, isn't it?" said Tom. He took his tea from smiling Miss Plumptre, stirred it, and tasted it, having previously put his hat and stick on the floor beside him. "Well, I've been busy. No particular work, though."

"That contract, you mean?"

"And the other affair too, for that matter. The contract isn't really decided yet, one way or the other. I honestly believe my design is the best. It would make a good, roomy, handsome house, not just like all other houses, you know, and yet not fantastic. It's just such a house as I would like to live in, if I could live as I want to—and with whom I want to." He leaned a little towards her, and added, in an undertone, "I was thinking of her all the time I was making the design, and it inspired me."

Millicent listened to him with a soft but pleasant intentness in the glance of her large black eyes. There was a slight vibration, as it were, of the upper region of the cheeks, as if a smile were awaiting permission to come forth. Some women are so sensitively organized that emotions that produce no change in other faces have the effect of light and shadow upon theirs. Millicent's face seemed to be expression and nothing else. She was at times radiantly lovely, at other times positively plain. You could not catch the change in the making, nor could you fathom the manner of it. The impenetrability of matter could never have been justified from her. She was whatever she happened to be feeling or thinking about. Meanwhile, she was always exquisite in all that makes that perfected kind of woman that we have agreed to call a lady. Sometimes she was all transparent and sparkling, like crystal; sometimes a mist dimmed the surface. She was as wise as a serpent and as innocent as a dove.

Miss Plumptre, the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, was as discreet as she was cheerful. She was living with Millicent as a companion, and knew exactly what was required of her. She could easily have tyrannized over Millicent if she had wanted to, for the latter was meekness itself so far as her own personal rights and privileges were concerned. But Miss Plumptre loved Millicent with the healthy vehemence of her healthy nature, and would sometimes even lie awake for several minutes after going to bed thinking what she could do to please her. She knew that Tom Gordon was on terms of confidential friendship with the young lady, and therefore, when Tom dropped his voice, she began to hunt for something in her work-basket, and, not finding it,—as how could she, seeing that it was a pretext to retire?—she rose with an inarticulate murmur and left the room. So now the conversation could proceed freely.

"I don't see that you have much reason to complain," remarked Millicent. "Your design has as good a chance of being accepted as any; and as for Rosalind, if she loves you, it will all come out right in the end."

"I don't know whether she loves me or not," returned Tom, gloomily. "She may think she does; but how can she or I know? It's certain she loves her father, and is under his influence; and he influences her against me."

"What sets Mr. Penwyn against you? He is a poet and a novelist, isn't he? and ought to favor lovers."

"He takes out his romance in his imagination, I fancy. Practically, he has other views. I suppose the reason he opposes me is that I'm poor. But I should be rich enough if I only had Rosalind."

"There can be no doubt about your loving!" said Millicent, with a smile.

"I mean, the having her would make me able to do anything. But if I'm not to have her, what is the use of making a fortune? I don't want it for myself."

"No, Tom, that is not the right spirit," said Millicent, a faint tinge of color coming into her face. "The perfect lover, as I imagine him, can never believe that he will be defeated. He is sure of his own love, to begin with; and that is the chief thing, after all."

"The chief thing is to be sure of her love, I should say."

Millicent shook her head. "To love truly is better than to be loved. To give is more blessed than to receive. If I were a man, and loved a woman, I would almost fear to be loved by her. My glory would be in giving all to her and asking no return. Love is a divine thing, and that is what makes it so. And if she could not love me, still my love would not be lost. I should have enjoyed the most sacred privilege that God can give to a human being. It is a little thing if my selfish wishes are not gratified; and if they are, a few years will see the end of it. But love gives height and power to the soul that has felt it; and the man or woman who has loved in this world has gained the strength to know and love God himself in the other world. We are created and placed together here to learn that."

She spoke with passion and simplicity. Such words have their effect, even upon those who do not fully comprehend them. Tom, who was an honest and manly young fellow, held down his head and realized that there were heights which he, lover though he was, had never reached. How had Millicent attained them? Perhaps, he thought, if she were actually to fall in love with some fellow, instead of contemplating the abstraction, she would think differently. "I shouldn't love Rosalind any less, you know, if she loved me," he said, after a while; "and then I should have something to work for."

"You must work to give her something to love," replied Millicent. "How could you be satisfied if she loved only you,—only Tom Gordon? You are a very good boy, Tom, as I know, for I have known you ever since we were children. But that only means that you are capable of good things. You hold her to be the loveliest and best woman in the world; you ought not to wish such a woman to love a man who has not proved himself worthy of such love as hers. You must do all the good and great things that are in you to do, and ask her love, not for yourself, but for them. Then you will not feel ashamed to be loved by her. Make yourself the best architect of your time, since that is your

profession ; and make yourself so, not to buy her, but to deserve her. Mr. Penwyn is quite right, it seems to me, to keep you off until you have proved your value. It isn't probable that he has any other reason."

"But there are so many other fellows, some of them with lots of money. I can't get rich and famous in a minute ; and while I was at work, she might——" He stopped.

"Well, if she did, Tom, then she was never the woman for you," said Millicent.

"I wish you knew her !" he exclaimed. "You couldn't help loving her, yourself ; and you might help things along immensely. Can't it be managed ? Mr. Penwyn used to know your brother Snowden, you know."

"I should be glad to know her, if it would help you," she answered ; but suddenly all the light went out of her face. There was no apparent reason for it. She looked tired, sad, almost homely. Tom, looking in the fire, with his hands clasped behind his head, did not notice her.

"By the way, Tom," she said, presently, "my brother Snowden has come back from America, and has telegraphed me that he will dine here this evening."

"Hullo ! that's news. What sort of a fellow is he ?"

"I have never seen him, that I remember. He went away when I was a baby. But Malvini always speaks of him admiringly. I fancy, though, that his admiration is partly due to Frank's having been extravagant. He thinks Snowden is all that Frank was not, and that he will rehabilitate the estate. Perhaps he will."

"I suppose he has made a fortune in America. They all do."

"I know nothing about that. He and I have kept up a correspondence, but he has written me very little about his affairs. He may have made a fortune and lost it again, for all I can tell."

"I say, he may be useful in getting you and the Penwyns together," exclaimed Tom. "It would be natural for him to look up his old friend, you know."

"They had a misunderstanding, I believe, just before he went away. Indeed, that is supposed to have been the cause of his going."

"What was it ? I never heard of it."

Millicent proceeded to tell him what she knew of the matter ; but, as it is desirable to go a little more into detail than she could do, we will take the narrative out of her mouth and expand it to suit the occasion.

CHAPTER III.

SNOWDEN MAYNE had made his appearance in the world under what would be considered a lucky star. His father was a younger son of Lord Berksmere ; but, by the favor of an obscure but wealthy relative, he inherited, on coming of age, a portion larger than that of the heir to the title himself.

He spent half of it before he was twenty-five years old ; then he married the daughter of a Scotch earl, with ten thousand pounds. She was a fine woman in every sense of the word, and managed her foolish

husband so well that he became meek and respectable and even lived within his income. Two sons were the issue of this marriage,—Frank and Snowden. Frank, the elder, was a parody of his father; Snowden was his mother's child, but with enough of the Mayne blood in him to make him good-natured and lively. Family affairs proceeded peacefully and monotonously for fifteen years, when Lady Catherine Mayne died. Her husband remained a widower for six years, and then suddenly and preposterously married a very pretty and vivacious French actress, who was rather more than a quarter of a century his junior.

Society was greatly entertained at this match, but the culprit's own family and relatives were by no means gratified. The little actress, however, behaved charmingly, and made her husband happier than he had ever been before. They lived chiefly in Paris and Italy, and the *ménage*, contrary to expectation, was not an extravagant one. While at Nice, Mrs. Mayne gave birth to a daughter, who was named Millicent. The mother got a fever, and died six months later. Poor old Mayne returned to England with his baby, and remained there the rest of his days, a heart-broken recluse. He was wont to say, "I owe everything to Marie: her death broke my heart; but for that, I should never have known I had one."

Meanwhile, Frank and Snowden were at the university. Neither of them was remarkable for scholarship; but Frank gave famous wine-parties, and Snowden achieved distinction as a cricketer. It was here that the latter made friends with Paul Penwyn, who found few other friends among the undergraduates. Penwyn was generally admitted to be a genius; he was a poet, an eloquent debater, and a leading scholar. He was described by some apothegm-maker as a compound of Shelley and Godwin, with a dash of John Knox thrown in. He had, at any rate, a quick temper, a sharp tongue, and exaggerated sensitiveness. Snowden believed that he also had a warm heart; and although he and his friend were far apart in outward ways, they got on together beautifully. Penwyn was the son of a Cornishman and a Scotch lady. He had barely money enough to defray his very economical college expenses. He intended to make a fortune in literature. He had planned out a great poem, which was to be a corner-stone of literary history. Snowden cared little for literature, but believed in Penwyn's future, and liked to hear him talk about it. He himself looked forward with pleasure to the fight of life, and longed to measure himself against his peers. He was free from unmanageable ambition; but whatever he resolved to do, he would do well.

The first serious thing that either he or Penwyn did, however, was to fall in love; and, as luck would have it, they fell in love with the same girl. They had left the university by this time, and, though both living in London, circumstances prevented their seeing much of each other; and neither was aware of the other's passion. Penwyn was by nature reticent, almost secretive; Snowden Mayne would have considered it bad form to prate about his heart-affairs. The girl was the daughter of Sir Alexander Gordon, a Scotch banker, knighted by William IV. Sir Alexander favored the suit of Snowden; Mildred Gordon herself was non-committal. Snowden was very ardent: at

last he persuaded her to consent to a betrothal, but she stipulated that it should be kept private for a time. Her lover gave her an amethyst ring, which she accepted, but, on one pretext or another, never wore it.

During the ensuing week a series of events happened, but Snowden never discovered exactly what they were. He called twice at Penwyn's rooms intending to make him privately acquainted with his happiness, but did not find him at home. Later, on presenting himself as usual at Sir Alexander's, he was told that Miss Mildred was confined to her room by a headache; but she sent down a note containing the odd request that he would meet her the next afternoon beneath the great tree in Kensington Gardens. He met her accordingly: she gave him back his ring, and told him that she could never marry him. He demanded the reason: after some hesitation, she bade him call at the house the next day, and all would be explained.

He parted from her on these terms, striving to veil his mortification and concern beneath a show of proud indifference. Next morning he went to his mistress's house, and found Sir Alexander in what is called a state of mind. Mildred had eloped with Paul Penwyn, whom her father denounced as a villain and a fortune-hunter, asserting that he had beguiled Mildred for the sake of a large sum of money which was supposed to be inalienably settled upon her.

This was a shock to Snowden. He could have forgiven his friend for carrying off the woman he himself loved, especially as she had terminated the engagement the day previous; but that Penwyn should have acted from a base mercenary motive he was loath to believe. Sir Alexander, however, would listen to no suggestions. "I tell you, sir," he cried out, "the fellow is a knavish fortune-hunter. But he made a mistake, Mr. Mayne: he'll find himself outwitted. That sum of money he was so sure of he will never have,—no, not a farthing of it. It is entirely at my disposal, and not a penny of it should they ever have, if they lay starving on my door-step! I'll show them what comes of defying me!"

This vulgar invective disgusted Snowden. "You must have known," he said, "that Penwyn was interested in your daughter. Why didn't you tell me of it? I wasn't even aware that he was acquainted with her."

Sir Alexander denied having entertained the remotest suspicions. "I regarded the fellow," he said, "simply as a hack,—a penny-a-liner,—a creature to work for wages and to mind his own business. I engaged him, at ten shillings a day, to look up certain genealogical matters for me; and Mildred helped him with information and suggestions. I should as soon have thought of there being anything between them, sir, as I would think it of my footman. But I'll give them a lesson!"

"I know nothing about your footman, Sir Alexander," said Snowden, coldly, "but I know that Penwyn comes of one of the oldest and best stocks in England, and is himself a man of intellect and genius. We have not yet heard his side of this story. I shall withhold my judgment until then."

This reply irritated the knight, and perhaps it hardly represented the actual sentiment of Snowden. In the sequel, no explanation came

from Penwyn, who took his wife to a town in Cornwall and never made any application for her dowry. On the other hand, Signor Patrick Malvini, the steward of the Mayne family, who characteristically made the quarrel his own, instituted some investigations as to the settlement of the dowry, and reported that twenty thousand pounds had really been settled upon Mildred, and in such a way that Penwyn might easily suppose that she must in any event remain absolute mistress of it. This certainly lent color to Sir Alexander's assertion that Penwyn had married the girl for her money. Snowden could have resigned himself, perhaps, to being betrayed in a love-affair by his dearest friend; but that he should have been betrayed for a sordid motive galled him. He had lost his friend and his mistress at one blow. He could forgive her more easily than him; for in allowing herself to be betrothed to him she had acted under strong pressure from her father, and she had refused to permit Snowden those freedoms which are supposed to be a lover's right. But what excuse had Penwyn?

There are several ways in which a gentleman may manifest his resentment against a wrong done him. Snowden had them all under consideration, and decided to behave in the most high-minded manner he could. So he wrote a grave and courteous but not cordial letter to Penwyn, wishing happiness to him and his wife, expressing his regret that they had thought it inexpedient to admit him to fuller confidence of their design, and adding that this letter was in lieu of a personal leave-taking, he being on the point of embarking for America.

This done, he arranged with his father to pay him his patrimony, amounting to about eight thousand pounds (he was powerfully assisted in this negotiation by Malvini, who was his devoted adherent), bought a letter of credit on New York, took his passage on a Cunarder, steamed down the Mersey, and did not see his native land again for the better part of a generation.

His half-sister Millicent was, at this time, only a baby, and Snowden, who had conceived a prejudice against her on her mother's account, felt but little fraternal regret at parting from her. There was no danger that she would not be well taken care of: though she was motherless, her father was wholly absorbed in her, and he surrounded her with such substitutes for maternal care as his love and ingenuity could design. As a matter of fact, her life turned out to be somewhat peculiar. Her father died before the child was eight years old, and Frank, on coming to his inheritance, had her removed to the country-seat of the family, where she completed her education under the direct guardianship of Signor Malvini, who was supposed to be able to turn his hand to anything, and who certainly developed a genius for rearing little girls. Millicent grew up to be an accomplished and charming young lady. When, after several years, Mr. Frank's pecuniary excesses rendered necessary the sale of the country-seat, and she was removed to the house in Park Lane, she proved herself fully adequate to the duties of her new position. She and Frank became for the first time acquainted, and Millicent made a complete conquest of him. During the latter years of his not useful life he could do nothing without her, except lose money. When, at length, he departed this life, Millicent, who had

written a letter to Snowden four times each year, ever since she was able to write at all, sent an appeal to him—strongly seconded by Malvini—to return to England and maintain the family name and fortunes. As he was unmarried, he could have sunk no roots into the foreign soil that it would be impossible to break. The letter, perhaps, reached the exile in an auspicious moment. The interests that had absorbed him during his sojourn in America had lost their zest; he had felt the need of some change; and this was a change that he fancied would suit him. He wound up his affairs, and set out homewards with happy anticipations.

But when he found himself actually in London he began to entertain misgivings. It was a very different place from New York or San Francisco, and he was of an age that does not accept differences easily. He had never, in his heart, regarded America as his final home; but now it seemed as if England also had lost its homelikeness for him. Most of all he feared to meet Millicent, because she was nearest of kin to him in the world, and, should it happen that they did not take a fancy to each other, the prospect was a gloomy one; and more than once, while he was dressing in his hotel-room for the dinner that awaited him in his own house, he was seized with an impulse to run incontinently away and hide himself in the centre of Africa, or some yet more remote retreat. But he was a man of resolute purpose, and he overcame these vagaries of volition. As the clock struck eight, he knocked at the door of the little house on Park Lane.

CHAPTER IV.

As Snowden Mayne turned into Park Lane out of Piccadilly, looking out of the hansom windows, he began to think that London was not changed, after all. It was, on the contrary, terribly the same; and the change was in himself. The very familiarity of the view made him homesick. The Duke of Wellington, black and rigid as ever on the top of his arch, dimly visible by the light of the street-lamps, looked awfully familiar. He recognized each successive house on the Lane, as they went by: it seemed to him that he was a young fellow again, a man-about-town, yet old, and a stranger. As his own house was approached, he leaned back in the hansom and shut his eyes. Was it yesterday that he had emerged from that portal, with the purpose never to enter it again? and was the intervening time a dream? He pulled himself together, jumped out, gave the driver a half-crown, and ran up the steps. The same door; the same well-known brass knocker. He recollected the tattoo he had been used to beat with it—how long ago! He paused a moment before repeating it now. It was to be the signal of his entering into a new old world,—an old new life. The knocker fell: the door was opened.

The footman was unknown to Snowden: of course the former old retainer must have died years ago. There came upon Snowden a fresh conviction of loneliness, and a forlorn hesitation what to do or say.

Where were his mother, his father, his brother? Was not he himself a ghost, or an impostor? Was there such a person as Millicent?

"Is Miss Mayne at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am Mr. Mayne."

"Yes, sir. Will you walk in, sir?"

"I suppose so," said Snowden, with a queer smile. He stepped across the threshold, and the door of the house closed behind him. He was ushered into the drawing-room, and noticed at once certain changes in its arrangement and decoration, which were for the better, but which still further depressed him. The master of the house stood on his hearth-rug, with his back to the fire, and his hands behind him. He was alone, and all was still.

The footman, who had gone out, reappeared. "If you please, Mr. Mayne, Miss Mayne will be down directly."

"Very well," said he, taking a long breath, and putting his hand nervously to his gray moustache. Miss Mayne!—a little toddling child, with black eyes, and a dark jumble of hair: that was the picture in his mind. And then, in a moment, he had a vision of a blue-eyed, brown-haired, noble-looking young woman, who was Mildred Gordon; and of an odd-looking, sallow young man, with wiry brown hair, a clean-shaven face, and very brilliant deep-set eyes,—Paul Penwyn. Living and dead were ghosts alike.

The next moment the portière was again pushed aside, and there was the rustle of silken skirts. Snowden looked quickly up, and saw the agreeable figure of a lady in black, young, refined, with a clear, pale countenance, full of sincerity and gentle good-will. As they stepped forward to meet each other, he gazed intently at her, in quest, perhaps, of that little toddling child. As his hand met hers, she said, "Welcome home, Snowden!" in a voice like the speaking of her eyes.

"Thank you, Millicent,—if this is really you," he answered; and, with a sudden reddening of his face, he bent and kissed her. She blushed too, and smiled. Both felt at once that all was safe, and that they were friends.

"This is Miss Plumptre, who lives with me, you know," said Millicent, turning with her hand still in his to present that cheerful young lady. Miss Plumptre, an hour before, had intimated her willingness to keep out of the way this first evening, in order not to interfere with the raptures of the reunion. But Millicent had had the tact to perceive that Miss Plumptre would relieve, instead of creating, any embarrassment: she would serve as a common ground on which herself and Snowden could get acquainted. Snowden shook hands with Miss Plumptre, and liked her, because he had already liked Millicent, and was in a mood of reaction from depression. Everything now looked bright and easy. As for Miss Plumptre, she cast one modest glance at the handsome white-haired man, and then dropped her eyes. But she told herself that she had never before seen a man so noble and splendid. Indeed, he was looking well in his evening dress. They went gayly into the dining-room.

"I didn't keep you waiting, did I?" said Snowden.

"I have waited for you all my life," answered Millicent, with one of her brief but genuine smiles. "But you were punctual enough."

"Are you really little Millicent?" said Snowden, half to himself.

"Does it seem so strange?"

"It seems strange that it should seem so natural."

"You are not like Frank. I think I should almost have known you. You are like the picture of your mother, only——"

"Yes, I'm rather mother's boy. I feel like a boy, to-night, with a house and a sister ready-made. There is nothing like this in America!" He laughed. He realized how empty his heart had been. Here was a delightful, graceful, high-bred girl, his sister! She liked him; she had thought about him, speculated about him, and now that she had had the opportunity to compare the reality with the speculation, she was certainly not disappointed in him. Snowden had never been a self-deprecator; but he felt raised in his own esteem by the esteem of this lady, and would be careful to deserve it. He felt happy and hopeful. What fine, soothing manners she had! He was pleased with Miss Plumptre, because her presence enabled him, under cover of conversing with her, to study Millicent. Miss Plumptre was thirty, fresh-looking, infinitely obliging, and very well informed on all orthodox subjects.

"Pray, Mr. Mayne, do they have beef in America?"

"What they call beef,—bear-steaks and buffalo-hump from the Rocky Mountains, and the flesh of the manatee, or sea-cow, from the West Indies."

"Fancy! You must be glad to get home, Mr. Mayne."

"I am! Nothing like English beef, Miss Plumptre."

"And mutton, should we not say, Mr. Mayne?"

"Still, America has agreed with you, Snowden?" said Millicent.

"Pretty well, Millicent; but there's no Park Lane there." They looked at each other with secret cordiality. Had they not improvised that question and answer for the express purpose of calling each other by their Christian names?

The conversation turned chiefly on the peculiarities of the American people and civilization, concerning which Miss Plumptre manifested more curiosity than approval. By the time the cheese was on the table, Snowden was of opinion that if Frank had left little money behind him he had at any rate left something more desirable,—something tender, winning, and lovable,—the daughter of a French actress, in fact, and one of the finest ladies in England. She was not exactly handsome, but there was that in her sensitive face that made the beauty of mere flesh and blood seem impertinent. It was not quite the face of a young girl with all her experiences to come, still less of a mature woman familiar with the world's poor secrets, but of a creature all whose sensibilities were alive, and who saw in all things beauty, joy, or sadness. Has she ever known love? Snowden asked himself that question, as he tossed a lock of white hair back from his forehead and looked at her from under his long dark brows. The thought made him grave: there were germs of tragedy in her eyes and round the corners of her mouth. What lover could be so honest and strong as the ideal she might imagine

him to be? Snowden reviewed the best men he had known, and shook his head.

"Shall we leave you to your wine?" asked Millicent, at length.

"By no means!" exclaimed Snowden. "That is one point, at least, in which the Americans are ahead of the English. We don't sit and drink after dinner. We do smoke a little sometimes."

"Oh, I have smoked a cigarette myself, once," said Millicent, joyfully, taking away her brother's breath, but relieving him of his last lingering apprehension. Millicent did not mind smoke! Had she merely said she did not mind it, he would have taken it as a concession on the female part to the male weakness, and have felt uneasy and selfish whenever he lighted a cigar in the house. But, since she had herself passed her first initiation, there could be no misgivings. "Then I may smoke in the drawing-room?" he said.

"I have got a box of cigars for you in there," replied Millicent, with a little laugh. "I haven't tried them myself, but I believe you'll find them pretty good. They are Garcia Perfectos, Maduro."

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Snowden: "that's my own brand!"

Millicent sent a secret glance of archness at Miss Plumptre, whose broad cheeks flushed with the consciousness of guilty connivance. The truth was that Millicent, when it was certain that her brother would come home, had taken counsel with herself, and caused Miss Plumptre to go out and buy her a packet of cigarettes. One of these, after invoking the protection of her guardian angel, she had deliberately lighted and smoked, and Miss Plumptre had done the same. The results had not been physically gratifying, but she was at peace in her mind and conscience. She had taken it for granted that her brother would be a smoker,—indeed, she had perceived the aroma of tobacco-smoke in several of his letters,—and she was determined that he should feel no compunctions about indulging his habit in his own house. She could now truthfully tell him that she was a smoker herself; and in order to complete her education she took occasion to sound Tom Gordon as to the esoteric science of cigars, the comparative merit of the various kinds, and the meaning of the mystic words and markings that appear on the boxes. Tom proved an efficient instructor, and never was allowed to suspect the cause of his pupil's curiosity. And thus did Millicent equip herself for the campaign which was brought to so successful a termination in the first engagement.

Snowden, on the other hand, settled himself in an easy-chair by the fireside with a feeling of imperturbable tranquillity. When looking forward to his life in London, he had tempered his apprehensions about the anticipated restrictions of home life by projects regarding clubs, stag-parties, and shooting-expeditions. All these designs were now abjured, at once and forever. His sister was all the company he wanted, and it should not be his fault if he did not monopolize it. His club was his own house. He had lived among men for twenty years; now he would cultivate the society of woman, and the woman should be Millicent.

"I ran across a former friend of mine to-day," he said,—“Paul Penwyn. Did you ever meet him?”

"No, but I know about him. I am glad you have seen him. I want to know his daughter, Rosalind."

"We can go and call on them. You must make me out a list of your visiting acquaintances. Are there many of them?"

"No, not many. The Cavendishes, the Primroses, old Mrs. Hyde, the Gordons, the Misses Marigold——"

"Do you mean the Alexander Gordons?"

"No; cousins of theirs. Tom Gordon is quite a friend of mine: he is an architect, and has great talent. It is through him I heard of Rosalind Penwyn."

"How so?"

"He is an acquaintance of theirs: I suppose it came about through Tom's relationship to Mrs. Penwyn." She said nothing about the love-affair. That was a confidence between Tom and herself.

"I must see this young Mr. Gordon who is a friend of yours," returned Snowden, laughing. "I am jealous of my sister, you must know. When do you expect him here next?"

"I don't know," said Millicent, leaning back in her chair and blushing. "He comes in to tea occasionally."

"If you please, Mr. Mayne," said the footman at the door, "Mr. Malvini desires to know would it be convenient to allow him to pay his respects to you, sir?"

"Eh?—Oh, certainly, yes. Ask him to come in," replied Snowden, shaking back his hair from his forehead, and getting up.

In a moment Signor Patrick Malvini appeared, and made his salute.

CHAPTER V.

SIGNOR PATRICK MALVINI was a singular personage. He was the son of an Italian political refugee and an Irish girl, and his character showed a mingling of Celtic fire and humor with Latin finesse and foresight. He was of unknown age: Snowden's earliest recollection of him was as a man long past middle life; but he looked scarcely older now. He was of an emaciated figure, but upright and of good stature: he wore a dark wig, and, on the present occasion, an immaculate dress-coat, and in the centre of his shirt-front a single opal,—an heirloom from his Italian ancestry. There were no glasses on his eyes, which were small, dark, and sparkling; his manners were courtly and elaborate, and yet there was something about him that inspired fellow-feeling and cordiality. A joke of some sort seemed to lurk in the depths of his outwardly starched and unimpeachable being. It was never promulgated, but it was all the more surely there. It betrayed itself by a twinkle, an intonation, an unconscious gesture. Without it, Signor Malvini would have been, like his father before him, an Italian patriot of the Mazzini school,—one of the most admirable and detestable of mankind. With it, he was a juicy and fascinating ambiguity, and the steward of an English gentleman.

The way of his assumption of the latter rôle was as follows. After

the elder Malvini had married his Irish wife and begotten a son Patrick, he came to London to confer with some of his fellow-refugees who were in session there, and while there became acquainted with Snowden's grandfather, who had met the young Garibaldi in Italy and was friendly to the cause. Malvini was finally selected to assassinate somebody or raise a standard somewhere,—to do some sublime and holy act, at all events,—and Mayne was understood to have furnished him with some funds. The man went, failed, and was imprisoned, as is the lot of apostles; and in prison he died, whether by the act of God, of himself, or of his enemies was never known. His widow and son were left unprovided for. Mayne had them brought on from Ireland and established at his country-seat: the wife he installed as housekeeper there, and the son he sent to a good school. The boy was apt, and became quite a scholar. His protector offered to get him some business position in the city, but Patrick informed him very gravely that he intended to consecrate his life and talents to the service of the Mayne family. And so he did. When his mother died, he undertook the management of the house and estate, having already improved ample opportunities for becoming familiar with the scope and detail of that business. He showed so much efficiency and sagacity that, by degrees, all these affairs were left to his care; and thus for many years he had lived and faithfully labored. His position in the family somewhat resembled that of a confidential lawyer: except that he did not dine at the family table,—and this exception was of his own making,—he was the trusty friend and counsellor of all its members. On his side, he exalted the family, in his own imagination, to the highest pinnacle of mortal worth and renown. None were fit to compare with them: they were the flower of the human race. Their enemies had no virtues, their supporters no faults. In this manner did Malvini justify to himself his quixotic and anachronistic devotion; for his estimate of himself was far from being a humble one, and those whom he served must needs be proportionately magnified.

"Mr. Snowden Mayne, I am honored in rendering you my most respectful homage," said Signor Patrick, as he bowed profoundly. "This is a joyful day for me and for the family. The clouds that lowered o'er our house have passed away, and the morning of a new prosperity has dawned upon us."

This speech smelled somewhat of the lamp, but was evidently none the less straight from the heart. Snowden took the old man's hand and shook it vigorously.

"Upon my word, I'm glad to see you, Malvini!" he exclaimed. "I was just saying that I felt younger since getting home; but I shall never find the Fountain of Youth that you drink at. And yet it seems a long time since our last meeting! Do you remember the day we went down to Greenwich Fair together, and I knocked down the thimble-rigger?"

"Ah, Mr. Snowden!—and I make no doubt that was not the last time you conquered fortune. You have the genius of success."

"Hum! Well, there may be more kinds of success than one. However, I don't complain. Sit down, and have a cigar. My sister and I were talking of the Penwyns. It seems he has a pretty daughter.

I think of calling on them. I met him at the railway-station this afternoon. He is not in affluent circumstances, I'm afraid."

"I surmise not," said Malvini, rather grimly. "We do sometimes observe the workings of a righteous Providence, Mr. Snowden. The man who abandons honor and betrays friendship for gold may live to see gold and friendship abandon him."

"I think you do Mr. Penwyn injustice, Patrick," said Millicent.

"All men are not like some young ladies," returned he, with a bow. "Miss Mayne lends from her own capital of magnanimity."

"All men are human, at any rate, Malvini," observed Snowden, "and I'm bound to say, after twenty years' consideration, that I think we construed Penwyn too harshly. He loved her, and she loved him: he knew her father would be obstinate, so he did the only thing he could do,—he ran away with her. As to the dowry question, he didn't get it, and we can't be sure that he expected to get it, or that he would have accepted it if he had. They never asked Sir Alexander for anything, that I heard of."

"The past is past," said Malvini, oracularly, "and so far charity is expedient. But I make bold to hope, Mr. Snowden, that you will let your forgiveness stop there. Don't take the man into favor again. He has played you false once, and he will again. Keep him at arms' length," he went on, with an illustrative gesture. "Mark my word, sir, he will make you regret it if you don't!"

"Patrick, you are absurd!" put in Millicent, turning a disapproving look at him. "I believe Mr. Penwyn is a good man, and I mean to know him. He certainly can do us no harm, and we may be able to be of some use to him."

"It won't be his fault if you're not, darlin'," returned Patrick, with a touch of the brogue that he occasionally permitted himself in informal moments. "But go your ways: old Malvini will be keeping watch over ye; and woe to them that tries to do ye wrong!"

So saying, the old personage took snuff and relapsed into silence, with the placid composure of one who is always in the right, no matter what the rest of the world may be. His manner of producing his snuff-box from his pocket and taking a pinch from time to time had a grand air the secret of which is lost to this generation. In a measure, it supplied the place of conversation: by his action in applying the fragrant dust he could express assent, curiosity, deprecation, disapproval, or amusement. His eyes wandered slowly round the room, but kept returning to Snowden, as a proud skipper might watch a vessel the tiller of which he holds.

"Did you say this young Tom Gordon is an architect, Millicent?" inquired Snowden. "What houses has he built?"

"He began only a year or so ago," she said, "and he has had no important commissions yet. When he gets one, he will make a reputation at once; at least, I think so. He has some new ideas about English domestic architecture: I must get him to explain them to you."

"That sounds well; and I have always had an idea of the kind of house I would build, if I ever got out of business and wanted to be snug and easy. I never cared for a palace, nor for a cottage either,

exactly : perhaps Mr. Gordon and I may work out something between us. We ought to have a place out of town, Millicent ; and it needn't be very far out, either."

"That would be nice,—and to give Tom his first order!" She spoke scarcely above her breath, but accompanied the words by a glance which Snowden thought was the loveliest he had ever seen proceed from a woman's eyes. Miss Plumptre said, "Do they have regular houses in America, Mr. Mayne?"

"The wigwam is less common now than it was some years ago," he replied. "The White House, at Washington, where the President lives, and the State-House in Boston, are both built of brick, I believe. But the wigwam is still the most picturesque and characteristic structure in the States."

"How strange those wild countries must be!" murmured the young lady, with a sigh. She knew every date in English history, and could have drawn off-hand an accurate map of England, with all the counties and principal towns in their proper places.

The evening wore along in calm contentment. Tea was brought in and handed about. Snowden extended himself luxuriously in his chair and blessed his happy stars. There was some intermittent talk with Malvini regarding the condition of the estate. The hands of the clock approached twelve, and Millicent rose to bid good-night. This time her brother threw his arm round her shoulders, and kissed her on the lips, instead of on the cheek, as before. Miss Plumptre courtesied and beamed, and the ladies went out.

"Oh, Miss Millicent, how splendid he is!" she whispered, as they went up-stairs together. "There never was such a man!"

"He is just what I wanted him to be," said the other.

"I guess she's about perfect, Malvini," remarked Snowden, as the two stood together on the hearth-rug.

"I have done my best," said the descendant of Italian princes and Irish kings, modestly.

So the day ended in profound peace and good-will ; and no one suspected how much perplexity and travail were to begin on the morrow.

CHAPTER VI.

NOT far from Walham Green, on the road to Putney, stood a small square house in its own grounds. Its walls were covered with plaster, painted light buff : there was a porch in front, supported by two Doric plaster columns, and twined over by ivy and honeysuckle. On the right of the house was a conservatory, about ten feet square, in which a grape-vine struggled to bring forth good fruit. The rectangle of ground appertaining to the house was half an acre in extent : the house occupied the middle of it : in front was a green lawn, bordered by half a dozen standard rose-bushes : in the corresponding space at the back was a liliputian kitchen-garden ; and on Mondays, clothes were hung out to dry there. The entire estate was surrounded by a high brick wall, with a gate in the left-hand corner in front.

Some tall bushes, growing close to the house, and two or three trees, whose shadows fell about it, helped to give it a pleasant aspect. Boxes of bright-hued flowers filled the sides of the front windows. Entering the front door, you found yourself in a hall of good width, running through to the back. A door on the left opened into the sitting-room; a corresponding door on the right gave access to a study. The wood-work of the study was painted a soft robin's-egg green, and the walls were covered with paper of corresponding hue, relieved by gold lines. A bookcase of black oak stood on one side of the open fireplace; on the other was a sort of cupboard of the same material, supported on spiral twisted legs. There were hanging book-shelves on the adjoining side of the room, filled with books in bindings of mellow colors. Opposite the fireplace was a broad window, and in the window a large writing-table, mounted with faded green baize, and littered with manuscripts and writing-paraphernalia, drifting over at one end into the maw of a capacious waste-paper-basket. The pictures that embellished the room were chiefly engravings and etchings, and a few photographs of persons.

Two people were seated at the table,—an elderly man and a young woman. The latter held a manuscript in her hand, from which she was reading aloud slowly in a monotonous tone; the man had a quantity of proof-sheets, upon which he now and then made corrections with a pencil as the girl read. It was morning, and the sunshine slanted through the window.

"That's all," said the girl, at length, laying down the manuscript.

"Thank you, dearest," returned the man, folding up the proofs and securing them with an elastic band. "The next batch will bring us to the end of the book. How does it seem to you to go?"

"I think you have done nothing so good. Oh, father, I do hope this will be a success,—a popular success, I mean, that will bring us lots and lots of money!"

"I've written it, so far as I could, with that purpose in view; and I've felt carried along more than in some of the others. Sooner or later, you know, Rosalind, success is bound to come."

"It certainly hasn't come sooner: so it ought to come now. It is so tiresome to be poor! It's a pure waste of life! And we should know so well what to do with money, if we only had it! I should like to have a million!"

Rosalind clasped her hands in her lap as she uttered this aspiration, and gazed into vacancy. Thick brown hair, very fine and silky, fell down on her shoulders and set off the margins of her smooth pure cheeks. Her brow was unusually broad, with a wide space between the eyes, which were full and powerful and of a changing hazel hue. The face was more youthful than the figure, which was finely and generously developed, showing both strength and grace. Altogether she was a most beautiful creature. There was capacity for passion in the moulding of her lips, and the refined modelling of her nose and chin showed an exquisite æsthetic sense. Should circumstances enable these two qualities to act together, the result could not fail to be a rare happiness; if they should be opposed, it might be calamitous,—for there was

fickleness in her hazel eyes, and with the passion there was also impulsiveness.

"No author ever made a million yet,—by writing, at least," said her father, with a smile. "Lord Beaconsfield got a check for ten thousand sterling for 'Endymion,' but then he was Prime Minister. We could be quite comfortable on a thousand a year; and if I once made a success, we could count on at least as much as that."

"We want more than a thousand a year," replied Rosalind, beating a tattoo against her lower lip with the tips of her flexible white fingers. "We ought to have a beautiful house, with all kinds of beautiful things in it; servants,—I must have a maid just for myself, to do everything for me; horses to ride and carriages to drive, and a great big park to play tennis and amuse ourselves in,—all our own; and dogs,—a setter, and a mastiff, and a blood-hound, the best of their kind. Then we would have a yacht, and in winter, when it is disagreeable in England, we would sail to the Mediterranean, and land at Algiers, and Alexandria, and Smyrna, and the islands of the *Ægean* Sea. Sometimes, perhaps, we would go through the Suez Canal, and sail in the South Pacific."

"There is no reason why you should not be rich enough to do all that, and more too, if you choose," said her father, leaning his forehead on his hand.

"If I choose! I do choose!"

"There are plenty of men, good fellows, rich enough to give you everything you want. If you were to marry one of them you'd have it all."

Her face, which had kindled up, darkened and fell.

"Very likely I shall never marry at all," she said; "but, if I did, there is only one man I would marry, and he is as poor as we are, almost."

"But, my dearest, there are a great many men you have not seen. There may be one as good or better than Tom Gordon, and rich as well."

"He might be as good or better, but if he were not just Tom himself I could not marry him. You know that, father."

"Until you've seen other men, how can you be sure that you can love only this one?"

"Oh, perhaps I might have loved some one else if I had never seen Tom,—or even if I'd only seen him afterwards. But I saw Tom first, and I love him, and that settles it. To change from one love to another is very different from loving in the first place."

"But can't you imagine, dearest, that there are chapters in love that you have never read? Other people have had first fancies and got over them: why may not you?"

"It seems to me, father," said Rosalind, lifting her head, "that every love must have two parts to it,—one's own part, and the other person's. I know there are things in love that I do not yet know, for I am a girl, and not a woman. But I believe that I can know all that there is in me to know, and that Tom can teach it to me. And if he were an archangel, he could not teach me more."

"I might admit all you say, and yet it might be disastrous for you to be Tom's wife. My own life has proved to me that it is a great misfortune to be poor. Some peculiar natures may be stimulated and strengthened by poverty; but almost all are either crushed, or degraded, or hardened by it. You cannot manifest the good that is in you; you cannot realize your aspirations, nor carry out your purposes; you sit in a prison, and see all that you hoped and cared for slipping away from you forever. You love your wife or your husband, and wish to do all manner of things to make them happy and at ease; but you can do none of those things, and you see disappointment and want and misery gradually wearing out and embittering those whose welfare is dearer to you than your own. The sweet and noble qualities of their nature are soured and warped; their voices become querulous, their faces become haggard and dull and bitter. People who are exposed to the whips and scorns of time instinctively keep their lovely and sensitive traits beneath the surface, and show only their harsh, resistant ones. By and by this instinctive self-defence becomes confirmed habit, and the better part of them is starved into lifelessness. What survives is the lowest part of them. And the strangest and ugliest thing about it is that it is their very love for each other that has brought this to pass. Instead of a blessing, it has been a curse. If they had cared little for each other, or if they had lived alone and never married, life would have hurt them less, even though their hardships had been as great. The cruellest and most fatal blow that fortune can deal a man or woman is through the heart of wife or husband. And finally—and not seldom, either—it comes to this,—that you will become indifferent to the one you loved, simply because you can no longer endure the torture of seeing him tortured. All these disasters, and many minor ones, arise from poverty, and from no fault of your own. So I say, dearest, that you should think twice and thrice before marrying with poverty for a dowry. The more sure you are that you love, the more you should hesitate. That is a hard saying, I know; but the worst of it is, it is so true!"

While Penwyn had been making this long harangue, which he did, not smoothly and continuously as it is here written, but with many a break and pause and varying tone and gesture, Rosalind listened with as many changes of posture and expression. At one time she leaned back, with her chin sunk on her breast and her hands lying loose on her lap; then she rested her elbows on the table, and hid her face in her hands; anon she rose and walked slowly about the room, passing her fingers through her long hair, adjusting a picture on the wall, or pressing her hands to her temples. Once or twice she bent a startled look on her father; and when he ceased, she seated herself again, and tears stood in her eyes.

"You loved mother, didn't you?" was the first thing she said.

Penwyn had probably expected the question. He lifted one hand slightly, and let it fall again. "I loved her with all my heart," he said.

"And are you sorry that you married her?"

"Rosalind, I took her away against her father's will, and in spite of other obstacles stronger still. She gave up a fortune, and her family,

for my sake. Up to that time, she had never known what it was not to have all she wanted. We lived together fifteen years, and all that time we were never out of debt, nor knew whether we would have enough to eat a month ahead. Our times of rest and pleasure were counted by days,—and scarcely as many days as there were years of pain and anxiety. Our conversation together—much of it—was about ways and means, how to stave off a bill, how to cheapen an indispensable commodity, how to contend against the niggardliness of publishers and the impatience of creditors. When we talked of less base matters, it was to form plans which we knew would never be carried out,—to long for things that we could never get. Often and often we have held our peace to each other, because there was nothing but misery to talk about. Well, I was a tough man, fuller of courage and hope than most; but, though I am not very old, you see my face is not smooth, nor my hair dark. And your mother, Rosalind, died at last because we were poor: but for that, she might well have lived on for thirty or forty years. She died because she would not let herself become callous and indifferent: she always held her heart open to the sword, and accepted all the agony. And that is to say that she had strength and generosity enough to love me through it all, and not to blame herself for being a burden on me,—as a lesser woman would have done. I was less noble than she; for there have been times when I have cursed myself for having dragged her into such suffering,—when I thought of what she might have been,—of all the splendor and freedom I had deprived her of. And yet I believe there never was a time when I have really said or believed that it would have been better that we had never met. Away in the distance of my heart, somewhere, I have felt that there was a love and happiness for her and because of her that nothing could quite reach, and that a time would at last come when all that we desired would be justified and realized. And since she has died, I have been sure that God must be merciful, and heaven true, because only there, and through him, we could become what we wished to each other. After all the theologians and philosophers have had their say, no argument holds but that, and such as that. But it has seemed to me, dearest, that God sometimes blesses our mistakes, when they are innocently and honestly made, and brings a good out of our evil and error. It is for us to decide, when we are warned in time, whether we will accept the hazard of failure. I will not judge between you and your lover: I only ask you to search your own heart, and be sure. Even were all the chances in your favor, there would be suffering enough: how will it be with all the chances against you? You have brains, as well as a heart: give both a fair hearing. You have time enough; you are scarcely twenty. Let Tom show what he can do, before you exchange promises that ought never to be broken. Think whether you are competent to judge now of your whole future life. Admit the possibility, at least, that you may have another destiny. It is not so light a thing, this marrying!"

A long silence followed. Tears ran down Rosalind's cheeks, but she seemed scarcely aware of them, and did not wipe them away. She sat playing with a paper-weight on the table, deep in thought.

Penwyn, apparently exhausted by the stress of many emotions, remained sunk into himself, fixed and motionless.

Finally Rosalind arose, and stood by his chair. He looked up at her, getting slowly to his feet. In a moment their arms were round each other. It was a long embrace, and one that meant much. Then she kissed him on both cheeks, and went out.

CHAPTER VII.

LATER in the day, a healthy and handsome youth came striding down the quiet side-street on which Penwyn's home stood, and turned in briskly at the gate. As he proceeded up the little drive-way, however, his step slackened, he settled his hat more accurately on his head, and generally drew himself into more formal shape. As he stepped on the porch, and prepared to pull the bell, Rosalind emerged from the conservatory with a basket in her hand, and moved leisurely towards him. She was dressed in a white frock, rather carelessly worn, and had a soft felt hat on the back of her head.

"Hullo, Tom!" she said: "so you have come over again?"

He met her, and took her hand, which she gave him with a free gesture. But, to his lover's eye, morbidly observant, it seemed that she was thinking of something else, instead of exclusively about him. Nor were the words of her greeting unequivocally flattering.

"I had nothing to do to-day," he remarked, "so I thought I'd take an afternoon out. Is your father at home?"

"No. He has walked over to the town to post some manuscript. Do you want to see him particularly?"

"I wish I knew that he particularly wished to see me."

"Why?"

They were standing in the shadow of the porch, she erect on the step, with her basket on her hip; he below, leaning one hand against the vine-covered pillar. Their eyes now met.

"You know why," he said.

"Still, I asked you the question."

Now, the truth was that Tom Gordon had come to Walham Green that day with an unselfish and indeed heroic purpose in view. He had been digesting what Millicent had said to him the previous evening, and had made up his mind that she was in the right. Any one, to be sure, might have come to that conclusion; but only a young gentleman of the magnanimity of Tom Gordon could thereupon resolve to go to his mistress and tell her that he would make no demand upon her freedom until he could bring her, along with his heart and hand, the assurance of a sufficient and permanent income. He meant to say, "Rosalind, I love you, and I always shall; I shall try my utmost to deserve your preference: but I will not attempt to bind you to give yourself to me, until I have something besides myself to give you in return. I will not even ask you to wait for me: I shall simply go to work tooth and nail, in the line of my profession, to make myself in-

dependent and famous. When that time has come, if you are still free, I will come to you and plead my cause. And if you then accept me, I shall feel that, at any rate, I am not condemning you to a life of indigence or uncertainty."

Words to this effect he intended to say, and had indeed been saying over to himself while walking from the railway-station. But it is dangerous to make preparation of this kind, matters so seldom arrange themselves according to our expectation. Rosalind, for example, instead of being gentle and sympathetic, appeared preoccupied and indifferent: her manner and her words were cold. Manifestly this was not a proper mood in which to accept a sublime sacrifice: so far from recognizing its sublimity, she might meet him half-way, and say, "All right: I agree with you that that is the only sensible plan: an engagement, in our present circumstances, would be silly, and we had better think no more about it." Such an answer would be logically proper, but it was not by any means the sort of answer that Tom wanted her to make.

No; he must first bring her to a more suitable frame of mind: it would be time enough, after that, to think about magnanimity.

He had already told her, two or three weeks before, that he loved her; and he had inferred, from the manner in which she received the news, that she was not indisposed to consider the possibility of a reciprocal sentiment. She had declined to be kissed, either then or afterwards, but she had betrayed a favorable tendency, tempered by intimations that her father had failed to express himself enthusiastically upon the subject. That had not discouraged him; on the contrary, it had furnished the element of opposition in which the true lover finds his greatest activity. But opposition from Rosalind herself was another matter.

"I mean, then," said he, in reply to her rejoinder, "that I should be glad to know that your father consented to our engagement."

"Oh, as to that, I have no reason to suppose that he would forbid it. He wishes me to act according to my own judgment."

"But I thought that you were willing,—that you——"

"I was willing to think it over, Tom,—that's all. I don't think it will do."

"Rosalind! I don't understand——"

"Yes, you do. I don't know either myself or you well enough to think of being your wife. You are almost the first man, except my father, that I have known. It flattered me,—what you said to me,—and made me imagine that I might care for you. But I might see some one to-morrow for whom I cared more."

"Oh, Rosalind!"

"Yes, Tom, it's better to say it. Besides, I am ambitious and luxurious. I have seen poverty, and I hate it; and if I were to marry, I should wish to be sure that poverty could have no part in it. Would you wish to feel, hereafter, that you had spoiled my life by persuading me to drudge for you?"

"Do you think I would let you drudge for me?"

"I think you might not be able to help it. When people are poor, they can't choose what they will do; they must do what they can."

"Do you mean to say that if you had to choose, to-day, between me and a rich man, you would take the rich man just because he was rich?"

"I should probably choose neither, to-day," replied Rosalind, her brows lowering somewhat. "If, after becoming acquainted with the rich man, I found that I—disliked him no more than I do you, I would choose him without hesitation."

"Then you're not the girl I thought you were!" exclaimed Tom, passionately.

"I know I am not," she said, coldly, "and that is the reason I am speaking to you as I do. You should thank me for enlightening you. If I had not done it, and had been as thoughtless as you are, you might have married me before finding me out!"

Both these young people were getting angry. Both had started with excellent intentions. But love is like fire, destructive as well as creative. The same qualities that make it divine will, misused, render it diabolic.

But there was sterling stuff—real strength—at the bottom of Tom Gordon's nature, and he proved it at this crisis by refraining from uttering some clever sarcastic speech and walking off in a dignified, idiotic manner. He called his common sense to his aid. "She can't be a practised coquette," he said to himself, "because, for one thing, she has had no practice. I have known her for a year, and she has known that I love her for three weeks. She can't change for nothing: she certainly cared for me yesterday, and therefore she must care for me to-day. Only one of two things could make her stop caring for me,—either my having done something to disgust her with me, or her having found some one that she likes better. Neither of those things has happened. She has got a notion in her head,—that's all. All girls get notions. What I must do is to get it out again. To begin with, I'll keep my temper."

"Let's sit down here, Rosalind," he said aloud, in an amicable tone, and suiting the action to the word: "it's pleasanter than in the house. Don't mind what I said just now."

The alteration in his voice and manner took her by surprise, under the influence of which she sat down. Then, for the sake of saying something, she said, "What thing that you said do you refer to?"

"That you were not the kind of a girl I thought you were, you know. It was the silliest sort of a remark a fellow could make. I never presumed to think that you were a girl of any kind."

Rosalind suddenly laughed, struck with the comicality of the construction of the sentence.

"Well, you know what I mean," pursued Tom, inwardly congratulating himself on his progress. "I never attempted to fathom your nature or comprehend your character. It makes no difference to me at all what they are."

She started a little, and then said, lightly, "That is, you care nothing about me?"

He plucked an ivy twig and turned it in his fingers, smiling. "It's just the other way," said he. "I care for you, whatever your character

and nature may turn out to be. You are inside of them; you are the essence and they are the form. You might be an Esquimau, or a red Indian, or an English duchess: I should love you just the same, because you would be you."

It is more than probable that there were grave philosophic defects in this metaphysical proposition, but it answered the purpose no less effectively. The only rejoinder that Rosalind could think of was, "You seem to have no doubts as to what this essential me is."

"No; any more than I have doubts about the warmth of sunshine or the power of truth. It's there, and we feel it without needing to measure it or understand it. You can't help it, and I can't. It would be impossible for any other woman to make me feel as you do. Other women may be better or worse or handsomer or uglier; but no one else can be you, and so they are all alike to me."

Rosalind perceived the necessity of taking a new departure.

"All that may be true as far as you are concerned; but it does not follow, because a woman suits a man, that he should suit her."

It takes a woman to say a thing like that. But the bitterness of such sayings is generally in inverse proportion to their sincerity.

"Of course I can only be myself," replied Tom, overcoming a tendency to falter. "If I am incorrigibly disagreeable to you, I don't want to deceive myself,—still less you. If I were able to act a part in such a way as to lead you to believe that I was more likable than I am, I wouldn't do it,—no, not if I were sure of getting you by it. If we ever come together, it must be a real coming together on both sides: make-believes are no use; they are certain to wear through sooner or later."

"Nothing is any use, so long as we are poor," said Rosalind, drooping as she sat. "It all comes to that, Tom. We can't marry, because we are poor. I have thought it all over, and I tell you honestly that I would a thousand times rather die unmarried than marry even a man I loved, if he were poor. If the world were Paradise, money would make no difference; but, as things are, everything except hardship costs money; and hardship, in the long run, spoils even love. I would rather be your friend than your wife; but I suppose you wouldn't care for that: so we had better part."

Tom Gordon was undoubtedly in a state of special illumination this afternoon. He saw his advantage, and took it.

"I not only care to have you my friend, Rosalind, but I shouldn't wish you to be anything else without being that first. I am your friend, from the bottom of my heart; and if we can never be husband and wife, I will be content with your friendship, if you will give it me, and be happier so than most men are who think they are in love."

It was impossible to find fault with this attitude. In fact, the strangest feature of it was that Rosalind, from the very recognition of its invincibility, felt inclined to attack it. "So!" she said to herself, "you will be content with my friendship, will you? I will see about that. I will show you the difference between friendship and love! I will make you confess that——" She did not finish the threat; but she knew what she meant. When a woman resolves to make herself

too lovable for friendship, she may succeed, but in doing so she throws herself open to a dangerous counter from her opponent.

She bestowed upon him a heavenly smile, and held out her hand. "Let us be friends!" she said. "Now that we understand each other, Tom, I can tell you how sorry I should have been to lose you. I am sure a great deal of happiness is missed in this world because men and women think that they must be either lovers or nothing. Friendship is a great deal more comfortable and convenient. It has the advantages of love without its responsibilities."

Tom forbore to protest against this atrocious sentiment. His good genius still befriended him, and he was so wise as to let well enough alone. He had, on the whole, immensely improved his position. Had he known of the interview between Rosalind and her father, he might have felt less at ease: a girl's notion is one thing, but the kind of impression that Penwyn had produced on his daughter was quite another.

But if a man could read all hearts, his own action would be paralyzed. The strongest aid to progress is ignorance.

CHAPTER VIII.

"How far is it from here to Walham Green, Millicent?" asked Snowden Mayne.

"Not more than three or four miles, I should think."

"Suppose we drive over there this afternoon and see the Penwyns?"

"I would like it. Then we'll start at half-past three."

They took the route along Rotten Row, which at that hour was crowded with carriages, moving at a deliberate pace, so as to give ample opportunity for acquaintances to recognize one another. But Snowden knew no one, and Millicent very few; and they were therefore able to give their attention entirely to each other, and to enjoy the effect of the moving throng and of the leafy park, without apprehension of cutting any one. The day was fine, with a delicate haze in the air; and as they approached the end of the Row, the Albert Memorial, gleaming through the soft atmosphere with its gilded pinnacles, had a rich and fairy-like appearance.

"Would you like to put such a thing as that over your dead husband?" said Snowden.

"I don't like monuments over dead bodies," she replied. "But monuments to ideas are right. I can imagine a woman having loved a man, without his suspecting it; and when he married some one else, she might build a monument of gold and marble. No one would know what she built it for; but she would carve her love into every column and pinnacle, making it beautiful and ethereal. Perhaps, after she had died, the man she loved might come to look at the monument, and divine, by some mystic sympathy, a hint of the truth that she had concealed through life. But it would be only a hint," added Millicent, adjusting her veil, for the sun was shining in her face.

"That's a pretty idea," said Snowden, nodding his head approv-

ingly. "I believe you could write poetry, Millicent! Did you ever try?"

"I like poetry,—real poetry," returned she; "but that is a different thing from writing it."

"I believe you live poetry," Snowden remarked; "and that is better than either writing it or reading it. For my part, I have no plans about a monument, though I have been disappointed in love. But, as I said the other evening, I should like to build a nice house. Is this Gordon you were talking of really a good architect?"

"He has not had a chance to show what he can do; but I am sure he could build you a beautiful house, and an original one."

"There used to be a lot of pretty sites along the Thames between here and Hampton Court. Have they been all taken up?"

"I fancy not. I remember Tom Gordon's speaking of one, this side of Richmond, that he said would be one of the prettiest on the river."

"We must look it up some time,—and him too. If he has anything in him, I should like to give him a lift. I feel a kindness for the name, for old associations' sake."

They left the Park, and, turning southwestward, passed through several outlying streets and began to approach their destination. The region hereabout has changed but little during many years. Some of the roadside inns date back to Queen Anne's days. The old trees and the old horse-troughs look much the same now as they did then.

"I sometimes wish," observed Snowden, "that houses would disappear with those who build them. It is disagreeable to think that the home we have built for ourselves will be used by strangers, or to attempt to accommodate ourselves to the inadequate notions of other people, embodied in brick and mortar."

"The better plan, I should think, would be always to try to build for posterity," Millicent said. "What we do for ourselves is never entirely satisfactory, either to ourselves or others."

"It is a good thing that there are women like you to think those thoughts," said Snowden. "But if we men acted upon them, I don't know where civilization would be!"

"This is the street," said Millicent, as the carriage made a turn, "and there is the Penwyns' house at the end of it. I recognize it from Tom's description."

"Is there a stable?" asked Snowden, who never forgot his horses.

"There's a pub just habove 'ere, sir," said the coachman. "I can give 'em a waterin' and an 'andful of hoats there."

They alighted at the gate, therefore, and walked up.

"Papa," said Rosalind, coming across from the sitting-room to the door of her father's study, "here are a strange lady and gentleman coming up the walk. Shall I let them in?"

"Why, it's Snowden Mayne—and that must be his sister!" cried Penwyn, rising from his chair and peering out of the window. "Of course we'll let them in! I'll go and meet them."

He hastened to the entrance door, and, throwing it open, stepped out upon the porch.

"Welcome to Waysend, Snowden!" said he. "Good man, to come so far and so soon! Is this Miss Mayne?" He gave his right hand to her, his left to her brother. "Come in: we'll have tea,—and a glass of wine, for old acquaintance' sake! This is my girl, Rosalind,—Snowden Mayne and Miss Millicent."

They all paused for a moment under the porch, and Millicent and Rosalind looked in each other's eyes. "She is beautiful enough,—not commonplace," was the former's silent comment. Rosalind thought, "I could love that woman;" and after a moment, "Why does she look at me so? She can look!"

The party went into the sitting-room, Penwyn and Mayne talking together; and presently Rosalind went out to get the tea. Penwyn turned to Millicent.

"This is not the first time you and I have met, my dear," said he. "But the other time you were only as high as my knee, and had not taken your first step."

"It is pleasant to find old friends and new friends in one."

"Your brother and I loved each other five-and-twenty years ago. I shall love him the better now for having such a sister. You must love me through Rosalind."

"She is very beautiful," said Millicent.

"Oh, but she's a good girl! You'll say so when you know her. Do you see any likeness, Snowden?"

"Not more to her mother than to you. But I have hardly seen her yet."

Rosalind re-entered, bearing the tea-tray. She was dressed in a Directoire gown, fastened with a sash below her breasts; the sleeves ended at the elbow, exposing the forearm and wrist. It is one of the most feminine costumes ever devised,—but, in this perverse world, very few women can wear it with advantage. Is it because few women are feminine?

Rosalind poured out the tea, and handed Mr. Mayne a cup of it. She had a serious expression, and said, "I put in two lumps."

"The whole thing would be sweet enough without any sugar," returned he. "You don't know, yourselves, how good all this is. In New York, at this hour, we business-men are coming up town: we are in the horse-cars or the elevated trains. All the time between the closing of the office and dinner is a blank. There's nothing to do. Many of us go into bar-rooms and take a drink,—anything but tea. They say Americans are particularly devoted to their women. Well, it's strange they don't cultivate them at afternoon tea."

"It's a pity our men don't go to America and learn to appreciate us," said Rosalind. "I will give you all the tea you want, Mr. Mayne."

The low contralto voice struck his ear, and reverberated in his heart. The girl's mother had had a voice just like that. Remembering how that voice had once moved him, Snowden Mayne was moved in the same way again. These things are beyond control or reason, and therefore their power is immeasurable.

"Do you sing?" he asked her.

"I sing to my father. It is not singing in the artistic sense. My voice has not much compass. My father likes it because he likes me, I suppose."

"I've heard of men learning to like a woman because they liked her singing. I wish you'd sing something for me."

"Does your sister know music?"

"I can't sing or play a note, I'm sorry to say," said Millicent.

"Well, I'll sing you something." She went to the corner and got a banjo, an instrument which has been much misrepresented and mis-made, as well as misused. There are nasal, metallic banjos which are as exasperating as vulgar talkers. You can hear them a mile off, and the farther off the better. There are banjos which are mumbling and demoralized. But there are such things as good banjos; and the only instrument (made with hands) that equals a good banjo is a good violin. But the violin must be heard alone, whereas a banjo is best when married to a sympathetic human voice.

Its strings seem to be the very chords of being: their music is so near to life that they seem to vibrate from the emotions of the player. The sounds are mellow: in their essence they are pathetic, though they can rise to a humorous cheerfulness, as one laughs with a sorrow at the heart. It is the music of nature, ordered and humanized. No charlatan nor coarse-minded person can play on such a banjo: it is a fatal revealer of character. Passionate and gentle natures use the instrument best; and men oftener than women.

Rosalind sat down, and, holding the head of the banjo against her thigh, and the handle across her breast, she tried and tuned the strings for a few moments, and then began a prelude, very light and low, but eloquently modulated. By and by her voice came, as the storm swells and rises after the first mutterings afar off.

As she sang, she held her head up, so that along the whiteness of her throat the waves of the music could be seen to rise and fall. Her whole body was influenced by the melody, which seemed to ennoble every contour and proportion. The soul of the girl emerged, and irradiated her flesh. Singing opens the gates of matter, and tells heavenly secrets. It gives to the eye of the spirit spiritual revelations. If the hearer have skill to listen aright, he can learn, from the voice of one truly singing, all the joy and the sorrow, the hope and the loss, the triumph and the failure, that have made up the sum of the singer's life. All these enter into the web of harmony, and form its warp and woof, its hue and texture. No signed and attested confession ever told so much, or told it with such inevitable truth.

The song Rosalind sang was one of the North Country, entitled "Caller Herrin'." It was well suited to her voice; and the accompaniment she played to it seemed to be resonant with the calling of the waves of the German Sea. There was a free, semi-barbaric quality in it—in its musical aspect, at least—that brought the Norse chants to the mind,—the sagas of the Scandinavians. And this quality was reflected also upon Rosalind, so that in her softly-falling robe, which showed the shape of her fair limbs and body, she looked like one of the maidens

of the *Nibelungen-Lied*,—some strong Brunhilda, with the kindling of inspiration in her.

All this had its effect, and a powerful one, upon Snowden Mayne. He was a man of ardent feelings, but the severe self-restraint imposed on him by his career had accustomed him to keep them in control, and he had very seldom, during his life abroad, been subjected to the sway of that emotional spell which only music and woman's beauty in combination can weave. There was something, however, that stirred him far more deeply than any mere song, no matter how nobly sung, could do. By a singular chance—and one, as he imagined, of peculiar omen—it happened that he had last heard Rosalind's song from the mouth of her mother, at that time Mildred Gordon and his affianced wife. And as he sat there, with eyes bent downwards, his past youth rose up within him, and he could almost fancy that he was once more the happy lover, and that she whose melodious utterance thrilled his spirit was Mildred indeed. Age is sometimes a mere phantom in thought, though, when the thought is past, the tedious laws of matter reassert themselves, and we ask ourselves which is real,—the substance or the dream.

"There is magic in that," he said, when she had finished. "I can believe the stories of the old enchanters. But I doubt if they had skill to raise such ghosts as you have done."

"It is an old song," replied Rosalind, her eyes drawn to him less by what he said than by a certain huskiness in his tone. "My mother used to sing it. My voice is something like hers; but she was better trained."

"I wonder if it's possible to hear enough of good singing," said Millicent. "It seems to me, while I am listening, the only perfect enjoyment in the world. One gets tired of looking even at the most beautiful things; and you cannot smell even a rose forever. But singing—it continually renews in me the capacity to delight in it, so that my desire to hear is greater at the end than at the beginning. Instrumental music is very different. I can get enough of that. Maybe I'm talking nonsense. I can't make music myself, as I told you; but I do enjoy it, in my own way."

"Being a musician yourself often prevents your enjoying any music—except your own," remarked Rosalind. "I should like to sing to you all day, Miss Mayne."

"Will you come to the house, and bring your banjo? I have wanted to know you a long time," said Millicent, rising and taking a chair by Rosalind's side. "I know Mr. Gordon, and I've heard him speak of you."

The last sentence was spoken in a lower tone, and, as the two men had fallen into chat, the women were left to each other. And when two women are interested in each other, no matter whether the interest be sympathetic or hostile, they converse, not with words, but by signs understood only by themselves,—that is, by intonations, by postures, by scarcely perceptible movements of hands, shoulders, and head; by changes of breathing, and most of all by the play of subtle nerves in the region of the eyes and mouth, which are capable of uttering volumes in a moment, and which, indeed, would render the tongue a quite super-

fluous appendage in woman, were it not for man, who is too dull to understand anything else. And yet men are brazen enough to rail at woman's chatter.

“I will come to you—father and I—with pleasure,” said Rosalind. “I know Mr. Gordon: we are good friends. I miss my mother very much.”

“Yes, I shall have to love her!” murmured Millicent, with a sigh. These sentences are in no logical sequence, and cannot be explained. And, though Millicent understood Rosalind's allusion, Rosalind was perplexed at the rejoinder. What was the necessity of Miss Mayne's loving her? But those impalpable tentacles of intuition, that protect every unspoiled maiden's approaches, had been informing her from the first that all was well as to this gentle new guest, in whom subtlety and honesty were so strangely blended. She felt that she could not shut her out,—that her safest course was to open herself fearlessly; and this chimed also with her inclination. But upon what pretext was she being thus weighed and judged? Had her conscience been less pure, she might have taken offence. As it was, she had an especial delight in feeling, “Yes, look into me as far as you will. Dislike me if you can.”

“Do you go out much?” asked Millicent.

“No: father and I take care of each other. I sometimes imagine what society may be; but I don't know it.”

“You shall know whatever I know. I dare say you won't care for it; but it may make other things take a truer position. To have seen both sides is the great thing. Mr. Gordon will be there too: so you won't feel strange. Will you come and spend a day and night with us, first?”

“I have never spent a night away from home: I don't know——”

“It's full time you were weaned, dearest,” put in her father, who had overheard the last words of the conversation.

“Oh, you must both come, of course,” exclaimed Snowden. “I want you to make friends with Millicent, Paul, while I listen to Miss Rosalind. If she comes alone, I shall see nothing of her.”

“I'll bring her over; but I can't spend the night. I have work to do, and I can't work out of my old study.”

There was some further talk, arranging the details of the visit, and then Snowden and Millicent took their leave. The carriage was waiting at the gate, the horses having been duly refreshed at the pub.

“How do you like Paul Penwyn?” asked Snowden, as they drove away.

“I am sure he never did anything dishonorable. He is like a child.”

“I wish he was in a position to give that girl of his her proper place in society. She is like a fountain hidden in a cave.”

“She shall not be hidden any longer,” said Millicent. After a pause, she added, “I expect Tom Gordon to-morrow. I want you to see him and talk about the house.”

“So I will,” returned Snowden; and thereupon he lapsed into a fit of musing that lasted till they reached Park Lane.

CHAPTER IX.

TOM GORDON dropped in at the Maynes' the next day, according to expectation. Millicent was alone: her brother had gone into the city with Malvini, to attend to some business, and had not yet returned. Tom felt depressed, and made little effort to disguise it.

He gave Millicent an account of his late interview with Rosalind. "I wasn't prepared for her play," he observed, figuratively, "and it rattled me. I had meant to follow your advice, but I got all abroad. She had the best of me all the time. At last I began to play on her side, and then it was a little better. I think she likes me, but I can't venture to believe any more than that. And, after all, she's perfectly right in what she says. She is tired of being poor; and it doesn't agree with her. If she chooses, with her beauty and charm, she can marry anybody,—the eldest son of the richest duke in England, if she likes. She could appreciate a splendid life, and make it more splendid. The square thing for me to do would be to give her up, and say no more about it."

"Well, Tom," said Millicent, "I'm ashamed of you!"

"Do you want me to be selfish, and to tire her into accepting me?"

"It is not selfishness to win her. You must remember your own value. She will be happier as your wife than as any other man's. What you have to do is to make her see that. A woman who loves and is loved tries to escape, but she does not wish her lover to allow her to do it. She will use all her strength against you, but the reason is, to enable you to prove to her beyond all doubt that you are stronger than she. Why, your school-books teach you as much as that! How can she feel confidence in your power to protect her against the world, if you are frightened by her own contrariness? Keep your heart up, if you want to win a woman's heart!"

"But suppose I did win her, and then our life was only a long fight against poverty. I couldn't forgive myself for that."

"Oh, you are making difficulties so that I may remove them! When you are with Rosalind, you make a better fight than you tell me of. You are a man: think what men have done! Do you realize what love is? Can anything be more precious? Could any one have any motive for achievement more strong? They say that love of woman is at the bottom of all human history. For that, men will do and dare what nothing else could move them to. If you are not great enough as you are to get her love, then be greater, and greater yet! Be as great as Caesar, or Napoleon, or Luther!—be the greatest man that ever lived! Why not?—in the beginning they were no more than you. Faith can remove mountains, Christ said: love is a thousand times stronger than faith,—it can move heaven and earth! And yet you, who pretend to be in love, come whining to me because Rosalind was out of sorts the other day!"

There was never any forecasting what Millicent would do; she seemed to enter at a moment's notice into wholly untrodden regions of feeling and thought; and yet nothing that she did was out of keeping with her personality. But the brilliance and impetuosity of this appeal

of hers—its irony and enthusiasm—transcended anything that Tom Gordon had yet experienced of her. And, though the vision of Rosalind was always with him, he said to himself that Millicent at this moment had a piercing, irresistible beauty, with which no other beauty could compare. He was awed and shaken; and if she had continued in this vein, he felt that he must have fallen down and worshipped her. No, not Rosalind herself had ever given him the strange thrill Millicent sent through his pulses then.

He sat silent, and made no attempt at rejoinder. But she, now that the mood was past, trembled and flushed and sank down, hiding her face on the cushion of the sofa, and quivering with irrepressible sobs,—the rain after the lightning. But it was beyond Tom: he did not know how to comfort her, or what to comfort her for. Had he known, he might have had a very different fate.

She presently sat up and dried her eyes: all the beauty was gone from her now. She made the little half-helpless movements to replace herself that women make at such times, but attempted no explanation. What was there to explain?

There was the sound of a footstep coming up the stair.

"That is my brother," she said, quickly. She made a strong effort, and commanded herself. She rose, and met him, as he entered, with a smile.

"You are late, Snowden,—half an hour late. You must not fall into American business habits here,—especially after all you said about our afternoon tea. This is my friend Mr. Tom Gordon, the architect."

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Gordon," said Snowden. "I have heard about you. Men of your profession are fortunate,—or ought to be."

"Yes, there's plenty to do. But about the only work I have found to do, so far, is to build castles in the air."

"Beautiful things, but no money in them. Terrestrial commissions may put one in the way of realizing them, though. For my part, my castle in the air, at present, takes the form of a house to live in, which I should like to see put up. I've got some notes here that I made about it—ah! they're in the pocket of my other coat."

"I'm going up-stairs: I'll get them for you," said Millicent, disappearing.

"Nothing in the way of practical drawings, you know," continued Snowden. "I have just jotted down some of the features I wanted embodied. I dare say you can improve on them, or show me how they are unavailable. You are a relative of Sir Alexander Gordon, aren't you?"

"He was my father's cousin."

"The old gentleman must have left a lot of money, didn't he?"

"Very likely; but not to us. The only legacy I got was a box of old letters and papers. If I had been writing a genealogy, they might have been useful."

"I'd look through them all the same, if I was you. Lots of rubbish; but once in a while you turn up something that repays all the trouble. Ah, here's Millicent with the—Oh, Miss Plumtre, is that you?"

"Miss Mayne had something to attend to: she asked me to bring you these. How do you do, Mr. Gordon? Mr. Mayne, may I pour you some tea?"

"I wish you would: it's very kind of you. Mr. Gordon and I are going to chat a little about architecture. Shall we bore you?"

"Bore me! Oh, that would be impossible, Mr. Mayne: I mean, I could never be bored by anything you—you could say about architecture."

"You are interested in architecture, then?" said Snowden, smiling.

"Yes, indeed, of all things!"

"That's good: then you may be able to give us some suggestions." He sat down, and spread the papers on a corner of the tea-table. Miss Plumtre bent over on one side of him, and Mr. Gordon on the other.

"Now, you know," he began, "what I thought of is a sort of family house: not rigid, but elastic. I don't like wrinkles in my clothes: they must fit snug. But a house should have elbow-room: not to be a barn, but so that we can either be cosey, or spread out, as we choose. Sometimes one feels like sitting in one room, and sometimes in another."

"How true and sensible that is!" said Miss Plumtre, with conviction. "And yet it never occurred to me before."

"I like the idea," remarked Gordon.

"Now, of course, I'm a bachelor, and Millicent is not married. We don't necessarily take up much space. But we want to have friends staying with us; and besides—I'm an old fellow, I know, and my hair's white, but I've been feeling uncommonly young since I came back to England."

Tom took the point. "There are women in England, plenty of them," said he, "who could keep you young, and be very happy to do it."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said Miss Plumtre, and then drew back her head and blushed profusely.

"Well, a man's as young as he feels," remarked Snowden, pleasantly. "I've been postponing my youth the better part of my life, —keeping it till I could use it, like a suit of good clothes. It was the only thing I could do. Of course the thing can be overdone, and when the clothes are taken out at last they may be all moth-eaten, or the fashion may have gone quite out of date. If so, one must accept the inevitable; and I hope I should do so with a good grace. But you were talking of castles in the air just now, Mr. Gordon: it strikes me I am building them pretty fast! Let us get back to our drawings."

"This is the ground-plan, I suppose," said Tom, taking up one of the papers. "Did you think of having a basement?"

"There ought to be one, eh? or does that depend on the site? By the way, my sister was telling me that you had picked out a pretty site for a house, near Richmond."

Tom felt a slight embarrassment. He had imagined himself erecting a dwelling of his own on the site in question, and bringing Rosalind there as its mistress. She would be near her father, and he would be within easy reach of London. But there were pretty places enough,

and if Mr. Mayne were to take a fancy to this particular place it would be idiotic in him to object, especially as there was some uncertainty, to say the least of it, about the carrying out of his own plans. So he replied, cheerfully, that what Miss Mayne had said was quite correct.

"It's on the Surrey side of the river," he said, "opposite the Kew Gardens. You'd be about a mile from Richmond bridge. There are at least ten acres of land, with fair elevation, and nice trees, most of them old. Then there is a lovely view across the stream and up the bend: you can see the people strolling along the walk, but they are not near enough to bother you. The place has only lately been put on the market."

"Is there a house there now?"

"The foundations of one: it was pulled down some time ago. The site I chose is a different one. The land will bear a good deal of improving; but the material is excellent."

"It is so nice to live near the river," observed Miss Plumtre, who had recovered from her blush. "One can have a boat-house on the bank, and row up and down in the moonlight evenings."

"To be sure! we'll have a boat-house, and I'll row Millicent and you up and down," said Snowden, laughingly. "I used to be a good oar at the University."

"Oh, Mr. Mayne, how delightful!" exclaimed the young lady, tenderly. She too, poor soul, had begun to build her castles in the air.

"I think I get your idea, Mr. Mayne," said Tom, who had been looking over his plans. "I have a general scheme of my own, that these would fit in with very well. But do you seriously think of building?"

"Yes, I do; though it may be a rash enterprise. But I don't care to live in town, and renting is always a nuisance. If you can find the time, I would like you to make the drawings, and an estimate of the expense. When that is done, we shall be in a position to talk business in earnest."

Tom drew a long breath. Here, then, was the beginning of his fortune. Rosalind seemed much nearer than an hour ago. Miss Plumtre roused herself from a happy trance, and murmured, "May I pour you another cup of tea?"

CHAPTER X.

THE Penwyns' visit had been fixed for the ensuing week; and Millicent, while making her preparations, looked forward to it with a sort of grave, devoted cheerfulness which might be likened to that of a novice about to take the veil. She expected that the visit would have important consequences for Tom and Rosalind: she would have ample opportunities of bringing them together effectively: she could work upon Rosalind's mind in the intervals; and the promising results of Tom's interview with Snowden afforded a powerful lever to move Mr.

Penwyn withal. Millicent congratulated herself on her talent for intrigue.

Instead of a night, as at first proposed, Rosalind was to spend a week at the house in Park Lane. Her father was to dine there every day; but he preferred to go home to sleep. There would be one or two receptions; and Rosalind would accompany her host and hostess to entertainments at other houses. In short, before she went home again, she would have been given a glimpse of the great world,—that is to say, of two or three hundred fashionable people, and their drawing-rooms. Millicent reasoned that the spectacle of so much aimless display and dissipation would disenchant the girl with the grand life of which she had formed such attractive visions, and that she would perceive the superiority of a quiet and independent existence. There is, however, a great deal of human nature in girls, and especially of feminine human nature; and it sometimes takes more than a week to eradicate it.

Snowden contemplated the prospect with somewhat different emotions: it will be enough to say at present that his plans did not include forcing Rosalind into Tom Gordon's arms. He had no suspicion of the state of affairs between those young people, or of Millicent's views with regard to them. It would be very plain sailing in this world if everybody made a practice of proclaiming their sentiments and intentions to everybody else. Whether plain sailing is preferable to the ups and downs and cross-purposes of our present navigation, is an interesting question.

As for Rosalind herself, she had so much to do and think of, making her dresses, that she was not able to concentrate her thoughts long at a time on anything else. She took four dresses with her,—one morning, one walking, one afternoon tea, one evening. They were not by Worth, nor were they entirely by herself; they were not all new. But they were pretty and right. Their number could be increased to a certain extent by adding parts of one to parts of another. Rosalind had some handsome ornaments that had belonged to her mother, and these she took with her in a box.

Is there any topic of tongue or pen more touching and exquisite than this of a beautiful young girl going out into the world for the first time? Her anticipations are so boundless, and the disappointment is inevitably so complete. She is so timid, and yet so inconceivably confident. She is so innocent, and yet so crafty. This period of initiation is like a strip of fairy ground, extending between the simplicity of girlhood and the sagacity of the woman of the world. But, narrow though this enchanted region may be, it is longer and more eventful to the traveller than all the rest of the journey put together. These delicious valleys and soaring sierras, these gorgeous palaces of delight and their fairy inhabitants, produce strange sensations and illusions upon the youthful visitors, the effects whereof sometimes are carried to the grave. Under the influence of these spells, the maiden loses her reason and sense of proportion,—even her breastplate of intuition sometimes,—and she thinks it will all be forgiven and forgotten, because life is all a game and a play, and that to-morrow the forfeits will be returned, and all

will be right again. So she sips enchanted wine, and gives ear to strange whisperings, and enters into golden bonds, which look as light and fragile as flowers, but are stronger than steel hand-cuffs when she attempts to move freely. The vaporous, lovely world, that seemed plastic and suave as a dream, suddenly hardens into grim, hideous fact. The victim comes to herself with a cry: she is not what she was. And she finds herself enlisted in the ranks of the enchanters who deluded her; and she must help to lime other innocents, even as she was limed.

After greeting her hostess with a kiss, which was given and returned, not like the kiss of society, but with sincerity on both sides, and shaking hands with her host, who said, "You have a real hand,—not an illusion of mist and moonshine!" she went up-stairs to her room, to take off her things and prepare for the afternoon reception. Millicent came up with her, to see that all was in order, and the trunk conveniently placed, and then left her to her own management.

Rosalind was grateful to be alone. There was a large mirror in the room, broad and tall, in which her whole figure was reflected, from head to foot, with considerable space to spare all around it. She glanced at herself with interest; it was a new sensation; but there were other things to look at, and she turned from this fair vision, to return to it later. She unfastened her out-door dress, and stepped out of it, giving it a toss over the foot of the bed. But what a lovely bed! A blue silk quilted counterpane bordered with lace; sheets of the most delicate linen; blankets of purest lambs' wool. The bedstead was made of rose-wood, carved in low relief. Rosalind slipped off her boots, and threw herself down upon the soft expanse: how elastic and luxurious! As she lay there, with her white arms thrown over her head, her eyes were attracted by the dressing-table, which was also upholstered in blue silk and lace, and held a small bevelled looking-glass, framed in embossed silver. She got up to examine it. Upon the table was an array of silver-mounted crystal flasks and phials, containing fragrant essences, which she smelt to, one after the other. The comb was of tortoise-shell; the brushes of ivory, with an enchased monogram. She shook down her hair, and passed them through it; there was a soothing smoothness in their touch: peeping into the glass, she saw the full and gleaming shoulders of a smiling young goddess—could it be herself? The wash-stand was in the adjoining corner: the bowl and pitcher of Dresden china, with beautiful flowers painted on them; cakes of soap, the concentration of perfumed cleanliness; sponges light and fine, smelling like purity itself. Rosalind would have liked to spend a whole week in the mere application and enjoyment of these charming luxuries. She drew long breaths of satisfaction and sensuous pleasure: the carpet was soft under her stockinged feet: everything caressed her. These surroundings were proper to her, and nourishing. She had been starved and slighted all her life.

She began to unpack her trunk, and dispose its contents in the abundant drawers and closets. As she slowly dressed herself, she reflected that in a week she would be back again in her own little room, with its plain walls and furniture, its dulness and monotony. She was to have a glimpse only of this delicious comfort and convenience, and

then it would be withdrawn again. A definite longing would have been created, which had not existed before, and there would be nothing to satisfy it. This was her right place and ambition: it must be relinquished for the wrong.

She stood again before the full-length mirror and gazed at herself. Her countenance and figure, which had become wearisome and vapid to her in her own house, now assumed a fresh and stimulating quality. She recognized the fact of her own beauty and power. A picture in its fitting frame and position is a different thing from the unmounted canvas in the corner of the studio. Rosalind had never overrated herself; nor did she now; but she appreciated herself. She knew what beautiful and intelligent women had accomplished in the world. If they had lived and died humble and unknown, it was, at any rate, their own choice and preference. "Why should I choose it?" she asked herself. "I may choose the other if I will. I shall meet people this week who own half of England . . ." She did not finish the thought. She stood erect, with her head high, eying proudly the figure in the glass, who looked back as haughtily. She advanced slowly, step by step, until her face was but a hand's breadth from the polished surface, and peered into the ardent hazel depths of the mirrored eyes. At last she whispered, "Good-by!" and kissed the phantom lips. The coldness of the kiss penetrated to her heart, and stayed there. She turned and passed out of the room, leaving her old self and her old love behind her.

CHAPTER XI.

SNOWDEN met her in the drawing-room. She felt his admiration, and liked the courtly manner in which he at once veiled and expressed it. He was a gallant, manly-looking man, with the easy and simple bearing of a gentleman. They stood by the mantel-piece, talking together. "I am glad," said he, "to make my *début* in your company."

"You have had other *débuts* before this, and come through unsupported."

"One is always beginning new things, and each time the danger, I think, looks more serious. I am not so bold as when I was a boy, for I know myself better. Nothing dismays us then, because we say, 'When I'm older I'll do better!' At last the time comes when we realize that each contest must be final, and that the odds are against us."

"What about the wisdom of experience?"

"It gives skill, but saps the courage: one makes fewer mistakes, but accomplishes less. No, there's nothing like youth. If Heaven be youth, it need be nothing else."

"Since I am young, perhaps, I like maturity better. Youth is always changing: to-morrow you will not find it where it is to-day. And there is nothing in it but what it is; it is not rich and deep with things that have been. It thinks only of the future, which is all fancy, and just as foolish as the thinker. I prefer people who have known and done something, and can't be blown over by a change of wind."

"The best refutation of your own argument is your ability in

stating it," said Snowden, surprised and flattered. "You are twenty, are you not? Will you speak with more discretion when you are fifty?"

"Every one feels the disadvantages of one's own state, and sees the advantages of others' by contrast. I am only twenty, but I am old enough to have felt discontented."

"A young mind may look forward, and an old one look back, and so the two meet on common ground. Old and young both might do better if they were less hostile and more sympathetic. I can imagine a happy partnership of that kind."

At this juncture, which was beginning to look interesting, at least to Snowden, Millicent came in; and soon after the roll of carriages sounded in the street, and the knocker became restless. It was an informal reception: about a hundred people came and went during the three afternoon hours. But some of the smartest folk in London were among them; and every one was brought up to Rosalind, and said the most agreeable thing he or she could, and looked at her with more than ordinary attention. Some felt admiration, some envy, and some felt like mice contemplating fresh cheese. Rosalind gazed at all with interest,—lords and ladies, soldiers and civilians, young and old,—and the total impression produced upon her was of one creature with many faces, male and female. She saw no lady so refined as Millicent, and no gentleman—not even young Lord Henry Vane of the Guards, who had ridden with despatches through a hundred miles of hostile Arabs in Egypt, slaying eleven with his own hand, and receiving three severe wounds,—not even this hero appeared a nobler gentleman than Snowden Mayne. This discovery, whether warrantable or not, gave her security: she felt she was well protected. Towards the end of the afternoon, Tom Gordon came in.

"Do you like this?" he asked, when he got up to her.

"It suits me perfectly."

"I feel as if I ought to be presented to you. Is it the place, or you?"

"It suits me, that's all. I am all here."

"How long will it continue to suit you?"

She shrugged her shoulders. He was not saying what she cared to hear. He was like a person in homespun coming on the stage during an eighteenth-century comedy and spoiling the illusion. Not that he was actually in homespun; he was dressed like everybody else; but his face was associated with her every-day life, and he spoke to her in the same manner as at her own home. He did not understand that there are times when a girl wishes to act a part and be governed by imagination,—when nothing is so irritating and mortifying as facts. For the first time that afternoon, Rosalind felt bored,—and by Tom Gordon of all men!

Lord Henry came up with a cake-basket and a plate of ice. Old Mrs. Hyde, the cleverest woman in London and the mother-in-law of an earl, sat down beside her and said, "My dear, you belong to us, and I promise you we shall know how to protect our property." Sir Philip Primrose, who sat on the front Opposition Bench, approached, dangling

his eye-glass, and remarked, "Really, Miss Penwyn, if I'd been the Banished Duke, you know, and such a Rosalind as you had come to the Forest of Arden, I wouldn't have let Orlando carry you off, by George!" Miss Cavendish, the great beauty, sailed up and said, "I couldn't go without saying good-by to you, dear Miss Penwyn. And I do so want your photograph! Will you give it me? I only wish," she added, in a half-whisper, "that I could steal your face and wear it!" Other persons scarcely less delightful drew about her. Tom found himself imperceptibly removed farther and farther from the centre of interest. Then he saw Snowden Mayne standing beside Rosalind, handsome, composed, and masterful: he turned, mortified and troubled at heart, and there was Millicent close in front of him, looking at him with eyes in which shone something like indignation, and, deeper, something else, which he could not interpret.

In this week the general external features of one day were much like those of another. The good impression which Rosalind had produced at the outset was constantly confirmed and improved. She easily caught the style and *chic* of the reigning moment, while retaining her originality and freshness. Snowden accompanied her everywhere, and by and by it became an expected thing to see them together; and inferences were drawn therefrom. At the same time, Millicent and Tom Gordon were much thrown together. Millicent's intrigue did not appear to be developing according to her intention.

The events of each day, and the projects for the next, occasioned so many unavoidable topics of conversation, and the opportunities for undisturbed chat were so limited, that she did not find it possible to talk to Rosalind about Tom Gordon, still less to bring them quietly together. Rosalind, it must be confessed, made no attempt to meet her friend's efforts in these directions half-way; but, on the other hand, she was always frank and clear; she never evaded any offer that Millicent made; but then she never put her own shoulder to the wheel: as soon as she had replied to the other's remark, she would proceed to talk about some of the incidents or persons that were in the focus of the time. This was perfectly natural, and Millicent could find no fault with it. This week was an oasis in Rosalind's life: how could she help attaching importance to it? But Millicent was uneasy on more accounts than one.

Snowden's attentions to Rosalind had seemed to his sister nothing more than the legitimate favor and courtesy due to a guest who was entering the great world under his protection. But one evening, after Rosalind had gone to bed, and while he was smoking a cigar on the hearth-rug, he looked up with a smile and said, "I believe, my dear, that you are as happy as I am, and in the same way; but I should like to have your own assurance of it."

"Happy, Snowden? Yes: why not?" she answered, unsuspectingly.

"Why should we have secrets from each other, Millicent? At any rate, I will have none from you. Come! which one of Shakespeare's characters do I most resemble?"

"I am too stupid," she said, at a loss for his meaning.

"Hum! I see how it is. Your eyes are turned all one way. Well, he's a fine fellow, and I like him. If somebody must have you, I had as lief it were he as any one."

"I haven't an idea of what you are talking about."

"Why, really, you must be asleep. Well, then, I mean Tom Gordon."

"What about him?" asked she, aroused in a moment.

"Ah! at last! Tom Gordon loves a lady, and her name is Millicent."

She started up, trembling. "Snowden, you don't know what you are saying!"

"Yes, I do," said he, nodding laughingly, "and he is in earnest, whether you know it or not. He is at your feet, and you cannot move without stepping on him. For my part, I don't see why you shouldn't be merciful. He worships you: there's stuff in him: he would make a good husband. I certainly thought you cared for him,—encouraged him, you know. Forgive me if I'm blundering, dear; but it does look that way."

"You are blundering more than you can conceive." Her voice faltered and broke; she was profoundly agitated, and did not know what to say. "Tom Gordon is—I am his—friend—I try to be! God forgive me! Oh, it is laughable! He never thought—never looked at me! It's all wrong—ridiculous! What harm if—no, no! what nonsense am I talking! Really, Snowden, you are too bad! An old maid like me should not be made fun of, even by her brother."

"My darling sister," said Snowden, greatly perplexed and concerned, "I am a clumsy brute, and I'd like to knock myself down! You are worn out and nervous, and I must needs rally you as if you were a school-boy! Forgive me, dear! I respect your privacy and reserve,—I sacredly respect them. Oh, you'll break my heart unless you'll be comforted! As for Gordon, if——"

"Hush! hush!—not a word!"

"All right!—only—all right! And now, to square accounts, I will make my own confession. I was speaking of a certain Shakespearean character. What do you think of Orlando?"

Millicent had dropped down on the sofa, panting and biting her lips, having narrowly escaped a fit of hysterics. But at her brother's last sentence she suddenly became absolutely still, as if her heart had ceased to beat. After a moment, she raised herself on one arm on the cushion, and turned her face towards him with a dazzled look. By degrees, comprehension dawned in her eyes; it brought consternation with it. Her lips parted, and an expression of intense weariness made her features haggard. She put her hands to her head, and then dropped them in her lap. She muttered, almost inaudibly, "Snowden! Snowden!"

He was pained and abashed, and could not help showing it. "Don't condemn me before I have pleaded my cause," he said, with a little laugh. "I know there's plenty to say against me; but there is something on the other side, too. In the first place, Millicent, I have lived a clean life,—partly, no doubt, because I'm naturally fastidious, but

partly, too, because I had loved a pure woman, and, though she wouldn't have me, I made up my mind to be worthy of her, at least, as long as I lived. I put all my energy into my business, and few men have worked harder than I did. My temperate ways kept me healthy; and in spite of my hair—which was white before I was forty—I honestly think I am a younger man to-day than most men who were born, as I was, fifty years ago. So, if I think of marrying now, I don't feel as if I were bringing a polluted and worn-out carcass to victimize my wife; she can see the worst of me as I stand here. And the first time I met Rosalind—yes, of course it's Rosalind: who else could it be?—the first time I met her, I knew what was coming. I mean, I knew I should love her; of course I didn't venture to suppose that she could love me. But later, when we came to know each other better, I thought that perhaps Providence had planned it all,—that my past disappointment and suffering were to be the means of my final happiness and compensation. Penwyn had taken the woman I would have married; but the daughter that was born to them grew up during my absence, until, when I came back, she was the same age as Mildred when I knew her; and her voice and her soul were her mother's. I couldn't help loving her; and I fancied, I must confess, that in inviting her here to visit us you recognized what might be, and meant to aid it. Certainly Rosalind might have cared for a better man; but if she can care for me, I'm sure no one could love and serve her more faithfully. Then there's her father, my old friend, poor and overworked: I can make him comfortable in this way; I shall have the right to. During this week, she and I have been constantly together: I have talked with her and observed her: we seem in many ways fitted for each other. Well, it's no use going on: I haven't any more to say. It seems to surprise and distress you, Millicent: I don't know why. Do you think me a fool, or worse?"

"I think you are the best man I have ever known. Dearest brother, I cannot talk to you to-night: my heart is too full. I have been stupid and reckless beyond what is credible. Tell me one thing now: have you spoken to Rosalind? has she promised to marry you?"

"I have not said a word to her. The truth is, I had meant to ask you to say something that might prepare her,—or show whether——"

"I understand: oh, I understand now! Well, then, I will ask you one favor, Snowden: say nothing to her at this time. It is both for her sake and yours that I ask it. I cannot trust myself even to think to-night; but I am sure I am right in asking that. Soon you will know all I have to tell. Will you do it?"

"To be sure I will. I intended, at any rate, to ask her in her father's house,—not here, where she might hardly know her own mind."

"Good-night, then, my beloved brother. Kiss me, and forgive me, and be sorry for me: I need it!" She rose, and leaned forward against his shoulder, as if all strength had left her. He put his arms round her, with a hearty, brotherly hug. They both felt comforted by that embrace; but neither of them fell asleep till near morning. Rosalind, meanwhile, had slumbered sound and sweet.

CHAPTER XII.

THE next morning was Sunday, and it was the last of Rosalind's appointed visit. It was to be spent in rest; and Mr. Penwyn would come and pass the night, for once, and take his daughter home in the morning.

Millicent had made Rosalind a present of a charming morning wrapper of delicate Japanese silk, lined and trimmed in a manner to ravish the senses of the wearer, not to speak of the beholder; and Rosalind, after getting up this morning,—which she did quite early, partly because she had slept so well, and partly because she wanted ample time to linger over her bath and all the luxurious details of her toilet,—after having polished and perfected herself, combed, brushed, and caressed herself, until there really remained nothing to be done,—Rosalind put on the Japanese wrapper, observed its effect in the tall mirror, courtesied to herself, pointing her foot and kissing her fingertips, and finally turned and marched, gently rustling, out of the room.

The door of Millicent's chamber, on the same landing, was ajar; and as Rosalind went forward, Millicent came out and met her, and they kissed each other, and went down-stairs with their arms round each other's waists. Before they entered the breakfast-room, Millicent said, "I am so glad we are to have this day all to ourselves. I have hardly seen you yet. I want a good long talk."

"I have been very happy here: it has made a different person of me, I think," returned Rosalind. There was always great physical serenity about this girl: she could glow, but she never fussed and fumed or was in a hurry. There was an impression that things about her moved, while she remained at rest. The rhythm of her speech was also measured and leisurely.

"Some things that seem changes are only discoveries of what we really are," said Millicent.

Snowden was in the breakfast-room, looking over the *Observer*. "I see by the foreign telegrams," he remarked, "that there is likely to be a financial panic in New York. Some of my potatoes are in the pot there: I shall write some letters to my American agent this morning. You girls will be thankful to have a few hours to yourselves, I guess. I hope Penwyn may get here to lunch. Are you homesick, Rosalind? Are you weary of this great world?"

"I am not weary at all," she replied, quietly. "I feel at home here. If the world were twice as large as it is, I should like to see it all."

Snowden was evidently pleased with this response, though he was not in his usual agreeable spirits. "How is it with you, Miss Plump-tre?" he asked: "is the world big enough for you?"

"Oh, my world is in the companionship of persons to whom I am attached," that young lady answered. "I could never weary of that, or desire anything more. It would make no difference to me where my residence was,—here, or on the Continent, or even in America. Wherever those I loved were, would be my home."

Sentiments of propriety so unexceptionable are apt to put an end to the conversation that has given rise to them. Little more was said during breakfast; and Miss Plumptre had leisure to speculate as to whether her daring reference to America had found its mark or not. Her emotions had, so to speak, been much in her thoughts of late. She found it difficult to determine how much or how little she ought to say. She would not, for her life, have transcended the bounds of maidenly decorum; but it was impossible not to see that Mr. Mayne lacked self-confidence; and it would only be kind to indicate to him that, if he had anything particular to say, she was not unprepared to give it sympathetic consideration.

Breakfast over, she departed to church; Snowden went up to his room to write his letters; and Millicent and Rosalind established themselves in the library, where the arm-chairs were roomier and the window-seats deeper than in any other room in the house.

The talk of the two women proceeded, at first, by fits and starts, with long intervals of meditative silence, though it is safe to presume that their respective meditations moved on anything but parallel lines. At length, some allusion to Snowden's building projects opened the way to speak of Gordon.

"I am sorry we have not seen more of him this week," said Millicent. "The trouble with London society is that it allows one to see so little of the really nice people."

"Nice people are one kind of good thing, and London society is another. The pleasantest way, it seems to me, is to take them in alternation."

"I think Mr. Gordon would be willing to give up society for the sake of seeing more of you."

"Has he told you so?" asked Rosalind, point-blank.

Millicent met her eyes steadily. "He used to talk to me about you," she said, gently, "before I ever met you, or expected to meet you. It was a confidence,—he had to speak to some one, and he has always regarded me as a sister,—and you are the first to whom I have mentioned it. You are not offended, are you?"

"I have thought," said Rosalind, after a pause, "that perhaps I did not know my own mind."

"I wish only to be the friend of both of you."

"I'm sure of that. I do not wish to make him unhappy,—far from it! He said, once, that he would be contented with my friendship. To marry—if one is really married—seems to put an end to everything else,—to marry poor, at any rate. I feel as if I should not be content. It isn't that I want anything in particular: I want—everything!"

"No one can have everything, dear; but one may easily lose everything."

"Yes; but as long as I want, I am afraid."

"The thing to decide is, not whether you want Tom now, but whether you will ever want him. He has given you his heart; but he has his reason left."

"Yes; he was never unreasonable or tyrannical. He would wait;

but I don't think I like to be waited for. It is better to be burned up than to be melted down!"

At this, Millicent laughed. She had, moreover, expressed the same thing to Tom. Patience in love is often more risky than precipitation. She began to admit a doubt which, hitherto, a lofty and self-abnegating sense of honor had prompted her resolutely to fight away. Perhaps, after all, Tom and Rosalind were not predestined for one another. Tom might not be so much in love as he had imagined; and Rosalind might, in her lack of experience, have mistaken friendly regard for a more serious passion. In that case, Snowden had all the rights of the matter, and it might need only a hint from him for Rosalind to yield herself to him. And then Tom would perhaps find consolation in a quarter to think of which made Millicent's bosom swell and the blood tingle in her veins.

Yes, this was a possible solution. Rosalind was certainly wavering; a touch would incline the balance: why should not Millicent communicate it? Why should she not at least let matters take their own course? Had she herself been an indifferent spectator merely, would she not have deemed it officious to interfere?

If conscience be a product of evolution, it is remarkable how much more highly it is developed in some persons than in others. So wide is the discrepancy that it almost seems to be one of kind rather than of degree. Conscience begins where reason leaves off, and is frequently at variance with the latter. Millicent left her arguments at the moment when it became difficult to argue against them, and obeyed the law that never argues, but only pronounces.

"The truth is, dear," she said, "that you are staking the moods of a week against the happiness of a lifetime. The gayeties and ceremonies you have been through have no solid substance in them, and if you try to found any serious action on them you will be left without any foundation at all. I cannot tell whether you love Tom Gordon or not; but if you don't I think you are very unfortunate, and I doubt whether you will find it possible ever to love anybody. Love is so sacred a thing that the least tampering with it spoils it. If a germ of it has begun to grow in your heart, and you kill it, or wilfully let it die, nothing like it will ever come to you again, and you will find nothing else in the world worth living for. You should not ask yourself whether you may not have been mistaken in thinking you love him: you should thank God for letting the holy gift of love come to you, and pray for strength and constancy to keep it yours. I can say this for Tom, that if you do love him, and marry him, he will never disappoint you, and that you will love him better and better every year."

"I am not so good as you are," said Rosalind. She was looking down, and spoke gloomily. "I feel that all you say is right, and that I may be throwing away something infinitely precious, that I shall mourn for afterwards till I die. But what is the use of pretending? There may be people, for aught I know, who pretend to be good, and even carry it so far as actually to do what is good; but if they wanted in their hearts to do the contrary, what use is it? I would rather be a devil all through than an angel on the surface. I am full of vanity

and pride and luxury : I like this soft, easy, flattering life that I have been living here, better than to be faithful and noble and unselfish. If the opportunity comes to me to continue to live it, I shall take it. Yes, I won't lie to you : you shall know me as I am. I did love Tom ; I could still love him if I would ; but I don't wish to give up what I should have to give up to marry him. The clay suits me better than the diamond : it is not that I mistake the one for the other. If Tom were rich, there would be no trouble ; but God does not put things that way, and I understand why He does not. Goodness is strength, and no one could be strong if the world were made easy for them."

There was one thing left for Millicent to do,—the hardest of all things,—and she did it.

"You shall know me, too," she said, "and we shall be friends, in spite of all. Say what you will, you are noble enough to hear my secret, and you shall hear it. Tom Gordon and I are just of an age : I have known him since we were children. In our plays he was always kind to me : he took my part, and I loved him as children love one another. We used to talk together : I grew up faster than he, so that he used to look up to me after a while, and come to me for advice and comfort about his boy difficulties and sorrows : I used to give him the best I had, with all my heart : I thought him the dearest boy that ever lived. After a while he had to go away to school and college, and I saw him only occasionally, in his vacations. He treated me as an elder sister ; we told each other everything ; but presently I began to see that he cared for me not as I cared for him : he was glad to be with me, but he was content to be elsewhere : when we met after a long interval, he would be pleased, but I saw that he had not been longing, and counting the days, as I had been. At first I thought that this was only the difference between men's feelings and women's,—that he cared in his way, and I in mine. But one day—" she paused, and waited a few moments for composure to go on—"he came behind me as I was sitting reading—I had not seen him for several weeks—and tapped me on the shoulder ; and as I looked around, he kissed me on the lips. It was the first time since we were little children, Rosalind ; and it was the last time ! He was laughing at having surprised me, and directly he began to talk of one thing and another : he had felt nothing. But I—I was in heaven and in hell ! It was the culmination of my life. He had not meant to give it as I took it ; but he had given it, and it was taken. Thank God ! thank God ! That kiss was only a friendly jest for him : it made me an old maid : I would not have been without it for anything,—no, not for anything ! All my happiness as bride and wife were pressed into that instant. I understood then what was the difference between him and me. He liked me, and I loved him."

She ended with a passion so pure that Rosalind covered her face with her hands, as one admitted into the presence of something too holy not to be revered. Millicent moved a book that was lying on the table, and, after breathing unevenly for a little while, continued ;

"One night, about a year ago, he came to me with a look in his face that I knew the meaning of, because I had known that it would never be there for me. He began to tell me about a beautiful girl

that he had met,—one who revealed to him what woman could be. It was so like those old confidences when we were children, and yet so unlike them ! He came often after that, to talk to me about her,—about you. I listened as a prisoner listens to the verdict of the jury on his life : not that the gain or loss was mine, but that it was his : was she the woman for him ? was she worthy or unworthy ? I thought and dreamed of what you might be, as he thought and dreamed of you,—not less anxiously and jealously. At last the time came when he told me that he had spoken to you, and that you had not repulsed him. Oh, that evening ! I shall never forget it ! But this is the truth : I did not grudge him to you. No, indeed ! I wished that he might be happy with you as no man ever yet was happy. If laying down my life would have made you still more beautiful or lovable, how blessed it would have been to do it ! Some time, dear, I hope you will know that feeling,—that you have no self left : it is all merged and glorified in the man you love.

"All this time I had never seen you. He had not proposed it, and I dreaded to do so : one dreads to know what one supremely desires to know. But the occasion came at last : you can understand now why I looked at you so. At first I was not convinced ; but when I had heard your voice singing, and when you spoke of missing your mother, my heart went out to you : it went out, and, Rosalind, I cannot take it back. If he must suffer for love of you, then so must I : wherever you go, whatever you do, his love and mine will follow you."

"There was a nearer way !" said Rosalind, struggling against a heavy oppression in her bosom. "He would have loved you, had you revealed yourself."

"I have something better than his love !" replied Millicent ; and at that lofty saying Rosalind bent her head and was silent.

"I don't think I can do any very base thing, after this," she said, some while later. "You have not made me unselfish, but you have taken away my pleasure in selfishness. I feel as if I had never known anything or felt anything. I shall go home and try to think. I don't want to see you or Tom or any one. I suppose I shall live and die as I am. I hate the idea of marrying. I am not grateful, nor ungrateful. All this life and health are in me, and yet I cannot do anything with my life. My only use in the world seems to be to afford other people an opportunity to be magnanimous. When I have finished my thinking, I will come and tell you. I have no idea when that will be : never, perhaps."

But Millicent, though she forbore to reply, did not take so despondent a view of the situation. Strong natures change slowly, but the changes hold. They travel on foot, and confront all the perils and glooms of the way ; but when they arrive, they have no arrears to make good. Their burden of evil is a heavy one, but it is on their shoulders, not in their hearts. Their errors have more value in them than the impeccable careers of slighter persons. Human existence pivots on them ; they are the centre of motion, not the motion itself,—the epochs

of history, not its details. So Millicent would have had less hope had Rosalind yielded easily and been converted in a hurry. The strength that resists is but a phase of the strength that affirms, and is the measure of it. And Rosalind's grudging concession, "I cannot do any very base thing, after this," had more trustworthy promise in it than a thousand facile protestations.

At luncheon, Miss Plumptre praised the sermon she had heard, and expressed her respectful admiration of the clergyman for having got so copious a discourse out of so small a scrap of text. "He adds so much to the Bible!" she observed, appreciatively. Snowden had written his letters, and was courteous and genial to Rosalind, without being overzealous. Rosalind was taciturn, if not grim; and Millicent supplied responses to Miss Plumptre.

Towards dinner-time, Penwyn appeared, and he and Snowden had talk together, much of it apart, but the upshot of which transpired later. They all went to bed early; and the next morning the adieux were said, without any noticeable outbreak of emotion, and Rosalind's visit was at an end.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON the afternoon of their departure, a rolled-up packet was brought to Snowden, which proved to contain the plans and elevations of the proposed country dwelling on the banks of the Thames. He called up Millicent, and they examined them together. Snowden was very much pleased. "You were right about that young gentleman, my dear," he said. "He has got ideas of his own, and very good ones they are. If he can make houses like that, it ought not to be difficult for him to make a fortune. His estimates are moderate, too, though enough to show that he respects his work. He is a fine fellow, and he shall have the commission; and I wish—ah! my dear!"

"Snowden," said Millicent, laughing, "if my behavior the other night has actually scared you so that you are afraid to talk aloud in my presence, I shall be worse punished than I deserve. I know I behaved very badly, and I suppose you drew some interesting inferences; but I do assure you most seriously that I have no thoughts of accepting Tom Gordon, nor he any intention of proposing to me. My ambition and intention are to persuade you to fall in love with me, and to make you as comfortable as I can,—until you find some means of becoming more comfortable than I can make you. I am not dangerous at all!"

"You will never have a rival, Millicent, even if I marry," Snowden replied, kissing her hand. "As to Rosalind, I want to tell you that I opened the matter to Penwyn last night; that is, I told him the feeling I had for her, and asked him whether, in case things ever got so far as to depend upon his consent, he would give it. He said he would like nothing better,—except, of course, that he would prefer to keep Rosalind to himself, if he could, or as long as he could. He said he had a horror of her marrying a poor man; and I could understand from what experience he spoke. I told him that I had no intention of hastening matters, and that I thought the fair thing to do would be to

let her alone for a few months, so as to give her new impressions time to settle and explain themselves. Meanwhile, he was to refrain from giving her any hint of what plots were hatching: the stipulation was in her interest, of course, not in mine. That is the present posture of the affair. I think I shall succeed, unless she has been previously caught elsewhere; and in that case——”

“What?” said Millicent.

“In that case, and if my rival is what he should be, and I can be of any use or help to her, why, God bless her! she shall find out what a friend a defeated lover can be.”

“This is a lovely world!” said Millicent; and she kissed him.

Several weeks went by, during which Tom Gordon broke ground for the new house and got it fairly under way. He worked at it with a kind of fanatic zeal; and as the young clergyman was said to have put the whole body of theology into his first sermon, so Tom seemed bent upon making this edifice the essence of all architecture. Snowden went over three or four times a week to inspect its progress and discuss details, and found as much pleasure in the mounds of bricks, heaps of mortar, and piles of timber as if they were already the fairest habitation that civilized man had ever planned.

Towards the close of the London season, while he was sitting in his room one morning, looking over his correspondence, Signor Patrick Malvini entered, bearing a telegram.

“From Gordon, I suppose, about those door-posts,” muttered Snowden, tearing it open. “Sit down, Patrick: I want to have a chat with you. Hullo! this is a cable from New York. Let us see——”

It was a message from his American agent, and contained, in cipher, the following information:

“A panic has set in: four banks went under yesterday, and three more this morning. The Artesian Bank, which has been helping the others, is now threatened. The outlook for Friday is bad. Save whatever you can on the other side. Signed, FULLERTON.”

“To-day is Thursday, isn’t it, Patrick?” said Snowden.

“Yes, Mr. Snowden.”

“Send out and get an afternoon paper, will you?”

Signor Malvini left the room, and Snowden, after reading the telegram again, placed it on the file. He leaned back in his chair, stroking his white moustache. In a few minutes Malvini returned.

“I have sent the boy out,” said he. “Is there anything particular?”

“Well, you know, most of what I have got is in the Artesian Bank, Wall Street. I’m one of the directors. I have been thinking of taking my money out and investing over here. The interest is larger there, but it is never safe to have your business where you can’t personally look after it. But I’ve been attending to other things, and now it may prove too late. This cable was written last night. It says the bank is in danger. Fullerton is a faithful and careful man; but there’s no eye like the master’s eye.”

“And you would be heavily involved, Mr. Snowden?”

“Why, yes; to the extent of nearly everything I’ve got. I own

three-fourths of the bank-stock,—something near a million dollars, I guess."

Signor Malvini's black eyes opened in astonishment and dismay. "I had no idea, Mr. Snowden," he said, "that the amount would be anything approaching that. I presumed you were comfortably off, but—two hundred thousand pounds sterling! And all in jeopardy!" He raised his long white hands and let them drop heavily.

"I didn't specify the extent of my means, for several reasons," remarked Snowden, who had been jotting down some figures on a sheet of paper. "To be known as rich hampers a man in more ways than one. Besides, I wanted to ascertain the condition of the family estate over here, and estimate at my leisure exactly what I wanted to do for it. In fact, I suppose I meant to give Millicent and you an agreeable surprise. Well, so far as she is concerned, it turned out well. She never will know how much I lost, because she doesn't know how much I had."

"But what is to be done, Mr. Snowden?" demanded the old steward, in a sorrowing voice.

"Oh, if the worst comes to the worst, I can go to work again over there, and get it all back in ten years or so. My credit has always been good, and I have lots of friends,—and lots of energy, too!" he added, with a smile. "Don't worry about me, old gentleman. Meanwhile, I have eight or nine thousand pounds on deposit over here, and with that I can pay Gordon for the house, and put you and Millicent into it. You can rent this house, and the estate will be that much better off. The thing that chiefly annoys me"—he looked up, and let his eyes rest on Malvini's face with a quizzical expression—"is one that I have never spoken to you about. I had thought—I had hoped—to marry."

"And sure, Mr. Snowden, you'd not think I'd be opposin' what would conduce in any way to the felicity of the man I love and honor above all others in the world!"

"Thank you, you dear old fanatic. But, you see, your love for me leaves you with nothing but prejudices for other people. I want to marry Penwyn's daughter."

"That fortune-huntin' girl! She's a fair maid; but—like father, like daughter." He shook his head dejectedly. "Has she promised you, Mr. Snowden?"

"I have not spoken to her. But her father is favorable."

"Ay, I could have told ye that!" Suddenly his eyes brightened, and he sat erect. "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good!" he said. "This calamity will prove the justice of my opinion, Mr. Snowden. Let Mr. Paul Penwyn hear the first whisper of your ruin, and see how quick he'll drop ye! I'll stake my case on that!"

"You are a cantankerous old idiot!" returned Snowden, good-humoredly. "But I am glad of the test, too, if only for the sake of confounding you. Ah! here comes the newspaper."

He opened the sheet, and looked at the foreign news column. There was a heading, "*LATEST, The Great Panic in New York*," followed by a long despatch. "Yes, here it is," said Snowden; and he read aloud:

"One of the last to go under was the well-known Artesian Bank. This institution was considered one of the strongest on the Street. During the early days of the panic it had come to the assistance of some of the other houses. These efforts failed of their expected effect, while weakening the Artesian. The spread and severity of the panic are unsurpassed in the history of Wall Street, and the wildest confusion and excitement prevail. Nothing short of a grant from the United States Treasury could have saved the Artesian, and this, it is understood, was refused. The largest stockholder in the bank was Mr. Snowden Mayne, a gentleman of English birth, who during the past twenty years accumulated a vast fortune in America. Every penny of this is lost. Mr. Mayne is said to be at this moment visiting his relatives in London."

Snowden laid down the paper. "Well, the fat's in the fire!" he remarked. "So far as I can see, I have not lost more than I had,—which is a consolation! One can't depend on telegrams sent out at such a time; but, after all possible deductions, the truth must be serious enough. We shall know more precisely next week. Meanwhile, say nothing to Millicent. She seldom reads the papers, and I should like to communicate the news to her in my own way."

As he got up from his chair, Malvini came up to him, and grasped his hand between both of his own.

"Sure, never man bore disaster so gallantly as yourself," said he, tremulously. "I honor ye and I glory in ye! Oh, my dear, dear boy! would I were as young as I was once! There is little blood in my old veins now; but every drop there is belongs to your service. Take me with you to New York, and together we'll make a fight with fortune and win back from her what she has robbed you of. I'm good for ten years, yet!"

"Of course you are, Patrick; and for that reason I shall intrust you with the care of Millicent while I am away—if I have to go. She mustn't be left alone, and there's nobody could take your place here. That will put me at ease, and I shall be able to give my whole mind to business. Now, I'm going to step over to the city. I shall lunch down there. Make my excuses to Millicent. I shall be back to dinner."

Like all men who rely upon themselves, he wanted to be alone with his calamity for a while,—to look it quietly in the face, and to measure himself against it. He put on his hat, took his stick, and, leaving the house, turned down the Lane towards Hyde Park Corner. It was early yet, and the fashionable crowd had not begun to assemble. He strolled up Piccadilly, swinging his stick, and holding his shoulders straight. "There goes a general from India: what a splendid-looking old chap!" said one young dandy to another. "Who is he?" the latter asked. "I can't think of his name; but there's no mistaking him. Look what an eye he has! He was at Cawnpore, and killed fifty sepoy with his own . . ."

Twenty years of life thrown away! It was not the loss of the money that he minded so much. Money could be won again; but the years,—there was no recovering them! He had felt like a young man

yesterday ; but, in spite of his sturdy walk and bearing, he did not feel young now. Some recuperative faculty, whose absence he had not before missed, had left him. He was not young : he had been a fool and a vain coxcomb to think otherwise : he was old,—old,—old ! What mattered a fresh-hued visage and a well-preserved figure ? They were but a shell : underneath there was age,—stale, dry old age. He might talk cheerfully and braggingly to Malvini ; but, within, his spirit knew its own fright and feebleness. Yes, it no longer swelled forth as of old and drove the brave blood defiantly through his veins. It crouched down and shivered with cold and apprehension. “Snowden Mayne, you are an old impostor !” it said.

Why should he go to America and make another fortune ? Millicent was at least independent ; and no one else was dependent on him. Another fortune might come ; but to what purpose should he labor for it ? If he were old now, what would he be then ? What use would a dried-up, doddering old gaffer have for a million of money ? Ay ! but Rosalind !

Snowden paused and looked into the window of a book-shop. Suppose he were to offer himself to Rosalind, and, if she accepted him, settle quietly down with the remnants of the family fortune and his own, and take life easily to the end ? They would have a good home to live in, and they could still associate with the best people in London. There would be nothing like real hardship : only a little economy the first few years, until the estate should recover itself. It would be an easy life ; and no one would respect him the less for not going back to America,—no one would expect him to do such a thing—at his age ! He would enjoy the lovely solace of Rosalind’s companionship : she and Millicent would minister to him and delight him. He had done his work : it was not his fault if the results of it were taken from him : he had earned his recompense. And what sweeter recompense could any human being desire than the love and companionship of those two women ?

“Truly, Snowden Mayne,” said the voice within him, “you are a paltry and scurvy fellow ! You can prate of the sobriety and continence of your life, of your self-respect, of your reverence for pure memories ! You profess to love Rosalind, and you would condemn her to pass the best part of her young life as the nurse of an old man ! What have you to give her in exchange for the gift of herself ? Is there anything in you or about you to match that matchless, untouched beauty ? If you could make her the richest woman in the world, would that be anything ? Nay, might it not be the means of tempting her to her ruin ? In decency’s name, let her marry, if she will, some hearty and loyal young fellow, who can absorb her and be absorbed by her, with whom she can go forward step by step, making the same discoveries, grieving at the same sorrows, exulting in the same joys, learning the same lessons of success and failure. Would you yoke a growing and mounting soul to your own degenerating and dwindling carcass, and call it marriage ? Leave her in peace, for shame ! and seek some fitting penance for the shabby sin you contemplated !”

CHAPTER XIV.

HANGING in the window of the book-shop was a placard that read, "Buy 'Miriam Trent,' Paul Penwyn's Great Novel. Tenth Thousand on sale this day." And underneath the placard was a long row of prettily-bound volumes, with "Miriam Trent" on their backs in gold lettering. Snowden had been looking at it several minutes, but had only just recognized its purport. "Good for Paul!" he murmured to himself. "He has got his foot in the stirrup at last! He goes up as I come down; and no Artesian Bank will ever ruin him." He felt greatly brightened up by this discovery, and walked on with a freer step. At the corner of Regent Circus he met Tom Gordon, wearing a very sombre countenance. Tom stopped and raised his hat.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Mayne," he said.

"Congratulate me! Well, that is not exactly what I was expecting. But perhaps it is as well to regard it in that way."

"I beg your pardon," said Tom, blushing. "Yes, I have heard of your pecuniary loss, and I am sincerely sorry: I hope it is not so bad as they say. But I was thinking of something quite different,—your engagement to Miss Penwyn."

"Ah! where did you get that news?"

"I have just seen her father."

"And he told you that Rosalind and I were engaged?"

"He did not say it in so many words. But I could infer it from some things he said. In fact, I—the news was not wholly unexpected."

"Hum!" Snowden eyed the young fellow keenly. How forlorn—almost tragic—he looked! All at once the elder man was visited by an idea, a suggestion. He turned it over in his mind: the longer he examined it, the less improbable it appeared. In fact, what could be more natural?

"All I care to say at present is that I should not like the report to go any further just now. My affairs in America put me in a somewhat delicate position. I will speak to Mr. Penwyn. How is the house getting on?"

"It is going forward very fast: if we keep the same number of men to work, it will be finished by the end of the month. But, by the way, Mr. Mayne, perhaps this American disaster may necessitate your changing your plans? If so, it would no doubt be possible for me to make some arrangement so that——"

"No, not at all. The money to cover the expense was deposited in the Westminster Bank here, and will remain subject to your order. The other complication will not interfere with it. Press the work with all possible diligence, and let it be as good as it can be made. You will, I trust, find it a profitable job, both directly and indirectly."

"I feel the obligation, I assure you," said Tom, bowing.

"It is entirely mutual. Are you going my way? Good-day, then."

"Good-day, Mr. Mayne," said Tom; and so they parted. But in a moment Snowden felt a touch on his arm, and there was Tom again. He had a folded paper in his hand.

"Would you kindly deliver this to Mr. Penwyn?" he said. "I found it yesterday in that old trunk of papers that Sir Alexander left to me. It appears to be a letter from Mr. Penwyn to him, dated more than twenty years back. I haven't read it, but I thought he had better have it. I forgot to give it him when I saw him; and, as I may not soon see him again——"

"I will hand it to him with pleasure," said Snowden.

"Thank you!" And he was off.

Snowden passed down Regent Street to the Strand, and so city-wards. He was gradually becoming more and more cheerful, though there was little apparent cause for it. His thoughts were busy as he walked along, and not unpleasantly busy. After all, a good deal might be done even without a fortune!

He had passed through Temple Bar, and was coming in sight of Ludgate Hill and the dome of St. Paul's, when he saw Penwyn crossing the street from the vicinity of Paternoster Row. Snowden quickened his step, and confronted him just as he reached the curb.

"Snowden, Snowden, is this you?" cried Penwyn, shaking him by the hand with all his might, while his eyes glowed and his face worked. "Oh, my boy, I have heard! I am so sorry—I can't tell you—you know it!" His voice was beautifully tender, and expressed all that he could not find words for. "I was just going to take the Underground at Blackfriars to go and see you," he went on. "But since you're here——"

"Let us go to the City Club and have something to eat. I have walked all the way down here, and am as hungry as a cannibal." He hailed a passing hansom, forced Penwyn into it, and off they trundled. In a few minutes they were at the Club door, and lost no time in getting on opposite sides of a small dinner-table in a convenient alcove.

"I see your book is doing wonders," he said. "I am delighted! But why didn't you send me a copy?"

"Didn't I? I meant to; but the success astonished me so that I have hardly been able to think straight since. Another thousand copies have been ordered to-day. And it doesn't seem to be merely a popular sensation: the best reviews say lovely things of it. I can hardly believe in it myself; but my publishers do, and they have ordered another story of me for three thousand guineas, and tell me to draw on them for whatever I want. I have just come from there."

"Why, this is superb!"

"Of course it is!" said Penwyn, waving his hand and smiling radiantly. "And it comes just at the right time, too. I thanked my stars for it when I read that news in the paper. Of course it will be only a drop in the bucket, but it may hold the fort until reinforcements can come up."

"What do you mean?" asked Snowden. "Ah! here comes our steak."

"I was on my way to my publishers', to see what the state of the account was, when I got the afternoon paper. I went right on, and they received me like a prince. The amount to my credit was fifteen

hundred pounds; and I got an advance of five hundred more." He was hunting in his pocket, and now pulled out a well-worn pocket-book. "I had it put into one draft for deposit, payable to your order," he continued; and as he spoke he laid a crossed check for two thousand pounds on Snowden's plate. "I meant to pay it in myself and then tell you of it," he added; "but, since we're together, why stand on ceremony? We are old friends enough."

Snowden picked up the check, examined it, turned it over, laid it down, and bent a peculiar look upon Penwyn. Then he suddenly threw up his head and laughed: "Ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!—ha! ha! ho!"—until the waiter turned and stared.

"Why, what's the matter? Why are you laughing at that rate?" asked Penwyn, at length, looking a trifle disconcerted.

"What am I laughing for? Why, because I am so pleased, of course! And to think of old Malvini! Ha! ha! ho! My dear Paul, I would be willing to lose twenty fortunes rather than not have had this happen! It is glorious!"

"I'm not aware that it is so very extraordinary," returned Penwyn, rather dryly. "A friend is a friend. What do you expect?"

"Paul, my dear," said Snowden, in a husky voice, and with tears in his eyes, "I am happier than I ever was before. I don't need this money at all: if I did, I give you my word, I would use it. But that you should have given it to me in such a matter-of-course way,—you, the man whom I have quarrelled with the last twenty years because I suspected you—shame to me to have done it!—of having married the girl I cared for for the sake of her dowry! I repented of it lately, but I more than half believed it all that time. Can you forgive me? Yes, I know you can. I was wiser in college, when I picked you out as the best man there, than I have been since. And, whether you forgive me or not, I know you now, and that is satisfaction enough."

"Indeed, I forgive you with all my heart," said Paul, gently and gravely. "I don't wonder at your thinking ill of me, though I didn't suppose you would think *that*. You know, your engagement was not announced, and I didn't know of it until I had spoken to Mildred, and then it was too late. She terminated the engagement the next day; and we ran away together, because it was the only thing we could do. As to the dowry, I remember writing a letter to Sir Alexander from Cornwall, telling him that, under the circumstances, neither my wife nor I could accept any money from him. He probably wouldn't have let us have any, in any case; but it was comforting to have been beforehand with him."

"What is that?" asked Snowden, abruptly, pulling the paper that Tom had given him out of his pocket and handing it over.

Penwyn opened it, stared, and said, "Why, that's the very letter I wrote him! Where did you get it?"

"From a friend of mine. Let me have it,—and the check too. I'll give them back to you to-morrow. By the bye, I met Tom Gordon, and he congratulated me on my engagement, and said he got the news from you."

"Oh, he guessed it. You see, he has been after my Rosalind for a

year past, and, though I didn't forbid it, I discouraged it: I didn't want her to marry a poor man. He came to-day to ask me if I was of the same mind, and said he was in the way, thanks to you, to make some money in his profession. One thing led to another, and at last, from something I said, he jumped at the conclusion."

"Why didn't you tell me this before, Paul?"

"Well, I knew it would keep you off, and I wanted my girl to have a free chance to choose what and whom she liked best. If it was Gordon, I'd have submitted; but——"

"I see. But you have said nothing to Rosalind herself?"

"Not a syllable."

"Well, don't. Let me manage that myself. But I presume, since you object to her marrying a poor man, that I am as ineligible as Gordon?"

"Oh, I'll have enough now to keep you in good style."

"Me, or Gordon either?"

"You're an old friend, and a man; he's but a boy."

"I'm a friend, and an old man, and she's but a girl. However, let that go. We will let the matter stand as it is until my house is built. As to my affair, I have lost a fortune, it's true, but my case is by no means desperate. It won't even be absolutely necessary for me to go into business again, though I may prefer to do so. If I ever need that money of yours, I'll ask you for it without a moment's hesitation. Meanwhile, I'll read 'Miriam Trent.' And now, my dear fellow, let us eat our cold steak and potatoes."

They fell to, accordingly; and never had a meal tasted better to either of them. Then they took a hansom back to the West End, where they parted with a shake of the hand that, between men, was the equivalent of an embrace. Snowden went home, and sent for Malvini.

"Patrick," said he, "you are a good soul, but you have one failing, which I am now going to cure you of. You know we were speaking of that fortune-hunter, Paul Penwyn?"

"Yes, Mr. Snowden. I am sorry to differ from you, but I must retain my opinion of him."

"Certainly. He has made a little money by a book of his, lately. Hearing of my loss, he went to his publishers' and drew that check, which he gave me an hour ago. A mean, contemptible advantage to take of me, wasn't it?"

Malvini looked at the check, and changed color. He lifted his eyes for a moment to Penwyn's face, and dropped them again.

"I acknowledge I was less than fair to him, Mr. Snowden," he said at last. "Surely that seems a generous act of his. Yes, it was a fine act. But I formed my opinion of him many years ago. A man may improve as he grows older. He undoubtedly tried to work on Sir Alexander to give him that dowry; and though I may forgive him that, I can't forget it."

"Ah! well, if he did go begging to Sir Alexander, he worded his petition in quite an original way, and by chance I have the original document here, in his own handwriting. Read that, you old curmudgeon," he added, tossing the faded and yellowed letter across the

table to him, "and then let me hear your opinion, not of him, but of yourself!"

Malvini took the letter, and read it through carefully. Then he folded it carefully up and returned it.

"Did he give you this himself, Mr. Snowden?" he asked.

"No: I got it from Tom Gordon, who got it from Sir Alexander."

"It seems to look as if he might be a decent body after all," said Malvini, with a sigh; "but if I was you I'd think twice before marrying the young lady, all the same."

This eventful day was not to end without one more event.

As Snowden was going down to dinner, debating with himself how he should break the news of his catastrophe to Millicent, the servant met him on the stairs and handed him a telegram. This is what it contained:

"We shall pull through, after all. The government came to our assistance. The panic is abating. Our total loss less than fifty thousand dollars. Signed, FULLERTON."

"That will do instead of a cocktail before dinner," said Snowden to himself. "'Fifty thousand dollars'! I would not exchange the experiences—and the experience—of this day for fifty thousand millions. I am going, for the future, to lead a respectable life!"

CHAPTER XV.

IT suited Snowden's plans not to contradict, outside of his immediate circle, the report of his failure. Millicent, Malvini, and Penwyn were the sole depositaries of the truth, and they were pledged to hold their tongues. Penwyn's book continued to sell immensely, and he was already started on his new one. Rosalind took this unexpected change in fortune very undemonstratively. She wore not so much as a new ribbon; she went about her household affairs serious and silent, and was more than usually gentle and affectionate with her father. Tom Gordon never called on them in these days. He was very busy about the house, which was now being supplied with the final decorations. At last these were done, and there was nothing left to do but the furnishing.

Snowden had made a point of coming over every few days to watch the proceedings. He showed no desire to be domineering regarding the arrangements, however, but, on the contrary, encouraged Tom to order everything in accordance with his own tastes and preference. "I want it to be the sort of house that a young woman—say, like Millicent—would find most convenient and agreeable," he said. "You are a young man, familiar with the fads and improvements of the day, and can carry out the idea better than I could. Have everything just as you would if you were in my place. I engage to be satisfied with that."

"If Tom were in Snowden's place?" Tom smiled grimly. But the idea gave him a melancholy pleasure, and he followed it up. He

had had his own dreams of the house he would have built for his lady-love; and circumstances had strangely favored his realizing his dreams, with the single though not unimportant exception that his lady-love was to live there with another companion than himself. The site was the same that he had chosen; the house was of the type that he would have built; and now he was asked to add even the minor details and touches which his loving fancy had pictured for the woman that he loved. As he went about directing the furnishers in their work, he seemed to see a gracious ghost in every room and chamber,—a ghost with flowing hair, broad brow, and serious eyes. In a few days or weeks, perhaps, the reality of the vision would be there; but he would not be with her. He had decided upon his course. When all was done, he intended to sail for America, where there were people who, he had heard, knew how to appreciate good buildings and were willing to pay for them, and there he would live and prosper, or fail and die,—he neither knew nor cared which.

At length Tom was able to name a day on which all would be finished. Snowden was to come with Millicent; "and," said he, laying a friendly hand on the young man's shoulder, "be sure you are there beforehand, Gordon, to show us over the place. The fact is, you see, I have been telling some of my friends what capital work you can do, and it is very likely that you will have all the commissions you can attend to. I expect one or two persons to come over with me, and I think it will be to your advantage to be on hand."

On the morning of the date fixed, accordingly, Tom came to the house and let himself in. He wished to have an hour or two there by himself. He lingered in every room, scrutinizing every ornament, sitting in the chairs, gazing from the windows. "Rosalind! Rosalind!" he kept saying; and there was no answer. He looked in the mirrors which would hereafter reflect her face; he wondered which window-seat she would like best, and whether, when she looked out towards the southeast, where the bend of the river was visible, she would remember the day when he had rowed her along under the overhanging trees and had told her the passionate secret of his heart. Those solitary hours were full of delicious torture. He knew not whether to be glad or sorry when he heard a carriage drive up to the door.

He went down and threw it open. On the door-step stood Snowden, with Rosalind on his arm. She had a warm color in her cheeks, and her eyes, as they met his startled look, were dewy and mysterious. Penwyn, with Millicent beside him, was also there.

The greetings on Tom's side were constrained and awkward: he could not help feeling that a cruel trick had been played him. Even if it were unintentional on Snowden's part, yet Penwyn and Rosalind must have known what pain it would give him. But when he gave his hand to Millicent, he found himself strengthened and consoled. There was a spiritual luminousness in her face, as she turned it on him, that gave him back his courage and his patience.

Snowden was in high spirits, and Penwyn showed an unusual cordiality towards the young architect. The party wandered through the house, chatting and laughing. Everything was seen, commented on,

and admired. Rosalind betrayed a shyness that added the last charm to her loveliness. She spoke only in monosyllables, and avoided Tom's neighborhood, though once or twice he fancied he caught her eying him with a wistful expression. Now and then, too, he remarked her and Millicent walking apart and speaking together in whispers. He could understand everything but Millicent's part in the drama. As his oldest and most trusted friend, she ought to be full of compassion, ay, of indignation, on his account. Yet in her countenance he could read nothing but a shining serenity. What did it mean?

Finally they all assembled in the drawing-room. This opened on the south side into a conservatory, which was crowded with exquisite roses.

"Well, now," said Snowden, in his hearty voice, "you all like the house, do you? None of you have any criticism to make?"

"I think we are all agreed in admiration," returned Penwyn, smiling.

"For my part," observed Snowden, "I found but one thing lacking, and that was something I forgot to mention to you,"—turning to Tom,—"*a door-plate*. I don't know whether or not door-plates are fashionable; but to my thinking they finish off a house and stamp it unmistakably as the owner's own. So I took the liberty, while we were examining things inside here, to get a man to fasten a door-plate up on the outer door. Let us go out and look at it. I am anxious to know, Gordon, whether you will approve of the design."

They went out on the porch, Tom moving listlessly, impatient to bring the scene to a close. There was the door-plate, a handsome piece of polished brass, screwed into the panel. The name was engraved on it in Old-English lettering. Tom's glance passed idly over it. He gave a nervous start and exclamation, and looked again. He turned very pale, and stared from one face to another: all returned his gaze with smiling sympathy. He tried to speak, but could not. A great sob burst from his throat.

"Come, come, my dear fellow," said Snowden, kindly, "you have borne disappointment like a man: you mustn't break down at the first dawn of hope. By the way, where is Rosalind?"

"I think I saw her go into the conservatory," said Millicent. "Go, dear Tom," she added: "you will find her among the roses."

All this was because the legend on the door-plate read as follows:

Thomas Gordon, Architect.

But it is wonderful what an effect a certain name, in a certain place, will sometimes have.

With impetuous but faltering steps, and with heart and brain on fire, Thomas Gordon, Architect, made his way to the conservatory. Ah, yes, there she was! The roses could not conceal her: she was rosier and sweeter than they. "Rosalind! Rosalind!"

"Yes, Tom!"

* * * * *

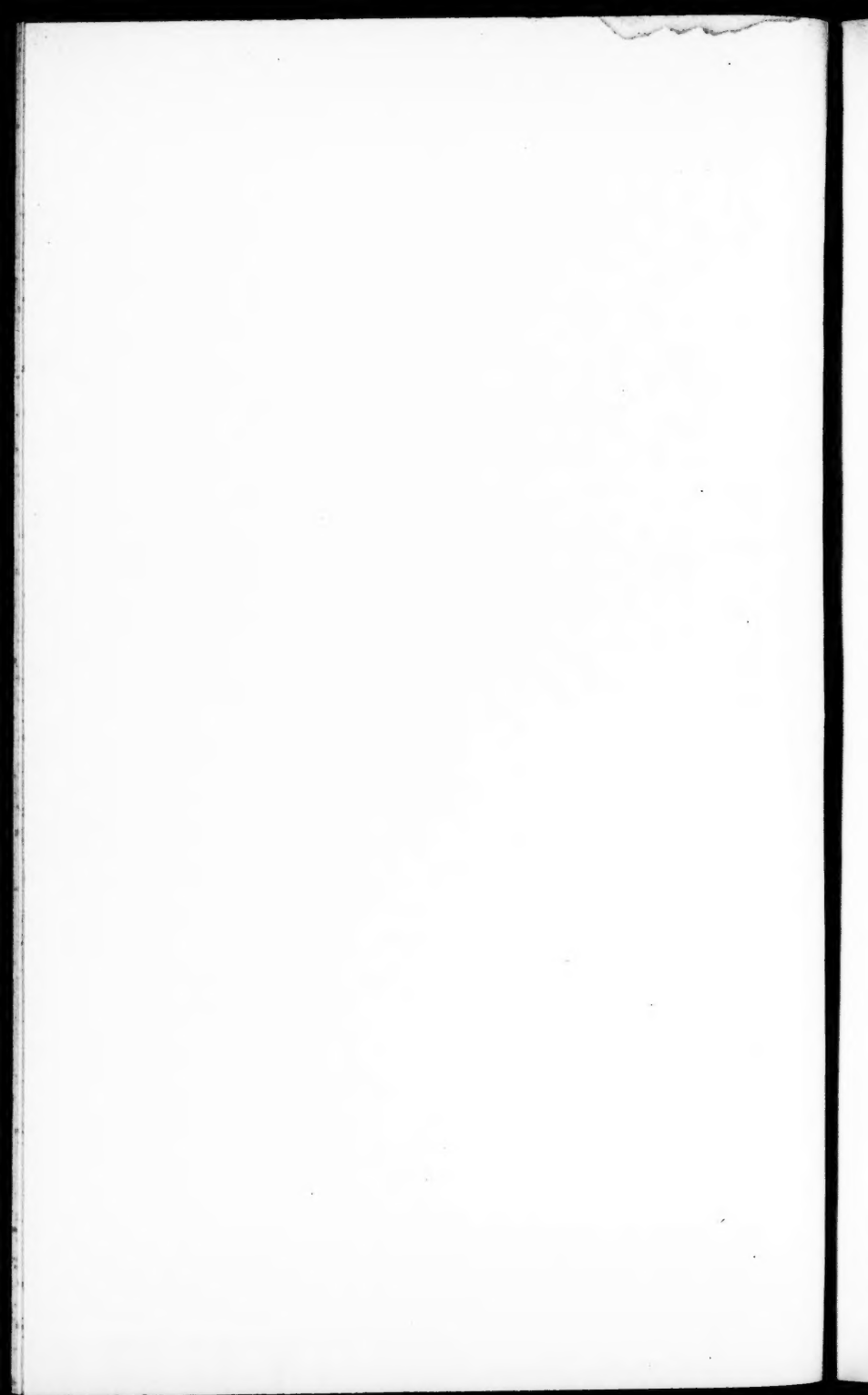
"My darling," he said, "how long have you known this?"



"Rosalind! Rosalind!"

DRAWN BY FREDERICK DIELMAN.

[MILLCENT AND ROSALIND, p. 64.]



"Only since this morning. Mr. Mayne and Millicent came to our house. Millicent spoke to me: she told me what was intended. At first I was afraid to come,—only afraid," she added, resting her burning cheek on his shoulder; "not—unwilling! For I might, once, have done a wicked thing; but Millicent saved me. Oh, there never was such a woman as Millicent! Even you do not know her as I do!"

"She has always felt and acted towards me like a sister," said Tom: "no one can like her and appreciate her more than I do. But, oh, my love, my darling love! You are my Rosalind, and I love you!"

And he never could understand why, at this speech, she burst into passionate tears.

Meanwhile, Penwyn, Snowden, and Millicent wandered away from the house over the grounds. They came to the boat-house on the river-bank, and sat there for a while, conversing in low voices. At last, Snowden and Millicent rose, and bade Penwyn farewell, and left him sitting there beside the water. They strolled down the path towards the gate, where the carriage was awaiting them. As he took her hand to help her up the step, he quickly raised it to his lips. She gave him a deep, shining look, and retained his hand in hers as they drove away.

Tom and Rosalind were married in November. She received, on her wedding-day, an amethyst ring, and with it a writing, "This ring, which once belonged to your mother, comes to you through your old friend and hers, Snowden Mayne."

Snowden and Millicent still pass the season in London, in the Park Lane house. In the winter they travel in the south. Miss Plumptre lives with them and accompanies them. She is stouter and more orthodox than ever: she no longer contemplates matrimony,—although, if Malvini were fifty years younger, there is no telling what might happen.

THE END.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S "ELIXIR OF LIFE."

HOW HAWTHORNE WORKED.

THE methods and movements of an original mind are always of interest and value; for such minds are in direct contact with Nature, and know no middle-men. They are at the root and in the core of things: other minds derive from them; or we might put it that what light other minds shed is polarized. The immeasurable array of literature finds its source in a few independent seers; and the vitality of the latter, scarcely apparent outwardly, is attested by this countless offspring. It would seem that Nature is, to the generality, a gorgon, whose features they shrink instinctively from contemplating, lest a too awful beauty paralyze their feeble life. But to the elemental men Nature is a mistress of infinite tenderness and complaisance, whom they passionately love, and from their intercourse with whom spring creations of immortal art. To us second-hand people

In dreams their jubilant camp is near,

and from the echoes of their lofty conversation we construct the sum and substance of our thoughts and theories. But though original genius may become the subject of admiring gossip, and exercise limitless influence, only its final results are commonly known. We have scanty information as to the manner in which those results were obtained,—of the path whereby the summit of vision was ascended. Whether or not the feet that are so beautiful upon the mountains ever followed erring trails, or faltered on their way, or attempted impracticable routes,—these things we know not: they are hidden from us. The perfect achievement seems miraculous, and therefore remote from our comprehension: yet, could we have followed the maker through his tentative gropings, while his purpose was still infirm and his goal dubious, we might have gained precious knowledge and encouragement. No great work was ever easily done: somewhere in its genesis there were doubt, suffering, and darkness. It has been truly said, though scarcely believed, that genius takes infinite pains. Were it believed, the average quality of the world's work might be higher than it is; for it is the indolent persuasion that production—and literary production especially—is easy, that renders the bulk of literature commonplace. The best that even the least of us can do can never be quite worthless; but it is precisely the least among us who are least apt to do their best. Or it may be more reasonable to say that men should be classed as smaller or greater according as they are willing and able to put forth the utmost strength (be it relatively great or small) that is in them.

But there is an instinct of reserve in true genius that causes it to shrink from revealing its processes. The poet's vision of his poem was, perhaps, even fairer than its realization: he is but half satisfied with it as it stands; he feels that his muse is loftier and more august than he,

and he is fain to at least conceal the abortive efforts that preceded the final issue of his communion with her. There may be some human vanity in this concealment; and something may be due to a generous jealousy of the muse's fair repute, lest it be dimmed by the confession of her lover's frailty. He will appear before the world in her company only in his most spotless robes and noblest mien. The veil of their wooing shall never be withdrawn. If they had lovers' quarrels,—if he spoke hasty words, and she resented them,—let it not be known. Their harmonies alone shall come to light.

May this reserve be justifiably penetrated by the world? Tennyson's indignant verse denies it, and his protest finds many echoes. The gentle Shakespeare's curse still guards the tomb at Stratford. But the chemistry of Time dissolves all disguises, and the secrets of one century are uncovered by the next. The events and characters of history become clearer as we remove from them. To posterity, as to God, all hearts are open. The slow, inevitable revelation of man unto himself is made, and the brotherhood of humanity, at once humbling and uplifting, is vindicated. The low and the high are brought together, and shown to be but phases of one prototype, the dark threads and the light but warp and woof of one universal fabric. It is our destiny at last to know, and not be self-deceived. The perfect manhood of the Golden Age can be founded on no misapprehensions, whether of good or of ill. In order that our illusions may become truth, they must first be sacrificed; and the ideal must be shattered ere its realization can be accomplished.

Reverence is due to virtue and to greatness, and to them only; not to the human beings who in greater or less measure are characterized by these qualities. The persons and goodness are twain; they can receive it, but it can never be they. If, therefore, we confound the light with the lantern,—God's gift to man with the man to whom it is given,—a sure disappointment awaits us. We may love heroes, but it is only heroism that we may worship; nor shall we love our Washingtons and Savonarolas the less because we admit their human frailties. It is objected that the baser sort find encouragement for their baseness in the slips of the great. Yet even this pathetic fact is but an indirect testimony to the power of goodness; and, meanwhile, how many a weary wrestler, finding that the mightiest of his brethren were also weak, will take heart to fight again!

My present theme, however, is not a moral but a literary one. In the growth of culture, our literary reputations are gradually finding their final places; and the original genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne is found to occupy a lofty and somewhat solitary position. He is one of the few who write from life instead of from books; and his sensitive artistic perception gives his work an unsurpassed symmetry and finish, while the depth and saneness of his insight impart to his stories an inexhaustible vitality. Precisely what he has done, no one else has even attempted: his ends and his means are alike peculiar to himself. Whatever he gave to the public was perfected to the extent of his ability; and the front thus presented to the world was found so flawless as to be almost mysterious,—so graceful was it, yet so strong, so

seeming easy, and yet so profound. We are still asking ourselves whether or not Shakespeare ever blotted a line; and, *mutatis mutandis*, a similar uncertainty prevailed regarding Hawthorne. How did he do his work? Did his productions spring fully developed from his mind, as Minerva from the head of Jove? or were they the fruit of long, laborious toil, the outcome of many trials and failures, achieved at length, not as the tree grows, but as the sculptor carves,—not from within outward, by an innate impulse, but from without inward, by deliberate plan and design?

The posthumous publication of his Note-books and journals might be regarded in the light of a contribution towards the answering of such questions. They were written for his own eye alone, and represented, of course, the immediate and unrevised output of his thought and observation. Certainly they are very different from his finished work, though this difference is less apparent on the surface than within. The style is always clear and graceful without effort, and, from the point of view of mere composition, lacks some of the finer harmonies only. But as soon as we attempt to look beneath the surface we find a change. There is keenness of sight and insight, often a quick grasping of unexpected truth, a convincing snatch of character, and now and then a passage of meditation or moralizing. But the translucent depths, the lovely shadowy mysteriousness, of the completed stories are not there. In reading the latter, the melody of words and play of figures please and soothe us, but their effect is to compose us to the mood to appreciate the deeper beauties. It is like contemplating the surface of smooth water, which would lose more than half its charm were we not conscious of shadowy regions underlying the light and color above. And when we concentrate our gaze to explore these half-veiled recesses, we discover depth beyond depth, to the full satisfaction of the soul.

In short, Hawthorne's Note-books are, comparatively, the body without the soul, or with only momentary glimpses of a soul. His romances take this body and refine, reform, and transfigure it with spirit. And it becomes evident that the spirit is what he chiefly seeks and cares for, and that the loveliness and symmetry of the external embodiment are but the consequence and correspondence of what is within. No literary enterprise was worth undertaking, in his opinion, unless it bore a spiritual meaning and moral; and until this meaning was clear to him he could not give a final form to so much as the first sentence of the story. So that in all that he published there is a double life simultaneously proceeding; and that aspect of it is the more essential which is the less obvious. The reader who reads him with understanding interprets him according to the color and character of his own experience, and thus feels as if the truths and beauties that he discovers could be discovered by no one else. The books consequently become, in a sense, the reader's peculiar property,—he having drawn from them, as he draws from life itself, things that belong to him and can be appropriated by no other. This may account for the affection in which Hawthorne is held by those who study him: he, as it were, makes the reader his participator and collaborator. And as touching the Note-books, they at all events serve to reveal thus much of the secret of his

method: his conceptions did not attain instantaneous perfection; and the thought and modification that he gave to them were mainly directed to inspiring them with a soul,—an interior and contagious principle of life.

But the answer of the Note-books is not a complete answer, and if they stood alone we should still be unenlightened as to some of the most interesting features of the problem. Fortunately for our investigation, there exists a group of romances, more or less fragmentary in form and rough in texture, which, apart from their interest as stories, are invaluable in the light they throw upon the actual processes of Hawthorne's work. They were published, at different periods, after his death; but in this publication the chronological order of their production was not observed: it so happens, indeed, that the order was exactly reversed. Thus, the last to see the light was "The Ancestral Footstep," which was written in Italy in 1858-9: it appeared in Houghton's edition about 1884. In 1883 I edited "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret," which Hawthorne wrote in 1860-1, just before the beginning of the war. More than twelve years before this publication, "Septimius Felton" was printed as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and afterwards in book-form in England and America; it was written in 1861-2. Finally, the publication in the *Atlantic* of "The Dolliver Romance" was begun during Hawthorne's lifetime, in 1863-4, the last chapters of the fragment appearing immediately after his death. It was written in 1863, and, had it been completed, would have stood as the final form of the conception which was variously shadowed forth in the previous three romances.

For the four are sister stories: certain leading features are identical, or nearly so, in all of them. They may, however, be again subdivided into pairs,—“The Ancestral Footstep” and “Doctor Grimshawe's Secret,” on the one hand; and “Septimius Felton” and “The Dolliver Romance,” on the other, being closely allied. But let us examine this more in detail.

While in England in 1855, Hawthorne visited an ancient manorial hall which possessed among other venerable inheritances a picturesque legend of a Bloody Footstep imprinted by a mythical ancestor who had committed some sanguinary crime. Hawthorne had doubtless already contemplated the contingency of writing what is now called an international novel, and the legend of the Bloody Footstep seems to have struck him as a good central feature of the intended romance. It stayed in his mind, maturing and making itself at home there, for three or four years, during which Hawthorne diligently wrote his journal, with a view (as he afterwards intimated) to using the material thus accumulated as the side-scenes and background of his tale. At length, as we have just seen, he made his first essay towards embodying his idea in “The Ancestral Footstep,” following this up with “Doctor Grimshawe,” which is a much richer and fuller, though still an incomplete, presentation of the same theme. It did not satisfy him: he did not see his way; and at this point the Bloody Footstep ceases to be the central feature of the attempt, and becomes a subsidiary one.

What was to take its place? In order to find the first hint of the

substitute, we must look back upwards of fifteen years, to an early story of Hawthorne's, in which the plot turns upon an Elixir of Life discovered by a certain Doctor Heidegger. Indeed, the idea of a deathless man was probably one of the most familiar guests of Hawthorne's imagination all through his life. I say, of his imagination; for it was never permitted to overstep the boundaries of that enchanted region. But the reason of his attraction to the idea is obvious: not only was it transcendently picturesque, but it involved in its treatment a consideration of all the profoundest problems of human life and destiny. Such an idea was peculiarly germane to Hawthorne's genius: we might say that it was the Romance of Immortality that he was born and specifically endowed to write. It led him on through boyhood and youth with recurring gleams of promise and beckonings of fascination; it moved before him in his prime, endued with the majesty of wisdom and the splendor of experience; and at length, at the moment when his genius and knowledge were fully ripe for the achievement, and the vision rested before his eyes in its perfected beauty, and his lips were parted to tell the tale,—in that moment the mysterious transformation came upon him, and he entered into the sphere where immortality is the natural law.

It was not, however, until he had proved to his satisfaction that the legend of the Bloody Footstep was incapable of furnishing the spiritual significance that he sought in it, that he turned definitely and resolutely to the immortal theme. Like many another artist, he had postponed from year to year the grapple with the topic that was nearest to him of all: he had shrunk from going forward to meet it; but now, at last, it had come to him, and forced itself upon him. He and it were in the lists: the challenge had passed, the trumpets had sounded, and the joust must be run.

At this period the first guns of the civil war had been fired, and in the historic town of Concord, as all over the country, the early volunteers had been mustered on the green, and thence departed to the South. It was on the 19th of April, 1861, that Concord sent out her company; it had been on the 19th of April, 1775, that the British had marched by night from Boston and had shed the first blood of the Revolution at Lexington and at Concord bridge. The coincidence was a striking one, and had its influence in determining the opening scene of the new story. It should be Concord, and even the very house and plot of ground and hill-top that Hawthorne had chosen for his own home. The house stood on the old road to Boston, and the British had actually marched past the house eighty-six years before. Moreover, it was said to have been once inhabited by a man who believed that he should live forever. Nothing could be more suitable.

The elements of the story, as he forecast them at this juncture, were of abundant promise. The hero of the great adventure should be a youth of American birth, but descended from an ancient and illustrious English family,—the family of the Bloody Footstep, indeed; and the ancestor who trod in blood should be the discoverer of the Elixir that bestowed earthly immortality. The recipe for this Elixir was handed down through the generations of his descendants; but the emigrant to

America left it in the possession of the English branch on his departure. In America, however, he became allied by marriage with the descendants of a famous Indian sachem and wizard, who likewise had the secret of a life-giving drink, tallying almost exactly with that of the old English alchemist. In the hero of the story, therefore, the English blood and the Indian blood are combined; his old witch-like aunt has the Indian recipe; and the nephew receives the English one from a young English officer who was of the detachment that marched to Concord on that famous April day, and whom Septimius (as our hero is called) slew. The officer was, in fact, the last representative of the English branch of Septimius's family. Hereupon Septimius sets to work to brew the great Elixir, being firmly resolved to live forever; but he is much perplexed by the absence of a certain ingredient, the most important of all, since it is that which imparts the essential virtue to the whole decoction. At length, through the intermediation of a mysterious girl, Sibyl, and a grotesque and still more mysterious old doctor, Jabez Portsoaken by name,—who is a reminiscence of Doctor Grimshawe in the former story,—he obtains, as he fancies, the missing element, and the Elixir is made.

As will be perceived from this outline, the new romance retained all the better features of the Bloody Footstep tale, the theme of the Elixir being skilfully grafted upon it. In writing out the published sketch of "Septimius Felton," however, no English scenes are introduced: Hawthorne probably intended to appropriate what was desirable in this direction from "Doctor Grimshawe," in the final recasting of the story. But after "Septimius" was finished, it did not please him any better than "Grimshawe" had done; and it was then that he made his final venture in "The Dolliver Romance," wherein we find "Grimshawe" and "Septimius" strangely fused together, while the outward action of the romance settles upon two quite new characters,—Grandsir Dolliver, to wit, and the little girl, Pansy, who lives with him in the house by the graveyard. The Elixir, in this version, has been already concocted, and stands unsuspected on the shelf of Grandsir Dolliver's laboratory. Doctor Grimshawe, or Portsoaken, now appears as Colonel Dabney, "a grim old wreck," whose antecedents and purpose were never elucidated in the published fragment. At another time I may attempt to trace out the probable course of the story from the point where it is broken off.

But at present my intention is to show Hawthorne—or to admit the reader to look upon him—in the actual labor of composition. The Note-books have indicated the general tendency of his elaborations—or simplifications, as they often were: the second thought of his mind upon material collected. We are now to see this second thought in operation, wrestling with the obstacles it encounters, and prevailing, retreating, shifting its ground, as the case may be, but always resolute to be satisfied with nothing less than absolute victory, spiritual and material, either that or nothing. We shall see him writing, apparently, with no definite scenario of a plot before him, but with all as yet plastic in his mind, ready, within certain limits, to take whatever form the insight of the moment might communicate to it. So far as I am aware, Haw-

thorne never committed an outline of a plot to paper. He carried his conceptions in solution in his mind, and there worked them out to the point where they seemed ready to be written. In this way he kept his genius free to act upon its own inspirations. This would account, also, for the absence of outlines and memoranda for his published stories among his papers,—though, of course, he may have destroyed these after the stories were written. The manuscripts of the latter are remarkably free from erasures and interlineations; they look like clean copies, not originals; and perhaps they are so. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that the Romance of the Elixir passed through as many trials and changes as took place in the brewing of the Elixir itself, and thereby affords us just the opportunity we seek. It was doubtless the most difficult problem that Hawthorne ever attempted; and his failing health, and the anxiety caused by the prospects of the war, dashed his spirit for the undertaking. He put upon paper one effort after another, and, being uncertain which of these records might prove useful, he destroyed none of them. We find, consequently, many passages that run nearly parallel with one another, or diverge so slightly as to be evidently akin. By comparing these one with another we may expect to come upon some interesting characteristics of the great romancer. But this brings me directly upon the point towards which I have been moving.

There exists a manuscript of Nathaniel Hawthorne's, of about the same length as the published "Septimius Felton," which has never hitherto been printed or (owing to the almost insurmountable difficulties of the handwriting) even read. It was evidently written either just before the published "Septimius" or just after it; for it resembles it in essential points, while differing from it enough to make the placing of the two side by side curious and edifying. In this and the three following numbers of *Lippincott's Magazine* I shall institute such comparisons, printing the freshest and most characteristic passages of the manuscript, and supplying the gaps between with a condensed paraphrase sufficient to enable the casual reader to regard the story as being, so far as the plot is concerned, a finished work.

The manuscript bears no title; and, by the way, the same is true of all the posthumous Hawthorne manuscripts hitherto published. It might bear the name of "Septimius," since that dark-browed youth occupies here, as in the published story, the position of hero. But in order to avoid confusion, and to distinguish this from the already-known versions of the same general subject, I shall call it simply

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.*

Septimius, as was his custom when he wanted to meditate, not pore over books, had gone, towards sunset, to the summit of the long ridge which rose abruptly behind his dwelling, and stretched east and west along the woodside, affording wide and far views of some of that low

* My own paraphrase will be printed in smaller, the passages from the manuscript in larger, type. Comments, etc., will be placed between brackets. Hawthorne's annotations will appear in the body of the text, in italics.

meadow-land which was a great feature of the neighborhood,—his native place,—a town intersected by a sluggish river; where, once, seemed to have overspread, many an acre wide, the surface of a sleeping lake; where, now, the farmers had long reaped richest harvests.

Here was his favorite haunt and daily walk, while he meditated on such subjects as were likely to come within the scope of a young man who had recently completed such education as, about a century ago, was to be derived from a venerable college, where the traditions of the great English universities had lingered, and had as yet been invigorated by no fresh life of thought, springing up in our own soil: but meditations such as a youth so instructed and so limited might be supposed to indulge, while directing his further studies to that subject which still—as it had been ever since the Pilgrims came—was deemed the highest object of earthly ambition, as well as Christian duty,—the ministry.—*N.B. Some short remarks as to the influence of Paulinism.*—Such meditations as might be looked for in a young man so trained and so destined.

[I have quoted these opening sentences at length because of the contrast they afford to Hawthorne's usual light and effortless style. There are only two full stops in the two long paragraphs. Nevertheless they are full of matter and color, and need only remodelling to be worthy of the writer. In the published version of "Septimius" they are omitted; and, indeed, the early part of the story is quite differently treated.]

But, likewise, there were some other meditations, thrusting themselves insidiously or violently through the trim forms and boundaries which the narrow plan of his education had set to his mind, such as were hardly to be expected, nor perhaps desired, save that a rich soil is apt to be fruitful in such weeds. But Septimius, and all his race,—though he counted excellent persons among them,—were liable to strange vagaries of the intellect and character; principally owing, no doubt, to a wild genealogy, that had infused different strains of powerful blood into their race; and, perhaps, to certain strange traditions, that suggested to each generation the exceptional character and fortunes of its ancestors. Of these matters, however, we shall have future occasion to speak, with sufficient particularity.—*N.B. It was mid-afternoon, not sunset.*—*The minister should have a certain dexterity in his manner, in directing his conversation.*—

Here stood, or walked, Septimius, a young man of a slender and erect figure, a dark, brooding brow, and eyes that usually seemed looking inward, except when called especially to outward objects, when they glittered with a quick gleam, like Indian eyes. Here he was, enjoying, we may suppose, the fresh verdure with which an unusually early spring had overspread the fields, and looking out through the intricacies of the foliage of his thoughts—the exceeding luxuriance of a young man's thoughts—at the swelling buds of the birch-trees on his hill-top, and the contrast between the freshness of other things, and the dreary hues of the pitch pines, which still kept their winter garments on—when a companion found him, ascending the steep hill-side from Septimius's humble abode at its foot.

"I commend your wisdom, my dear Septimius," said he, "in leaving your dark little room yonder, for the better air and wider scope of the hill-top. Two, or it may be three hours a day spent here, and eight or nine hours at your books, would be a good division of a student's day. I have always found it good to let the natural sunshine fall into the mind, daily. We thus drain away the mustiness of old learning."

It was evidently a clerical personage who spoke; a village minister, with something of the Puritan severity of demeanor, but a kindlier sympathy warming it a little, and probably a wider range of speculation, acquired by keeping his faith as a living germ, instead of a dead fossil; a man in faded black, as befitting his small stipend, but the rusticity, if such there were, of his garb was hidden, or, as it were, received a fine gloss, by a certain natural refinement of manner, and the pleasant sound of his voice; so that you would not notice that the country tailor had made his clothes, and that they had been worn threadbare.

[This clerical personage, having no active part to play in the story, but serving merely as a foil to Septimius, and, so to speak, as a talking-block for him, seems to have given Hawthorne some trouble. After trying him a little while in his present shape, he changes him into a young man of about Septimius's age: "it is some young friend," he writes in a note, "a student of divinity." Then he suggests that there should be "a good deal of similarity between" him and Septimius; and again, "the talk of the two young men is not exactly earnest, but rather, in part, a playful exercise of their wits." In the published "Septimius," however, he reverts to his first conception, and dismisses the old gentleman as briefly as possible.—It is worth while to compare the above description of the minister with the one in "Septimius," p. 236.]

The conversation that follows between Septimius and the minister will not be quoted in full. It has for its subject the moody doubts that beset the former's mind, which the latter attempts ineffectually to combat. "Probably," observes the writer, "Septimius's dark forehead, where there were already indications of a perpendicular furrow between the eyebrows, indicated a mope stubborn kind of temper than his friend's; a temper that would question earnestly with doubt, and find out what were its claims; and name it Belief, if it made its proof good to the perception." And Septimius says, "with a somewhat sullen impatience, 'Your mental necessities are not as mine. I cannot away with the thoughts that haunt me, and demand obstreperously to be examined, to be weighed, to be treated according to their worth, to be judged as what they are, and weighed in the balance against others, and then to be rejected if they deserve it. And if I do so, what if I find that what I take for Belief is but a slothful mental habit, an early impression never faithfully examined, a formality, a surface, a fossil, a dead root that was alive in some other person's mind, but has no principle of life in mine. If native life is in my Doubt, then let that be my Belief!'"

And then Septimius goes on to question the purpose of God in creating man,—whether He really designed him to be mortal. "The first man was made, as Scripture bids us believe, with a view to his fulfilling his destinies and being permanently happy—yes, immortal—on this earth. There must, therefore, be an inherent possibility in the nature of man that he should be so. . . . The Creator made man so curiously, so elaborately, so powerfully, to be a creature far different from the puny, weak, sickly, short-lived creature that we find him, just opening his eyes, crawling about a little, and then dying, without really so much as one moment enjoying the earth, for which he was

made, and which was made for him. This,' he adds, 'seems to me the soundest sense and the deepest piety, because it does some degree of justice to the wisdom of the Creator in making such a world. The earth is given to us as a great riddle; and are we to suppose that only seventy years at most—a great portion of which is infancy and decrepit life—is given us to expound it? Never! That we die so soon is because we know not how to live.'

His friend, not a little aghast at this powerful outbreak, attempts a few conventional arguments, but concludes that the real trouble with Septimius is lack of variety and of active life. "Get away from this place," he says. "Your home, to speak frankly, is but a dismal place, a sort of dungeon; and Aunt Nashoba, with her liquids, and her herb drink, her pipe, and her half-wild witch blood, Indian blood, Puritan blood, all intermixed and fermenting together, is an unwholesome thing to have before one's eyes. If it were not for your sister Rose—who, being but your half-sister, is good enough, sweet enough, bright enough to clear away the fiend from any house—I should have little hope of you." To which Septimius replies, "I have my ways, you yours; and if I may judge by the direction of your eyes, your way at present lies down the hill to my sister Rose, who, I see, is just coming from the house. And, for myself, I hear the hoarse screech of Aunt Nashoba, bidding me chop some wood for the kitchen fire."—In "Septimius," by the way, Rose is at first presented, not as Septimius's relative, but as the object of his affections. Later, this is changed, and she is given to Robert Hagburn, the young farmer. Here, she seems to have been momentarily given the rôle of the minister's lady-love. As for Aunt Nashoba, she is the same personage who in "Septimius" is called Aunt Keziah; but her character in the present version is even more strongly marked. Let us resume our quotations.

Septimius, after doing Aunt Nashoba's bidding, with the habitual obedience that young men pay to old aunts and other long-accustomed authorities, even while their careless speculations set them free from all authority, came to supper, when the old woman set before him a cup of tea (as she called it), but really a horrid decoction, made from some sort of abominable weed that the old woman had gathered in the forest; for those were times when to drink tea, in New England, was treason against the cause of the people.

"Drink that, Seppy, my boy," said Aunt Nashoba: "it is made of an herb that your great-great-grandfather knew the virtues of; for he was a man much skilled in herbs; and our Indian forefathers dosed themselves with it" (putting a large spoonful of brown sugar into the cup as she handed it to him), "and with a few herbs he knew of he almost made himself live forever."

"Live forever! That would be a secret worth knowing, Aunt Nashy," said Septimius; "a precious drink!" Then, after stirring up the cup and tasting it, with a long face at the abominable taste of the decoction, "I must needs say, though, if it required a daily draught of such stuff, it would take away somewhat from the value of life."

His pretty half-sister Rose, a girl of eighteen, who had taken charge of the district school for little children, smiled at his perturbation, at the same time declining a cup of the same mysterious mixture, which Aunt Nashoba somewhat grimly offered her.

"I thank you, dear aunty," she said, "but I prefer the milk; and all the more, if there is any danger that your excellent tea would make me live forever. Life is very good, as long as our friends are about us; but I am not quite brave enough to think of living forever."

"I know it, girl," said Aunt Nashoba, drawing herself up with an

odd assumption of superiority, and looking, with her glittering Indian eyes, like a sort of wild beast making itself as human-like as it could, and setting down the tea,—looking like the wolf in grandmother's cap, for instance. "You are not of our blood, and are a tame thing. No wonder you don't like my tea! It is a wild drink, and a powerful drink, and nobody knows the herb it is made with but old Aunt Nashoba."

"Pray Heaven you may never communicate the secret!" muttered Septimius to himself.

"A great man was your great-great-grandfather," continued Aunt Nashoba, "and it was the Indian in him that did it, and the noble English blood that helped him to be a scholar. It was said of him that he took up the tomahawk of righteousness against sin, and was all the better Christian for a kind of Indian fierceness that somehow was left in him. Yes, and the wild blood helped."

"It is strange," said Septimius to himself, "how everything I see, hear, think, or imagine, dream of, or know with waking senses, confirms my utter antipathy to death. It is the great mistake of the world, which, otherwise, might be studied. And now it seems as if my eyes were suddenly opened, and Nature were indicating by unanswerable methods the great truth, that Death is an alien misfortune, a prodigy, a monstrosity, a foul and cowardly defeat into which we have slothfully lapsed, and out of which even now a man might redeem himself, by exercising only a portion of his natural strength. I could do it!"

[This apostrophe approaches quite nearly the words used on p. 242 of "Septimius." It gives the key-note of the philosophy of the tale. From this point the action, properly speaking, begins, as we shall see in the ensuing instalment.]

Julian Hawthorne.

(To be continued.)

NYMPHÆA.

THE crescent lily, where the dark pool lies,
 Lost in far depths, has burst the humid ground
 And coil on coil her shining stem unwound,
 Till the rare flower is rocked beneath blue skies :
 So you, white maid, in stainless splendor rise
 From some cold deep and virgin gulf profound,
 To leave the crystal world that closed you round,
 And draw the strange looks of adoring eyes.
 A little while, and yonder starry guest
 Shall sink once more to sunless tides below,
 In those still waters shrined inviolate :
 Do thou, like her, when love has bared thy breast,
 Bow that bright head, the laughing light forego,
 And, in blest silence, learn a woman's fate.

Dora Read Goodale.

NEWSPAPER FICTION.

THOUGH the *feuilleton* has long been an indispensable feature of French journalism, it is only by comparison recently that the conductors of English and American papers have deemed it expedient to provide their readers with light literature, either in the shape of serial novels or short romances, complete in one or several numbers. Orthodox journalists did not take at all kindly to the innovation,—the business of newspapers, they said, was to print news, not fiction,—but one after the other they found it to their interest to follow the new fashion, which is now so firmly established that there is hardly a weekly newspaper in the land that does not run stories, and whose editor does not regard fiction as his sheet-anchor.

There is some doubt as to which of our English papers was the pioneer of the new departure; but the late Mr. Tillotson, of Bolton, was undoubtedly the first to grasp its significance and conceive the idea of supplying country and colonial papers with first-class fiction at prices which they could afford to pay. In theory, the system which he adopted was simplicity itself. He bought the serial rights of a story from some well-known author, and then arranged with sundry newspapers for its simultaneous publication in their respective districts. He was thus a wholesale dealer, and his profit consisted in the difference between the price which he paid his authors and the sums which he received from his subscribers. In practice, however, the business was attended with difficulties which could only have been successfully surmounted by a man of Mr. Tillotson's exceptional energy and executive skill. Before he could sell his story he had to buy it; and as at the outset he dealt solely with authors of repute, he had often to wait a twelvemonth for the first instalment of "copy," and even then he was not always sure of getting it. The next proceeding was to arrange with a number of newspapers, say a dozen, to begin publication on a certain day and finish on a certain day. Then came the all-important question of price, the amount of which depended on the circulation of the subscribing paper and the extent of country to which it laid claim. All this involved a good deal of correspondence and bargaining, often no little disappointment and vexation,—as, for instance, when a potential subscriber demanded at the last moment an enlargement of district or a reduction of price, which it was impossible to concede.

The appetite for newspaper fiction grew by what it fed on; competitors entered the field, and Mr. Tillotson found it necessary to offer his customers fresh facilities and more varied fare. Every six months or so he gave them a choice of several original stories by more or less eminent writers; and to minor country papers, which could not afford brand-new fiction, he would offer a "Wilkie Collins" that had seen its best days, a second-hand "Braddon," or an obsolete "Besant," at a considerable reduction, or, if these were too dear, they might have their pick of twenty novels by the less shining lights of the profession at

very low figures indeed. The next move was to have his stories illustrated, and send out his "copy" in stereo, thereby saving his subscribers the expense of setting up, and increasing the attraction of their papers.

Mr. Tillotson rarely read a story before accepting it, and still more rarely accepted one from a new writer. "I buy the author; I don't buy the story," he once said to me; "and I would rather give four thousand dollars for a 'Braddon' or a 'Wilkie Collins' than forty dollars for an intrinsically better story by an author without a name."

The way he dealt with a manuscript from a new man—if he consented to deal with it at all—was to send it to a customer and ask whether it would suit him. If the answer were in the negative, Mr. Tillotson would return the manuscript to the author and say he could do nothing with it. But this system did not always answer; it lost him some good things,—among others, Christie Murray's "Joseph's Coat" and a romance by the late Fergus Hume,—and latterly, I believe, he did sometimes have stories "tasted" by competent critics. Being a very busy man (he ran half a dozen newspapers at Bolton and elsewhere and had literary bureaus in London, New York, and Berlin), he had no time for reading, and of all the novels and romances which he published, probably never perused one. But, having an open mind, he had always a shrewd idea, gathered, doubtless, from his subscribers and editors, of the style of novel which at any given time was most likely to find acceptance among newspaper readers. I remember asking him, some years ago, what sort of stories had just then the best chance of success. "Stories of English domestic life, with a good deal of incident and a little immorality," was the somewhat cynical answer. But since that time fashions have changed. The "good deal of incident" and the "little immorality" may still be "good business," but tales of English domestic life have ceased to draw. The rage nowadays is all for strong sensation, rapid movement, and complicated plots.

I have dwelt at so great length on the career of the late Mr. Tillotson (he died only a few months ago) because he was the originator of a system which now embraces the entire English-speaking world, and did more to popularize fiction with the masses than could have been achieved by a century of ordinary effort. For my own part, I could have wished it otherwise. I think it would be better for readers, and I am sure it would be better for themselves, if English authors (meaning thereby all who use the English tongue) were to organize a society analogous to that of the French *Gens des Lettres* and syndicate their own productions. Meanwhile, "purveyors" hold the field, make a profit of thirty or forty per cent. (the greater part of which, were authors wise, would go into their own pockets), and compete with each other for the custom of newspaper proprietors on both sides of the sea.

The ideals in fiction of the readers for whom so many romances have to be provided is a highly interesting subject of study in other than its merely commercial aspects, and one, moreover, which has not received nearly so much attention as it deserves, even from professional purveyors.

Mr. Tillotson, as I have already observed, went on the principle of offering stories by the most popular writers whose fiction he could procure. And at the outset it was undoubtedly the safest principle which he could adopt; but he soon discovered that a name is not everything, or, rather, that there are names and names,—that, for instance, an author may be popular with the readers of magazines and Mr. Mudie's subscribers, yet an utter failure with the readers of cheap newspapers. Not long ago he gave great offence to a celebrated authoress by asking permission to read one of her stories as a preliminary to its acceptance, on the ground that a previous story from her pen had not given satisfaction to his subscribers.

Why it had not given satisfaction he did not tell me; but it is easy to guess: she wrote for the cultured, not for the masses. The public whom purveyors have to please are, in England, the readers of penny Saturday papers, and, in the United States, of twopenny-halfpenny Sunday papers,—for, I take it, the English penny is practically the equivalent of the American nickel. This enumeration would, however, be incomplete if I omitted halfpenny evening papers, with whom the practice of running serial stories, begun some years ago by the *North-Eastern Daily Gazette*, is rapidly spreading, especially in the north of England.

These papers enjoy in the United Kingdom a circulation which a competent authority puts at three millions,—excluding, of course, all periodicals which are not strictly newspapers, such as penny novelettes and weekly magazines.

I have no estimate of the circulation of similar papers in America, Australasia, and South Africa, but, seeing that these countries possess twice as many inhabitants as the "old country," we may safely assume that their newspapers are at least twice as numerous and have more than twice as many subscribers. Assuming, further, that every copy is read by two individuals, we can reckon a total of eighteen million readers of serial-running newspapers, of whom six millions belong to the United Kingdom and twelve millions to the United States and the Colonies.

And this is probably an under-estimate. There are more newspaper readers in America than in Great Britain; and in England and Scotland alone I can name five weekly papers all running stories, which circulate nearly a million copies weekly,—the *Sheffield Telegraph*, *Manchester Times*, *Aberdeen Journal*, *Birmingham Post*, and *Glasgow Herald*. In all these towns, moreover, are published other papers which enjoy almost as large a circulation. In London there are papers of the same class, such as *The Budget*, *The People*, and *The Sunday Times*, all of which sell largely both in the metropolis and in the country, and there is hardly a small town in the kingdom without at least one local sheet, whose chief attraction is a serial romance.

Now, what is the predominant taste in fiction of these millions of readers, what the style of story which the majority of them most prefer? This is a question which greatly concerns writers and purveyors of fiction and conductors of serial-running newspapers, and towards the solution of which I propose to offer a few observations.

Though facts bearing on the subject are somewhat scanty, and

nothing is easier than to make a false deduction, we have every reason to believe that the majority of these millions do not appreciate the class of fiction generally denominated "high-class." The experiment of running Scott's novels in a popular periodical, and a translation of Victor Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre-Dame," in the *Manchester Times* and other papers, proved utter failures. No editor in his senses would run anything by George Meredith, Henry James, or Thackeray, or even by George Eliot,—with the possible exception of "Adam Bede."

Mr. Tillotson's favorite authors were Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon; yet I do not think that the masses are nearly so much under the spell of a name as the classes. The announcement of a new tale by a shining light may attract fresh subscribers, but if it fail to interest them from the outset they will have no more of it, and long before the close is reached the unfortunate editor will find a woful diminution of his circulation, unless he provides a counter-attraction in the shape of a second and more acceptable story.

Mr. Leng, of the *Sheffield Weekly Telegraph*, to whom I am indebted for some useful information on the subject, says that he used to obtain all his stories from a syndicate, but by obtaining them direct from the authors, and choosing them with care, he has raised the circulation of his paper from thirty thousand to two hundred and thirty thousand copies. He always makes a point of reading the opening chapters of a story before purchasing (save in the case of Miss Braddon, with whom he has a three years' contract), and he would rather, to use his own words, "have a story by an unknown writer with a good beginning, than the biggest author living and a long wandering descriptive opening."

The *Sheffield Telegraph* has been accused of publishing too sensational stories, stories which not only enthrall but demoralize those who read them. This Mr. Leng denies. None of his stories, he says, have criminals for their heroes, and the bad characters always get their deserts. Personally, he does not like sensational fiction; but he contends that it attracts people whose reading would otherwise be confined to the *Police Gazette*, and induces them to read the better-class stories which he always provides as an antidote to those of the baser sort. He finds, moreover, that "the public will read either a sensational story or a domestic story quietly told and appealing to their feelings. They want the events of every-day life in a story, something which they can understand."

"The something which they can understand" is unquestionably the one thing needful in a popular novel, and there are doubtless readers who like a quiet domestic story (with or without Mr. Tillotson's "little immorality"); yet the majority of them, as I shall presently show, prefer sensation to domesticity, and give their suffrage to romances in which the element of "every-day life" is conspicuous by its absence.

Nobody, probably, has had more experience in providing fiction for the masses, or studied their idiosyncrasies more closely and intelligently, than the conductors of the *Northern Daily Telegraph* (Blackburn) and the *North-Eastern Gazette* (Middlesbrough),—papers which, as I have

already remarked, give their readers daily doses of fiction. To a certain extent the ideas of these gentlemen bear out those of Mr. Leng; but they go much further. They have found that the most fetching story (other things being equal) is one possessing local interest. This conclusion I am able to confirm from my own experience. A novel of mine ("The Old Factory"), dealing with Lancashire life and first published in the *Manchester Times* and the *Glasgow Herald*, has since been reproduced in the county palatine again and again, but, so far as I know, nowhere else; and it was not a success in the Scottish paper.

Like Mr. Leng, the conductors of the two papers in question always read before they "run," but, unlike him, they do not care whether a story be new or second-hand; it is none the worse for their purpose even though it has been previously published by another paper in the same neighborhood,—always provided that it is of the right sort. Favorable press notices, so highly prized by authors, are of no account. "Our experience has been," writes Mr. Quail, editor of the *Northern Daily Telegraph*, "that tales which have been very popular and highly spoken of when published in volume form fall the flattest as newspaper serials." They are tales to be avoided by wise purveyors and discreet editors. Another proof of the truth of the old adage that one man's meat is another man's poison.

As for eminent names, thus (in another letter) writes Mr. Quail: "William Black, James Payn, Walter Besant, and even Miss Braddon (whom we find fairly popular), cannot hold up a candle to David Pae."

I had never heard of this gentleman before, and, being wishful to know more of him, I wrote to Mr. Quail for further information. In reply, he told me that David Pae, once editor of a Scottish paper and lately deceased, was the writer of several stories which won him great repute in Scotland and elsewhere among the readers of newspaper serials; that one of them, "The Factory-Girl, or the Dark Places of Glasgow," originally published in *The People's Journal*, had been several times reprinted by that paper at the pressing request of its readers, who seemed as if they could not have enough of it! Mr. Quail also informed me that "The Factory-Girl" has been republished by many other papers, including the *Northern Telegraph*, and highly appreciated by their readers.

Finding, on inquiry, that Mr. Pae's *magnum opus* had appeared in book-form, I obtained a copy, of which more anon.

In the year following this correspondence I made a visit to the United States, and there fortune threw in my way a book entitled "The Gun-Maker of Moscow, or Vladimir the Monk," by Sylvanus Cobb, Junior, which the proud publishers herald with a notice to the effect that the story first appeared in the *New York Ledger*, and, being extensively advertised, "met with phenomenal success, and so constant has been the demand for the back numbers of the *Ledger* containing it that it has been republished three times in the *Ledger*, and the demand still continues."

I need hardly say that I also bought a copy of "The Gun-Maker" (price, twenty-five cents). It was the compeer of "The Factory-Girl," and I hoped that a comparison of the two books might throw some

light on the secret of their amazing popularity and the tastes of English and American readers in newspaper fiction.

I was not surprised to find that, albeit in many respects very different, the two romances were in certain essential features very much alike. Heedful of the rule about a "good beginning," Mr. Pae straightway plunges into the middle of things. Daniel Dexter, a small Glasgow commission agent, is sitting in his dingy office on a gloomy November morning,—fog without, lights within,—opening his letters. One of them is from a lawyer at Belfast, by name O'Kelly, to the effect that a certain George Livingstone, lately deceased, had bequeathed to his daughter Lucy (aged six) a fortune of twenty thousand pounds and appointed Dexter his executor and her guardian, and that she would be sent, per steamer, to Glasgow in care of the captain on the following Wednesday. The letter contains an important enclosure,—a draft on the banking-house of Wilson & Baird for the amount of Lucy's fortune, of which O'Kelly requests Dexter to take charge during Lucy's minority.

No sooner has Dexter read this letter than he conceives the idea of stealing the money and murdering the child, and without more ado sets about the execution of his nefarious design. Putting the letter in his pocket and his hat on his head, he goes right away to Wilson & Baird's bank, presents the draft, which, he tells them, is the proceeds of a legacy bequeathed to him by a distant relative, and gives instructions for the twenty thousand pounds to be placed to the credit of his private account.

This done, Mr. Dexter thinks it would be just as well to destroy Mr. O'Kelly's letter, and with that intent stops at an apple-stall over which hangs a flaming torch. But just as he is on the point of thrusting the letter into the flame he observes that a "wild and haggard female" has her eye on him, whereupon the cautious Dexter returns the compromising document to his pocket and resumes his walk. Presently a hand is laid on his shoulder: he turns and sees again the same "wild and haggard female" whose untimely appearance had prevented the destruction of the letter. She accosts him; he has not the least idea who she is, but when she reveals herself as Sarah Gordon he starts violently, as well he might, for many years before he had first betrayed and then deserted her. She reproaches him bitterly, heaps curses on his head, and vows revenge.

Dexter takes all this very cavalierly, says something about having lost sight of her, and ends by offering the woman whom he had wronged fifty pounds to rid him of the child whose fortune he had just appropriated. Sarah thinks that fifty pounds is rather small pay for so risky a job, and proposes an adjournment to a neighboring public house for further consideration of the matter. Dexter consents; he consents also to give Sarah a hundred pounds for the service he requires of her; and she, on her part, engages to meet him at Nelson's Monument and receive Lucy. Meanwhile, two glasses of ale have been ordered, and the plotters seal their bargain with a drink. Dexter drains his glass to the dregs, and a few minutes later falls fast asleep. Sarah has drugged his ale in order to get a sight of the letter which he had tried

to burn at the apple-man's flaming torch. "Oh, the villain! the dark, ruthless villain!" mutters Sarah, as she reads it. "But I'll balk him! I'll be revenged!" And with that she hurries off to a firm of rascally "writers to the signet," Shuffle & Sleek, and gets them to make a copy of the letter and forge O'Kelly's signature. This done, she returns to the public house, puts the counterfeit document into the pocket of the still sleeping Dexter, and goes her way. After a while Dexter wakens up, and, remembering the letter, draws it forth and throws it on the fire, then hies him home, feeling, no doubt, that he has done an excellent day's business.

On the Wednesday night Dexter goes down to the Broomielaw to meet the steamer from Belfast, little knowing that he is being closely watched by two persons,—the "wild and haggard female" and Writer Shuffle. When the lawyer read O'Kelly's letter he smelt a rat, and, as Sarah refused to take him into her confidence and he thought there might be money in the business, he just put on a false beard and, going to the Broomielaw, waited for developments.

The steamer arrived somewhat after its time, and with it Lucy Livingstone, who, I need hardly say, is as beautiful as a dream. But her beauty and innocence do not soften the heart of the villanous Dexter. He folds her in a cloak, hurries to Nelson's Monument, and delivers the sleeping child to Sarah, who has reached the trysting-place by a cross-road.

Meanwhile, it fares ill with Mr. Shuffle. While he is diligently shadowing Dexter, two tall ruffians come on him unawares, clap a plaster on his mouth, and hale him off to a robbers' cave in the Tontine Close. The description of this cave in the heart of Glasgow reads like a page in one of Mrs. Radclyffe's romances. It is reached by a secret underground passage, and a rude elevator, worked by a windlass, and is of vast extent, containing, among other things, a banqueting-hall, a black-hole, and a torture-chamber. The captain of the band is a sort of Rinaldo Rinaldini, has a handsome face and a Grecian nose, and wears a tasselled cap, a velvet jacket, a brace of pistols, and a dagger with a diamond-studded hilt.

Though Shuffle has fallen among thieves, he finds himself among kindred spirits; for he is legal adviser to the gang. His captors, who had taken him for "an old cove as would come down handsome," remove the plaster and ask his pardon; the captain laughs and invites Shuffle to stay and make a night of it, and Shuffle, nothing loath, consents.

Presently Sarah Gordon (also a member of the gang) arrives at the cave, and Shuffle, coming on her unawares, catches her counting the bank-notes which she has just received from Dexter, and wants to go "shares in the game." Sarah refuses, and Shuffle insists. While they wrangle, Captain George appears on the scene, takes the lawyer's part, and demands the money. Again Sarah refuses, saying that she wants it for the child's upbringing, and, when the captain tries to capture it by violence, defends herself so vigorously with her dagger that he is fain to cry, "Hold! enough!" and returns discomfited to the festive board.

But Sarah knows that the respite will be of the shortest, and Lucy's beauty and winsome ways have touched her woman's heart. She resolves to save the child from her enemies, and during the night escapes from the cave, taking the young child with her.

The next act in the drama is the appearance of Sleek (Shuffle's partner) at the house of Dexter, when the latter learns, to his dismay, that his game is known to the lawyers and that O'Kelly's letter is in Sarah's possession. But Sleek is quite willing to take a hand in the game—for a consideration. It is agreed between them that every effort shall be made, with the help of Captain George and his gang, to find Sarah, recover the compromising document, and dispose of Lucy. Dexter, on his part, undertakes to provide the sinews of war, and Sleek goes away richer by a hundred pounds than he came.

Then follows a game of hide-and-seek which lasts fourteen years and is described in thirty-five chapters. It abounds in moving incidents and dramatic situations. Sarah and her charge are continually in danger of capture, but always escape by the skin of their teeth. Among the personages of the story are Burke and Hare and Dr. Knox. There is a body-snatching episode, a burglary at a country house, and a terrible scene in which the robbers torture Hugh the knife-grinder for refusing to betray the fugitives.

After passing through many trials, Sarah and Lucy become employees (under assumed names) in Dexter's cotton-factory (built with the proceeds of his theft), and Henry Dexter, the noble son of an unworthy father, falls in love with the young girl and makes her his wife. So all comes right. Virtue is rewarded and vice punished. Dexter undergoes agonies of remorse and dies repentant, comfortable berths are found for Sarah Gordon and Knife-grinder Hugh, Captain George commits suicide, and the writer winds up by "penning a few moral reflections on the story now brought to a close."

In some respects it is a comically absurd story. The plot is impossible. Dexter, though a villain, was no fool, and in real life he would have profited nothing by the crime which he contemplated. Lucy had a brother, who, and not Dexter, would have inherited her fortune. Moreover, a man of his "cuteness" would never have put himself in the power of a woman who made no secret of her resolve to be revenged for the wrong which she had suffered at his hands. But a still greater anomaly is Sarah's own conduct. Although described as a woman of sound sense and strong will, it never occurs to her to seek the protection of the law. A word to the first policeman she met, or a line to the lawyer at Belfast (whose letter she retained), would have secured Lucy's safety and brought swift punishment on her persecutors. But if Mr. Pae had made Sarah Gordon and David Dexter act consistently with their characters he would have had no story to tell; and it must be admitted that albeit an impossible plot vexes the souls of critics it does not repel readers. On the contrary, it almost seems as if this peculiarity were a sure passport to popular favor. "Monte-Cristo," a palpably impossible story, still retains its popularity, and the most successful romances of the present time—"King Solomon's Mines," "Alan Quatermain," and "She"—are as extravagant in their incidents

as the lives of mediæval saints and the Adventures of Baron Munchausen.

Notwithstanding faults of construction and other literary shortcomings, "The Factory-Girl" possesses some decided merits, and is eminently adapted for the class of readers for whom it was written. It enlists their sympathies from the outset, keeps them continually in suspense, neither harks back nor digresses, and ends well. Worthy of remark is it, moreover, that the love-interest is of the weakest and comes in late, and that this most successful of newspaper novels is entirely free from the "little immorality" which Mr. Tillotson regarded as one of the essentials of newspaper fiction. The leading characteristics of the story may be summed up as rapid movement, religious sentiment, and strong sensation of a somewhat gloomy sort, unrelieved by a single spark of wit or gleam of humor.

And now about the American story.

It is the story of Ruric Nevil, a gunsmith of Moscow, who loved a lady of high degree, the Lady Rosalind Val dai. As I have already observed, it possesses certain characteristics in common with "The Factory-Girl," but Mr. Pae knew his Glasgow thoroughly, and Mr. Sylvanus Cobb, Junr., knew little more of Russia than the average Russian knows of America. He makes his characters exclaim "Sirrah!" and address each other as "Sir Priest" and "Sir Count," and dubs his chief villain "Olga, Duke of Tula." He might with equal propriety make a Mary Ann, Duke of Buckingham, or a Sarah Jane, President of the United States.

The first chapter finds Ruric at home, in confidential converse with his mother, their theme his love for Rosalind Val dai. When his mother rather unkindly reminds him that he is a "mere artisan," and puts the pertinent question, "Why should she mate with thee, when the richest nobles of the land would kneel for her hand?" Ruric, as a gunsmith naturally would, cries, "Hold! Speak not thus,—at least not now. I flatter not myself, but I claim a soul as pure, and a heart as noble, as any man in the land."

The colloquy is interrupted by a knock at the front door, and when Ruric opens it the snow comes whirling in and puts the candle out. Then "a voice from the Stygian darkness" begs for admittance, whereupon the gun-maker takes the suppliant's hand and draws him in. The candle being re-lighted, he is seen to be a phenomenally fat monk, and performs the remarkable feat of "waddling about with laughable steps." He gives his name as "Vladimir," and says his home is "anywhere he may chance to be on God's heritage." The next morning this mysterious visitor (whose face Ruric fancies that he has seen before), after eating his breakfast, takes his departure. His last words to his host are, "You touch the harp-strings of the soul with a noble hand, my son; and if any deed of kindness can give me joy, it will be a deed for you."

Later in the day Ruric has a visit from Count Conrad Damonoff and his friend Stephen Urzen. Their object is to obtain from the gunsmith a formal renunciation, under his own hand, of all hope or expectation of winning the love of Lady Rosalind, whom Damonoff

himself desires to marry. Ruric refuses, with lofty disdain; the count hits him on the head, and is promptly felled for his pains. This is an insult that can be washed out only in blood; the count sinks the difference in their rank, and, thinking to win an easy victory, challenges the gun-maker to mortal combat. But Ruric, who, besides being the handsomest young fellow in the world, is the most brilliant swordsman in Russia, wrests Damonoff's weapon from his hand, and, as magnanimous as he is brave, spares his enemy's life. The count, now more enraged than ever, insists on a renewal of the strife. Again, and still again, Ruric gets the better of him, but religiously refrains from pushing his advantage home until reminded by Vladimir (who has been watching the fun) that unless he kills his man he is very likely to be killed himself. On this Ruric throws his arm forward and runs his adversary through, taking care, however, to avoid the heart, and trying to avoid the vitals. Then, "with an expression of pain on his features, he starts back and rests his reeking point on the trodden snow." Count Conrad falls into the arms of his attendants, and Ruric goes home to his mother, as a good young man should.

Meanwhile, he has had an interview with Rosalind, received the assurance of her love, and exchanged with her vows of eternal constancy. Unfortunately, however, the lady has a wicked guardian, Olga, Duke of Tula, who gives the lovers a good deal of trouble, after the manner of guardians. He wants Rosalind and her fortune, which is immense, for himself, and, when he finds that Ruric is a hinderance to his designs, accuses him to the Emperor of having worsted Damonoff by foul play. This charge Ruric triumphantly refutes, and then the duke has him secretly seized and immured in the vaults of a lonesome building known as the Old Baths. In these circumstances the gun-maker can neither return to his mother nor let her know where he is, and she, after vainly seeking him three days, goes to his sweetheart and tells her the evil news. Rosalind cries, "O God, have mercy!" and has a paroxysm of grief, in the midst of which the ubiquitous monk enters the room and wants to know what is amiss. The women tell him, also that Rosalind and Ruric have plighted their troth, and that the Duke of Tula "has sworn by a most fearful oath" to have the young countess for his wife. On this the monk cries, "Ha!" starts back a pace and clinches his hands, for he shrewdly suspects that Tula is at the bottom of the business, and, after assuring Rosalind that "if he can find a clue he will save Ruric," goes his way.

Vladimir, who is evidently a man in authority, forthwith arrests two of the duke's myrmidons and brings them before a "mystic tribunal" which sits in a room "deep in the bowels of the earth," and over which he himself presides. As the prisoners pretend to know nothing of Ruric, they are put to the torture and forced to tell where he is confined. The moment this is ascertained, Vladimir sets out with twelve stout fellows for the Old Baths. They are only just in time, for at the very moment of their arrival the gunsmith is engaged in a life-and-death struggle with two of Tula's retainers, who have been told off to murder him.

When Tula hears of his prisoner's escape he vows dire vengeance

against the monk, and again tries to do Ruric an ill turn, and again, thanks to the fat monk, he is signally foiled.

Then comes the last scene of all. Tula, surrounded by his servitors, is endeavoring, with the help of a hideous hunch-backed priest, to force Rosalind to become his wife. But just as the fatal words which would have consummated the sacrifice are about to be pronounced, a voice of thunder cries, "Hold!" and Vladimir and Ruric enter the room. The duke, wild with rage, orders his people to seize the intruders.

"Hold! I am thy master!" shouts Vladimir, and, throwing off his robe and his padding and doffing his head-gear, the monk stands revealed as Peter the Great, Tzar of all the Russias.

A startling and most melodramatic *dénouement*; but the story as a whole is remarkable only by reason of its extraordinary popularity as a newspaper serial and showing the sort of thing which takes with the masses. Though the plot of "The Gun-Maker of Moscow" is perhaps less extravagant than that of "The Factory-Girl" (in which there are two or three good characters), it is decidedly inferior as a story, and the literary style of it—if it can be said to have a style—is absurdly inflated and bombastic. Mr. Sylvanus Cobb can have no sense of the ridiculous, and his book is as destitute of humor and, I may add, as free from any touch of immorality as the *magnum opus* of Mr. David Pae. Yet one cannot help treating with respect a romance which has been advertised at a cost of twenty thousand dollars and published three times in the same newspaper.

And the popularity of Mr. Cobb's romance is proof that he has achieved the end towards which every novelist strives,—the entertainment of his readers. Yet, so far as I am aware, neither his "Gun-Maker" nor Mr. Pae's "Factory-Girl" has been especially popular with the readers of books. I do not think that any English publisher has thought it worth his while to pirate the one, or any American publisher the other. If it be true that stories popular at the libraries are precisely those which are not popular with newspaper readers, the converse is likely to be true. The toiling millions do not subscribe to libraries, and only the *élite* of them either buy books or frequent free libraries; the others take both their fiction and their facts from the columns of their weekly newspapers,—except, perhaps, servant-girls and milliners, whose favorite reading is said to be the penny novelette and the *London Reader*, and their like.

When English newspapers first began to publish serial novels they were mostly of the orthodox three-volume length and ran six months. But even the best novels pall if too long drawn out, and a demand has lately sprung up for stories containing from eighty to a hundred thousand words, which can be completed in from three to four months. The more important newspapers, such as the *Manchester Weekly Times* and the *Sheffield Weekly Telegraph*, run two stories at the same time.

If I were an editor I should try to run three at the same time, and so arrange matters as to have a fresh one every month or six weeks. Readers love variety, and a new story is always a great attraction. As for short tales, "complete in one number," it is very doubtful whether they do a weekly paper any good. They may attract casual

readers, but the main-stay of a paper is the "constant reader," and there is reason to believe that the constant reader does not much care for short tales. Says Mr. Quail, of the *Northern Daily Telegraph*, "We find that short complete stories, however good from a sensational point of view, don't keep the circulation as regular as good serials do,"—thereby confirming what is *prima facie* probable.

The experiment of publishing serial stories in London evening papers does not appear to have answered. It would be surprising if it had answered, for the stories in question were both badly selected and insufficiently advertised; but the success of similar enterprises in the north of England, and elsewhere, proves that this experiment, if differently managed, might also have succeeded.

The wonder is that in these go-ahead days, when money is so plentiful and promising investments are so few, nobody, either in London or in New York, has started a daily paper on the lines of the *Petit Journal* of Paris. This journal, as all the world knows, provides its readers with a maximum of fiction and a minimum of news, sells at one cent, and circulates seven hundred thousand copies. The knowing ones say that however splendidly such a journal may have succeeded in Paris it would not pay in London or New York. Why not? Ordinary daily papers appeal only to a minority of the population. Women and young people, who take no interest in politics, sport, and the Stock Exchange, seldom read them; and some English papers and a good many American papers often contain matter which renders them unfit for home reading. But there is no reason why well-managed journals of the sort in question, running two serial stories and giving such news (not necessarily the latest or most costly) as would be likely to interest the better half of the nation, should not be as popular and profitable in England and America as they are in France.

William Westall.

THE THEATRICAL RENAISSANCE OF SHAKESPEARE.

NO feature of the theatrical season of 1888-89 has impressed the close observer of the stage more than the sudden and apparently inexplicable popularity of the Shakespearian drama. There are, of course, certain plays which one may count upon seeing performed year in and year out. But this accepted Shakespearian category hardly includes more than half a dozen titles. Of all the fine historical series, "Richard III." is the only one which remains a constant favorite with actors; of the comedies, two, "As You Like It" and "The Merchant of Venice," have been played time out of mind, and two more, "Twelfth Night" and "Much Ado about Nothing," are only less familiar to play-goers; of the tragedies, "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," and "Romeo and Juliet," and possibly "Lear," can be named among stage classics. The list, it will be seen, is a short one, especially when it is borne in mind that the great majority of the remaining plays

are equally well adapted to the purposes of modern representation. That this is so the occasional production of one or another of them has amply demonstrated. When, early in 1888, for example, Madame Modjeska undertook to revive "Measure for Measure," the immense dramatic possibilities of that neglected play were clearly recognized; and it is quite probable that if the Polish actress had been as skilled an adept in the art of personal advertisement as some of her competitors have shown themselves to be, that chief test of success in these days, a "long run," might have been secured with little difficulty. With "The Winter's Tale," still less familiar to the stage than "Measure for Measure," Miss Anderson has enjoyed really extraordinary success; and here again unsuspected possibilities of theatrical interest were revealed in the performance. I shall touch upon both these Shakespearian revivals later in the present article; but I allude to them here merely to emphasize the point that the narrow limits of the accepted Shakespearian category are imposed chiefly by the lack of enterprise or of discrimination on the part of actors and managers. In other words, Shakespeare no longer spells ruin, but rewards the utmost expenditure of time and money as lavishly as does M. Sardou or Mr. Pettitt.

A brief examination of the results of the past theatrical season will confirm this statement. It is no exaggeration, indeed, to say that the production of Shakespearian plays has engrossed a larger share of public attention in this time than even the scanty burlesque or the "tank drama." The splendor of "Adonis" has paled beside that of "Antony and Cleopatra;" the rescue of injured innocence from a "real river" has stirred less admiration than the living statue of *Hermione* in the person of Miss Anderson. And if to these examples of more or less noteworthy Shakespearian revivals we add the "Macbeth" of Mrs. Langtry in New York and of Mr. Irving in London, the "Richard III." of Mr. Richard Mansfield and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" of Mr. Beerbohm-Tree at the historic Haymarket, and at the same time bear in mind that Mr. Booth and Mr. Barrett, Mr. Frederick Warde, Mr. Louis James and his wife, Madame Modjeska and that newly-discovered star in the theatrical galaxy, Miss Julia Marlowe, have all depended very largely upon a Shakespearian repertory, including such plays as "Othello," "Hamlet," "Julius Cæsar," "Much Ado about Nothing," "Twelfth Night," "Cymbeline," "As You Like It,"—then perhaps we shall be able to appreciate the scope and extent of this simultaneous movement upon the English-speaking stage to interpret by theatrical symbols the first of English dramatists. It is nothing new, indeed, to find a portion of Shakespeare thus interpreted. For years the genius of Mr. Booth—to select the most eminent name among Shakespearian actors—has been devoted to what I have called the accepted Shakespearian category; and Mr. Booth never fails to draw to the theatre the cultivated and judicious lovers of the drama. In a little over a decade Mr. Irving has produced with great care and elegance eight plays, all of which come within this same category and in all of which but one we have seen Mr. Booth. Signor Salvini, too, has been attracted by the two characters in Shakespeare most congenial to his temperament, and so again we have "Othello" and "Lear."

Various younger artists, more ambitious than wise, have made essays in the same direction ; but they have heretofore given us only "Hamlet," "Richard III.," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It,"—once more the same familiar round. In other words, the popularity of Shakespeare upon the stage has for many years been defined by very narrow limits. But at last what have been regarded as insuperable barriers are breaking down. It is discovered that the most difficult among all the plays of the dramatist's last period of activity allows a beautiful woman a remarkable opportunity to impersonate two characters at once, both of them instinct with grace and charm. It is shown that the latest recruit from the drawing-room, without either a conspicuous dramatic gift or a long apprenticeship of adequate dramatic training, can nevertheless draw all New York or Boston to witness her amazing characterization of the splendid and voluptuous "serpent of old Nile." It is demonstrated that what Mr. Furnivall calls "the stifling air" of "Measure for Measure" does not poison the "ensky'd and sainted" innocence of *Isabella*, and that the story of her pure struggle may be portrayed upon the stage without offence either to art or to morals. We may even anticipate that within a few years "Henry V." may be as well known to theatre-goers as "Hamlet," and "The Two Gentleman of Verona" as familiar to the orchestra-stalls as "The Merchant of Venice." But the question remains, has this theatrical renaissance of Shakespeare actually enlarged the public appreciation of his work ? Is it the play or the artist that has given these productions their great vogue ? And, again, has either the text or the spirit of the original play been sufficiently respected in the stage version ? Can cultivated readers of Shakespeare—I do not say Shakespearian scholars—take genuine and unspoiled pleasure in these elaborate performances ?

Very probably there will be an honest difference of opinion among students of dramatic literature and close observers of the stage as to the answers which should be made to these questions. Whatever definite principles of criticism may be accepted as self-evident and final, there will always remain a wide opportunity for the sharpest divergences of opinion in the application of these principles, just as judicial decisions based upon a common law may be often singularly contradictory. In the present article, therefore, I shall not assume to pronounce upon the exact relations of Shakespeare to the stage, or to say that even those individual productions which I do not feel able to praise are necessarily without merit. But it will none the less be profitable, I take it, to consider briefly the broad lines upon which we must proceed in fitting a sixteenth-century play to nineteenth-century uses, and, having by this means established a basis of comparison, to inquire if our public really get Shakespeare in the theatre, and if, granting that they do get him, they really understand him. We find, therefore, two main subjects of debate, of which the second may be again divided in the discussion.

Although the majority of Shakespeare's plays present no serious difficulties to the skilful adapter, it must nevertheless be borne in mind that they were written for audiences little like those of to-day and under conditions widely different from those which confront the modern dramatist. It is true enough from the literary point of view that Shake-

speare wrote not for an age but for all time; but with the literary point of view, strictly speaking, we have at present nothing to do. Yet any candid comparison between the work of Shakespeare and that of even his greatest contemporaries will show clearly enough that this universality of his genius has left its stamp upon his work considered merely as that of the practical dramatist. In other words, despite the growth of stage tradition and the development of stage methods which intervene between the little Globe Theatre of Elizabeth's time and the stately Drury Lane or Boston Theatre of to-day, we can still see "Hamlet" or "Macbeth" presented almost scene for scene, when "Sejanus" or "Women Beware Women" or "The Duchess of Malfy" would be thought intolerable. Of course there are exceptions to this rule. "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" has held the boards through all the freaks of fashion; and there are other single masterpieces of the Elizabethan drama the absolute disappearance of which from the theatre we can only regard as a freak of fashion. These it will not be necessary here to enumerate; but perhaps I may be allowed to digress for one moment with the remark that of all these neglected children of genius there is one so admirable in characterization, so neat in plot, so pathetic in tone, and finally so distinctly modern in feeling, that I have often wondered why it has not kept its place with Massinger's great play in the acted drama. This is "A Woman Kill'd with Kindness," the masterpiece of all that has survived from Thomas Heywood's busy pen. It is in effect, as Mr. Addington Symonds has ingeniously pointed out, the Elizabethan version of "Frou-Frou," and in the hands of competent actors it could hardly fail to interest even the sated audiences of our own time. But, notwithstanding this and other instances of neglect which need not be specified, an acquaintance with the Elizabethan drama in general emphasizes, as I have said, the different conditions of acting then and acting now. In those days the theatre had both another mission and another environment. It was the primal, the vital expression of the national spirit; it did all and more than all that press and forum do to-day. To estimate its influence fairly we must take into account not only its artistic but also its national significance. So, too, the work of the theatre was done under circumstances almost entirely at variance with modern conceptions. Our knowledge of the Elizabethan play-houses cannot be accounted very precise, but enough is known, perhaps, to enable us to form a fairly adequate idea of their appearance. There was little pretence at elegance or comfort; in the public theatres, indeed, only the stage and gallery were roofed. There was no movable scenery; but at the back of the stage there was a balcony which represented indifferently a window, a hill-side, the battlements of a castle, or anything else which the playwright found convenient. A change of scene was indicated by some suggestive piece of furniture or simply by a placard,—a fact which amply explains the carelessness of our older dramatists in the matter of scenic coherency and continuity. Another important feature of these performances must be borne in mind. De Witt's sketch of the Swan Theatre (1596), recently brought to light by Herr Gaedertz, agrees with all our previous information in showing that the actors were surrounded by the audience

on all sides. The conclusion to be drawn is that the Elizabethan stage was intended for recitation and not for pictorial effect. "The conception of the stage as a mysterious place of enchantment," remarks Mr. William Archer, in summing up the evidence adduced by De Witt's drawing, "where fragments of life are magically presented in all their colors and dimensions, was utterly foreign to our forefathers. Our effort to force their works into a frame and treat them pictorially, inevitable though it be, necessarily warps them from their original intent." That this is fair ground to take there is, I think, ample evidence in the plays themselves.

Yet in spite of this essential distinction the bulk of Shakespeare's work may be presented upon the modern stage with a very fair degree of adequacy. The task of adaptation is not to be undertaken rashly; but in many cases a reasonable degree of skill and knowledge furnishes an ample equipment, and in all cases (excepting always "*Troilus and Cressida*," which is simply impracticable under any conditions imaginable) a great degree of these same qualities can overcome difficulties which at first glance appear to be insuperable. Even the most scrupulous student will hardly contend that in Mr. Booth's version of "*Hamlet*" that noble play, reduced as it necessarily is, has been in any sense maltreated or misinterpreted; and although Colley Cibber did not scruple to lay violent hands on "*Richard III.*," Mr. William Winter has shown us that it is possible to arrange from the original text an acting piece in which, if every line of Shakespeare's is not used, every line that is used is Shakespeare's. Assuming that these two familiar instances demonstrate the possibility of preparing the dramatist for the modern stage with equal reverence and effectiveness, what are the vital principles which underlie such preparation? It will be admitted, I think, that a consideration of the first importance is scrupulous reverence for the text. I do not mean by this that the adapter must necessarily weigh the *pros* and *cons* of every disputed reading, although if he be a scholar he is quite likely to do so with advantage to his version. But it is fair to insist that having selected a reputable text he shall not depart from it in order to satisfy the whims of his own taste, superior as that may be to Shakespeare's. Excision is always preferable to emendation. Unfortunately, care upon this point was not a characteristic of many of the "revivals" of the season of 1888-89. The worst offenders were those who prepared Miss Anderson's version of "*The Winter's Tale*." These ingenious persons frankly took the ground that "literal adhesion to the text" would "savor of superstition." And they proceeded to carry out their theory very boldly. Speeches were interchanged; sentences were mangled for the sake of brevity; phrases were omitted or transposed; and as a natural consequence the perfection of form which characterizes the verse of this play above almost every other was destroyed by a succession of defective metres. One of the silliest changes was that which made the line

The bug which you would fright me with, I seek,
over into the halting phrase

That which you would fright me with, I seek.

In another place the "petty" gods were made the "pretty" gods; and again a false delicacy which is reserved in these days of semi-naked burlesque for Shakespeare brought about so senseless a substitution as "first-fruits of our marriage" for "first-fruits of my body." This last change leads us naturally to a second consideration. How far shall the adapter yield to what Mrs. Jameson has felicitously called the "nice verbal morality" of our day? That there are phrases which it is desirable to soften no one will deny; but the usage of the stage is often particular to the point of absurdity on the score of coarseness and lax to the point of indecency on the score of immorality; and the public, which is seldom capable of making close distinctions, allows to immorality what it denies to coarseness. Shakespeare is not immoral, however, and he is only now and then coarse; so that the changes in his text—barring the excisions of whole scenes in certain plays—which are required by good taste are really very few. Yet even so good an example of commendable adaptation as the version of "Measure for Measure" used by Madame Modjeska was disfigured by the substitution of less direct and not more modest phrases for such expressions as "He hath got his friend with child," as well as by the use of "person" for "body" and by the introduction of the foolish circumlocution "a naughty house." This is silly and offensive prudery. No one objects to a wise regard for public delicacy; but there is a point beyond which regard for Mr. Podsnap's young person need not go. A third question which the adapter has to consider is the arrangement of scenes. Here he should undoubtedly be conceded a wide discretion. In the majority of Shakespeare's plays it would be quite impracticable to follow the original order: as I have already said, the conditions of the stage have been signally changed since the days of the Globe, "this little O," as Shakespeare calls it in "Henry V.," and it would be idle pedantry to attempt to undo the work of nearly three centuries in enlarging our pictorial conceptions of the drama. But even in the matter of arrangement it is easy enough to observe the main drift of Shakespeare's development of incident and character. There are transpositions which do not affect the general scope of a play, and there are those which throw the design of the author into sad confusion. He is the wise adapter whose sense of proportion leads him to make the distinction. Perhaps among all the recent Shakespearian productions no better example of textual accuracy combined with scenic confusion can be given than the version of "Antony and Cleopatra" used by Mrs. Potter. To one absolutely without knowledge of the original this series of detached episodes would be highly bewildering. It may be said that a certain degree of acquaintance with Shakespeare may always be presupposed; but this is merely begging the question. If his plays are to be given upon the stage at all, they should clearly be, like other plays, self-explanatory. The adapter cannot justly expect an audience to supply from memory what he has chosen to leave out. Even if every one who went to the theatre were a constant reader of Shakespeare the case would not be altered. Nor is the task of making a connected presentation, with whatever alterations may be required, one which is insuperable in more than two instances. These two, in my opinion, are "Troilus and

Cressida and "*Titus Andronicus*,"—if we accept the latter as in any portion the work of Shakespeare; and it is interesting to observe that they, along with "*Richard II.*" and the three parts of "*Henry VI.*," were the only plays of the dramatist that were not acted at Sadler's Wells during the eighteen years and a half of Phelps's management,—that most honorable of all epochs in the history of the London stage.

Let us now examine the second of the two main questions which have been suggested by this new theatrical renaissance of Shakespeare. This, as I have said, really involves two considerations: do we get Shakespeare on the stage? do we understand Shakespeare if we get him? The first of these considerations I have already partially met. If the broad principles of adaptation which I have suggested are true ones, then no constant theatre-goer needs to be told that many of these Shakespearian revivals have been false alike in form and in spirit. With one or two honorable exceptions, our actors have used Shakespeare as the means, not as the end. We have had, for example, "*The Winter's Tale*" or "*Antony and Cleopatra*" or "*Macbeth*" not so much from love of art as from love of sensation. In one case a beautiful woman, who after a decade or more of practice has not yet learned the essential principles of delivering iambic pentameter verse, found a welcome opportunity to pose as a statue and to join in a rustic dance; and the public, who care for nothing so much as an appeal to the eye, went into raptures over her strange perversion of *Hermione* and *Perdita*. In another case an amateur graduate from the ranks of society's players, with an experience limited to modern comedy and with a talent not even equal to that, essayed the task of interpreting the most difficult and perplexing character in the whole range of English drama; and she had her reward in crowded houses and overflowing coffers. In still another case an actress whose personal beauty was her stock in trade, and whose only claim to respectful attention was her persistent industry, undertook to play a part in which only a Rachel or a Janauschek could satisfy the discriminating spectator; and she, too, won a reputation, if not a popularity, far beyond what she deserved. Such productions as these do not honor the name of Shakespeare. Moreover, little in the manner of them showed even a reasonable degree of reverence for his work. It is true that large sums were spent upon scenery and other accessories of the performance, and that artists and archæologists took the pains to design costumes scrupulously correct; but a great part of this elaboration of detail could have been spared without serious loss. I do not wish to underrate the value of stage settings. The old slipshod way of playing Shakespeare was anything but commendable, and it is a creditable achievement to have done so much to reform it altogether. But there is always a danger that the eye may be pleased at the expense of the imagination, and that externals may detract from essentials. And this danger is a very real and vital one so far as the presentation of Shakespeare is concerned. In fact, the elegance of the appointments is practically assumed to excuse both the inadequacy of the adapter and the deficiency of the actor. The critic points out, as in duty bound, how seriously the purpose of the dramatist has been misconceived. "That may be," is the reply; "but was there ever a more realistic battle-

scene or a better-arranged mob? And are you aware that thousands of dollars have been spent by the managers?" This means that an audience which finds its love of spectacle satisfied and is convinced that it is getting its money's worth cares little or nothing for the æsthetic aspects of the production. Yet, admitting the truth of such a conclusion, I am still inclined to believe that Shakespeare, interpreted not by the scene-painter and the costumer, but by the genius of the actor, can be made to satisfy the purely commercial standard of success. No one will regret that Mr. Booth is now surrounded by a fairly adequate company, and that when he appears in "Othello" or "Julius Cæsar" or "The Merchant of Venice"—or even in "Richelieu"—the play is properly mounted; but there was a time when thousands flocked to see Mr. Booth when everything in the performance else (and almost every person) was disgracefully inefficient. And I am confident that with these drawbacks to their enjoyment of his acting, his hearers could appreciate Shakespeare more fully than if in the place of his interpreting genius they had had realistic battle-scenes and well-managed mobs. Again, only nine months ago a young actress of great promise gave us a *Rosalind* of unusual grace, intelligence, and freshness and subtlety of feeling. "As You Like It" calls for the simplest of settings; the curtain goes up and down for act after act on the quiet Forest of Arden. At the performance in question there was actual crudeness, rather than mere simplicity, of stage management. But who in all that enthusiastic audience cared? With such a *Rosalind* as Miss Julia Marlowe's, such a *Celia* as Miss Mary Shaw's, and such a *Touchstone* as Mr. Wm. F. Owen's, they had so much to charm the ear and the imagination that they hardly missed the appeal to the eye which it is now the fashion to make. One would give up willingly Miss Anderson on *Hermione's* pedestal and Mrs. Potter in the luxurious Egyptian palace to hear again the language of Shakespeare in the exquisitely musical delivery of Miss Marlowe and Miss Shaw. I do not contend that we should forego any advantage which scenic effect may properly give us in our modern productions of Shakespeare; but I hold that the present danger is that of overdoing rather than neglecting this feature. Even so admirable an artist as Mr. Irving gives evidence in the sumptuousness of his "Macbeth" that the temptation to think too highly of trivial details is becoming a strong one. We should expect propriety; but we should not ask for pedantry. No doubt the present vogue for mere expenditure will pass away. Meanwhile, however, a word of caution is not amiss.

There are one or two further considerations which must affect, I think, our estimate of the value of this theatrical renaissance of Shakespeare. I have endeavored to show how little the real appreciation of Shakespeare depends upon mere accessories, and, further, how often those accessories are a disadvantage rather than an advantage. But there is a still more serious reason for the failure of the stage to interpret our great dramatist aright. This is the incompetency of the actors themselves. I have already pointed out how far some of our ambitious amateurs have been from realizing a reasonable ideal of the characters which they have so lightly undertaken; but although they are the most

conspicuous they are by no means the only offenders. It is to be feared that the competent Shakespearian actors in this country could be counted on one's fingers; nor if we include the English stage would the number be much larger. Even in those companies which have had some training in the poetic drama we find an inability to deliver verse easily and naturally and with a full sense of its meaning, combined with an incapacity to escape from that distinctively modern manner which is at odds with any just conception of the conditions to be observed. This difficulty has been quite generally recognized in connection with the interpretation of Sheridan and Goldsmith: every one is asking whom we have competent to fill the places of William Warren or Lester Wallack or John Gilbert or Mrs. Drew. But in the interpretation of Shakespeare the case is even worse. We have artists who can deliver their lines correctly; we have artists who portray one or another character with force and brilliancy. But is there any one except Mr. Booth in whom both those qualities are well-nigh perfectly united? I recognize the profound genius, the matchless power, of Madame Janauschek's *Lady Macbeth*, the tender sweetness of Madame Modjeska's *Viola*; but it would be idle to contend that either of these great artists of foreign birth can ever give the language of Shakespeare its full elocutionary value. Madame Janauschek, indeed, has done far more in the way of acquiring absolute purity of English enunciation than any other foreigner whom I can recall at this moment; and with regard to her *Lady Macbeth* the splendor of conception and strength of execution remind us that to object to a fault here and there in the verbal rendering of the text seems pedantic and absurd. But among foreign artists generally the defect is a serious one; and even among those to the manner born it is too often painfully apparent. No one will deny the intellectual force of Mr. Irving's *Shylock* or of his *Hamlet*; but is there a worse instance of how Shakespeare ought not to be spoken than he affords? We recall with lively feelings of pleasure Miss Terry's *Portia* and *Beatrice*; but is her monotonous chant in accordance with our theory of delivering verse? And if these great artists so offend, what can we expect from the ranks of the profession? The company at the Lyceum Theatre have had to do with Shakespeare, off and on, for ten or a dozen years. In that time one might reasonably expect an approach to the perfection of the old stock-theatre days, to the scholarly care of Sadler's Wells, to the practised competence of Drury Lane. But are there many members of that company whom we could add to our scanty list of those who possess the genuine Shakespearian spirit? Perhaps Mr. Howe, who was trained in the brilliant Haymarket school, is the single one who deserves this honor. On this side of the water the outlook is even less encouraging. Many of our actors are well accustomed to Shakespeare; many of them have had the inestimable advantage of the educating presence of Mr. Booth. But the number of those whom we may call competent is small indeed. It would be invidious to select that number here. I have already called attention to the brilliant work done by Miss Mary Shaw, whom I should not hesitate to name with Mrs. Agnes Booth and Miss Annie Clarke as in the very first rank of American actresses. Nor do I know

a better embodiment of the Shakespearian spirit of pure mirth than the *Sir Toby Belch* of Mr. Owen. Again, the feature of the childish production of "Antony and Cleopatra" by Mrs. Potter which at once attracted intelligent people was the fine and sane impersonation of *Enobarbus* by Mr. Henry Edwards, one of the few graduates of the good old stock-theatre system still left to us. But for the rest of those engaged in this melancholy burlesque of our great dramatist, with one or two respectable exceptions, what can in justice be said? And in "The Winter's Tale" was there one besides Mr. Barnes who could speak Shakespeare's lines even with the most superficial propriety?

It would be unfair, no doubt, to lay all the blame for this inability of the stage to deal with the poetic drama upon the individual shoulders of the actors. As a matter of fact, they are not directly responsible for the neglect of this rich field of work. Who is responsible might be an interesting question to discuss; but such a discussion could not well be carried on within the limits of the present article. In every form of dramatic work, however, we are confronted with unmistakable evidence that, in the words of an English critic, "we have lost the art of diction." For this loss—which is, of course, most apparent in poetry, but which is still obvious enough in prose—the primary responsibility must rest with the actors. If they cannot be justly reprovved with lack of practice in the plays of Shakespeare, they certainly are not to be lightly forgiven for neglect of the simplest principles of elocution. It is the fashion on the stage to sneer at elocution; and so far as "schools" and "systems" are concerned the reproach is too often just. But, as the voice is the most important instrument of expression at the command of the actor, it is difficult to understand why it should not be considered worth training. And, however lack of training may be disguised in modern comedy or melodrama, in the plays of Shakespeare slurring methods of pronunciation must impress themselves upon the cultivated ear with painful distinctness. Here, if anywhere, that art of diction which we have lost is essential.

If the actors have no longer the education of constant practice in Shakespeare, so too the public are equally unfitted to choose between evil and good. We are inclined to assume that admiration for Shakespeare came in with the nineteenth century, and that from the Restoration until the German critics began to expound his merits the public was sunk in ignorant apathy. Yet a glance at the Shakespearian parts which Betterton or Garrick or the Kembles, Mrs. Saunderson or Mrs. Yates or Mrs. Siddons, performed in their time might convince us of our error. What was going on, for instance, in London a century ago? A glance at Genest shows us that nineteen plays of Shakespeare were performed at Covent Garden and Drury Lane during the season of 1778-79.* This evidence hardly favors our assumptions of superior

* It may interest the reader to glance at a list of these plays. The performances at either of the two houses, and in some cases at both, were as follows: Of the historical plays, "Henry IV." (both parts), "Henry V.," "Richard III.," and "Henry VIII.," of the comedies, "Merchant of Venice," "Measure for Measure," "Tempest," "Much Ado about Nothing," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Twelfth Night," "Cymbeline," "Comedy of Errors" (with altera-

appreciation of the dramatist. Can London, New York, and Boston together, indeed, in a dozen seasons at a hundred theatres match such a record as that? Our theatrical renaissance of Shakespeare includes, besides such productions as have been already named, two comedies brought out in New York by Mr. Augustin Daly,—“A Midsummer Night's Dream” and “The Taming of the Shrew,”—the brief life infused into “Cymbeline” and “The Two Gentlemen of Verona” by Madame Modjeska, Mr. Beerbohm-Tree's experiment with “The Merry Wives of Windsor” at the Haymarket Theatre, London, and the presentations of this last play and of “The Comedy of Errors” at various times by Mr. Robson and Mr. Crane. This does not by any means represent the full list of Shakespearian performances; but mere repetitions of plays already familiar—“Macbeth,” “Richard III.,” “Julius Cæsar,” “As You Like It,” “Twelfth Night”—hardly need to be specified here. It is easy to see that this list, extending as it does over a number of years, is by no means a long one, especially when we consider what a wide extent of territory is now covered by the English stage and how vast have become the interests of the theatrical profession. The productions of the season of 1888–89, taken together, constitute, as I started out by saying, what is on the whole a remarkable record for these times, unimportant as it may seem if brought into comparison with that of the patent theatres in London a century ago, or with that of Phelps at Sadler's Wells a generation ago, or with that of Mr. Booth later still at his ill-fated theatre in New York. Yet they necessarily have less effect in training both actors and public to appreciate Shakespeare than they would have if concentration instead of dispersion of effort were the tendency of the modern stage. This work of training can hardly be done by travelling companies with a week or a fortnight here and there, even if greater wisdom in stage management than is usually displayed be in time attained. The stock theatre, with its stability of artistic impulse and its accumulating traditions, is the real school, both of Shakespearian drama and of all that is best in modern drama, alike for our actors and for their audiences. If, for instance, the eight or nine months of the theatrical season could be spent by such an artist as Mr. Booth in only four or five large cities, in each of which a company skilled in the poetic drama could be maintained, capable of giving him effective support, and capable, too, of attracting the public without him, then perhaps we might look forward to a genuine Shakespearian renaissance.

Edward Fuller.

tions), and “Katharine and Petruchio” (the familiar Garrick version of “The Taming of the Shrew”); of the tragedies, “Hamlet,” “Macbeth,” “Lear,” “Othello,” and “Romeo and Juliet.” I venture to say that few of our theatre-goers have seen all these plays upon the stage.

BLUE WATER-LILIES.

MOST lovely sisters, mothered by the South,
Born of the drowned blue in a summer pool,
Sweet are the thoughts of ye in time of drouth,
And sweet your soul-seen birthplace dank and cool,
Yea, like to wine within the spirit's mouth.

My mental ear hath all the sounds by heart
Which cheer your blooming-time,—your winds, your birds,
The lapses of lusk water heard apart,
As in a dream are heard love-broken words,
Or wing-strokes when the chimney-swallows dart.

The pendent moss hath whispers that I know,
What time it sweeps shed flowers across your waves ;
To me are known all snake-sounds swift or slow
Where sibilant grasses shake their broad green glaives
And Southern flowers seem made of Northern snow.

I know the choiring in your vaulty trees
Of mocking-birds that sing the day to sleep,
And distant moan as of a thousand seas
That, rebel ever, some dread secret keep,—
The monody of pine woods in the breeze.

I know the frogs' canorous quarrelling
Beneath the still fleet of your twilit leaves,
Like souls of hoarse-voiced mariners that sing
Of stormy voyages past, on summer eves ;
I hear the boughs creak where coiled serpents swing.

Who hath not seen ye, purposelessly roams,
Dear languid beauties of a sleeping wood,
A forest Venice where the marsh-owls' homes
Lean over wimpling by-ways, and the flood
Doth sometimes stain the marsh-flowers' moon-white glomes.

Come, Memory, let us back a little while ;
Stoop to the tangled vines and row apace :
Right well we know this narrow, leaf-green aisle,
Where men may speak with solitude face to face
What time dim lilies pass in purple file.

Look where that reed-bird skims on wide, wet wings,—
 A marsh-king's daughter frightened by the marsh.
 Hear'st thou that rush of homeward-hurrying things,
 And word-calls monotonically harsh?—
 The serpents drop through glimmering water rings.

The sharp marsh odors are more sweet than myrrh
 Or summer meadows thrilled with passionate rains,
 And, lo! the blossoms that we seek, astir,
 With leaves not bluer than my dear love's veins,
 And hearts less golden than the head of her.

O virgin flowers clad all in white and blue,
 Give us the lovely legend of your being :
 Was it to deck the marsh-king's bride ye grew,
 And did she gaze on ye through tears unseeing,
 As ye through rain-drops on the heaven's twin hue?

Why are ye hidden thus from all men's sight,
 Like the sweet blue of some dead children's eyes?
 For whose joy do ye bloom? For whose delight?
 Speak! Give us knowledge, that ye may be wise
 And learn to fill the pauses of the night.

"Let self reply to self," they seem to say,
 "We grew for God's love, for God's love we die.
 To live, to die,—is there a better way?
 Or could existence cease more gloriously,
 Though we live but an hour and then for aye?"

This thought I found deep in the swamp's great heart,
 Sunk deeper in the small heart of a flower.
 Unto myself I said, "Ere I depart,
 This thought shall warm my cold heart for an hour."
 Lo! as I write, it is myself's best part.

Come, Memory, thy oars,—we must away :
 The vampire night doth suck the west's red blood ;
 The knotting serpents are at dangerous play
 Among the swift lights in the broken flood.
 Ah me! the years between seem as a day.

Again I lean to pull a blossomed flame,
 Again I see the king-snake's argent gleam
 Wax narrow as a moon-ray that for shame
 Steals from the presence of the sun. My dream,
 Thou art so dear I will not speak thy name.

Amélie Rives.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

I KNOW not how it may be with others, but for my own part, in looking back over my early reading, I recall with a lively sense of pleasure two or three writers who discovered me to myself, through whom I was drawn from a world of ignorance to a world of knowledge,—from the little world of sensation into the large world of thought,—and to whom I shall always be grateful. The first of these writers was Willis, whom I have many reasons for remembering kindly. When I first saw his name in print I was a boy of eight or nine, with a passion for reading, which certainly was not inherited, for books there were none, either in the house of my dead father's old father at Hingham, or in the house of my living mother's older father at Abington. I had lived in these places down to the time of which I am speaking, and the only literature that I saw in both was a copy of the Hymns of Dr. Watts, which I hated then and have avoided ever since, and a theological tract about Paul and Onesimus. My country life was confined to these old towns,—the last of which I picture to myself as it was half a century ago. I went to school there, creeping snail-like along the dusty road as unwillingly as the school-boy of whom the melancholy Jaques tells us, and I was made to pick berries there,—a task which was distasteful to me, the berry-pastures were so far off, and the berries themselves so scanty, and so prone to find their way into my mouth rather than into the tin pail which I was expected to fill before returning. The only pleasures of memory that I attach to Abington are the strolls which I took in woods that have since disappeared, and the playing at work when the hay was being stacked in the meadows, where I contrived to skulk until it was thrown into the old wagon, on top of which I was allowed to ride to the barn. Like most children, I was fond of playing in the hay-mow, the stuffy atmosphere of which was strangely odorous to me. From the barns and the berry-pastures of Abington I moved with my mother to Boston,—a senseless proceeding it seems to me now, though it did not then, for I was too young to criticise the actions of my elders. It was the worst thing she could have done, for if she was poor in the country, among her relatives, she must have been poorer in the city, among strangers. The Boston of that day was lesser, and less pretentious, than the Boston of to-day, with its Back Bay, its Public Garden, its great Music Hall, and its Culture. We lived at the North End, in a narrow street, which must have antedated the Revolution. It was named after the royal family which occupied the British throne at that period, and it skirted, or was near, a great burying-ground on a hill-side, where many of the loyal subjects of this family were interred. I recollect playing with other boys among their crumbling, leaning slate headstones, and clambering over the vaults whence they would not emerge until the sounding of the last trump. I liked the great brick grammar-school to which I was compelled to go daily no better than I had liked the

little wooden school-house at Abington ; but I learned more there, for I was afraid of the masters ; besides, the books were of a higher order, and there were more of them. Instead of Webster's Spelling-Book, in its boards and blue covers, and Anderson's gallery of primitive wood-cuts of *Æsop's Fables*, we had what later Speller was then in vogue, without pictures, if I remember rightly, and a Reader, which did not falsify its title, since it *was* readable. Poring over the pages of this Reader one Saturday afternoon in the small chamber which my mother had rented, my attention was arrested by a piece which I knew must be poetry, because the words at the ends of the lines jingled, and which took me back to one of the pleasantest episodes of my vanished country life. It was about Saturday Afternoon, a half-holiday with which I was always delighted. I have never forgotten one stanza in this poem, which was a notable one, in that it opened a new world to me. How does this stanza run ? I have it :

Play on, play on : I am with you there,
 In the midst of your merry ring ;
 I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
 And the rush of the breathless swing ;
 I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
 And I whoop the smothered call,
 And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
 And I care not for the fall.

Why I was impressed by this poem I could not have told then, for, as I have intimated, I had never read any poetry before, except the lugubrious Hymns of Dr. Watts, which are not poetry, nor am I sure that I can tell now ; but, as nearly as I can make out, it was because I felt the fidelity of the suggestions of childish enjoyment which the stanza I have quoted hints at, and of which every healthy, hearty country child is a fitting judge. The jump, the swing, the hiding and calling, and the falling on the floor,—every word was a picture ; and what probably added to the charm of these pictures was the pleasant melody in which they were set. They sung themselves in my spirit's ear that Saturday afternoon, and, like the voices in an ocean shell, they have sung there ever since. I am not prepared to say that they amount to much as poetry,—they certainly do not as poetry is now understood,—but all the same they are precious to me, because they were my *open sesame* to the enchanted world of Song. The reality of this world so revealed to me was so absolute that it never occurred to me to question the truth of anything in the poem : so I accepted and tried to realize the personality of the poet in his thin gray hairs :

I have walked this world for fourscore years,
 And they say that I am old ;
 But my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
 And my years are well-nigh told.

I should have understood what poetic license means years before I did, if I had known that, so far from being eighty, Mr. Willis could not have been more than twenty-four when these lines were written, and

that the lines themselves were simply written to accompany a picture in an Annual. Would this disparity in chronology have made any difference to me if I had been informed of it? It might have done so then, for I had been brought up with a strict regard to truth, but it does not now, for I have long since ceased to look for truth in verse,—except, perhaps, truth of feeling, which the modern school of poets has almost outgrown.

The literary career of Mr. Willis was more brilliant at its beginning than that of any other American author with whom I am acquainted. The son of a journalist whose father was a journalist before him, he was born to the use of pen and ink, and he used them so effectively that he won a national reputation as a poet while yet in his nonage. That he did so—for assuredly he did so—may astonish the present generation of readers, but need not, if they will but take the trouble to examine the history of American literature during the first three decades of this much-writing century of ours. We had no literature to speak of then, a fact which our British cousins were in the habit of twitting us with, and to write in the face of their insolence demanded as much courage as confidence. We imported literature from them instead of producing it ourselves, and when at last we did begin to produce it, it sought currency under their brands,—the old brands of Addison and Goldsmith in the case of Irving, and the new brands of Scott and Byron in the case of Halleck. One of the poets of that period—Washington Allston—was so enamoured of England, where he resided several years, painting high-art pictures and listening to the monologues of Coleridge, that he penned a copy of verses in which he instructed his countrymen that they and their kinsmen were one,—which was not true, since the two peoples were fighting each other on sea and land. Here is a sample of his poetic license:

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let oceans roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;
Yet still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are one!"

Beginning with "Thanatopsis," which was published when Willis was eleven years old, the stream of American poetry trickled slowly hitherward through such channels of commonplace as "Airs of Palestine," such wastes of rugged narrative as "The Buccaneer," and such dead levels of dramatic verse as "Hadad." We had no poet, except Bryant, though poetic possibilities were ripening into potency in the scholarly fancy of a young gentleman named Longfellow, who was born in the same old town as Willis, a year later than he, and in the picturesque sense of Willis himself. There was nothing in the household of the Willis family that was calculated to awaken a taste for poetry on the part of any of its members, young or old, but much that was repressive thereof should it happen to struggle into the light of day.

Literary, in so far as journalism can be called literature, it was a serious family, of strict evangelical principles and practices. The type does not exist now, I fancy, in New England, and even then was beginning to dwindle there in the cool air of Unitarianism, which was a healthy one for rational ethics, whatever it may have been for doctrinal dogmas. Willis's father was a deacon in the Park Street Church, which the irreverent had christened "Brimstone Corner," and was, besides, the editor of the *Boston Recorder*, which is said to have been the first religious journal in the world. Begun in 1816, it has exceeded the natural age of man, for it is still living, and, no doubt, flourishing among Congregationalists. The circumstances of Deacon Willis appear to have fluctuated considerably; for while at one time he thought it necessary to apprentice his son to his own press, where his duty was to ink the types, and where he remembered in after-years *balling* an edition of Watts's Psalms and Hymns, he was prosperous enough at a later period to send the lad to the Boston Latin School, and subsequently to Andover Academy, which was distinguished for orthodox scholarship. The curriculum here was celebrated for two things,—one a steady diet of gooseberry-pies, the other a recurrent epidemic of religious revivals. Our young student enjoyed the first, which are said to have been toothsome, and was persuaded into the belief that he experienced the last, a delusion which he gradually outgrew. In his eighteenth year Willis went to Yale College, where he entered upon the studies for which he had been fitted at Andover, and in which he acquitted himself fairly. There was that in his nature which would have prevented his ever being a scholar in a large sense: his disposition was a light one, his mind was showy rather than solid, and he displayed a fondness for good clothes and elegant surroundings which was an offence against the unwritten sumptuary laws of the place and the period. The students attended prayers at early candle-light, and took their meals in common at twenty long tables, where they were under the eye of a tutor on a raised platform, whence he returned thanks when the dinner was only half done. "You may sit down afterwards *if you wish*," the young student wrote to the good people at home, "but it is not generally the case. There is an old woman who has been in the college kitchen twenty years, and in this time has done nothing but make pies. We have them Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays: the worst of it is, we can only get one piece." But all the old women at Yale were not confined to the kitchen, for one of the number happened to be a professor with ascetic tastes, who was averse from carpets and paper-hanging in the rooms of the students, to one of whom, who had permitted himself to indulge in such luxuries, he remarked, with a grave frown, "All this love of externals, young man, argues indifference to the more necessary furniture of the brain, which is your spiritual business here." The manner of life that was then led at Yale would probably strike the average student of to-day as being slow. It may have been somewhat idle and careless, like the lives of most young men at college, but it was not extravagant, and it was not dissipated. The "necessary expenses" were estimated at two hundred dollars a year,—a sum which doubled, and even tripled, left but little margin for lavish expenditure

and riotous living. They had their high jinks, of course, those young Yalesians of sixty years ago,—had their town and gown rows, painted the house of the president red, white, and blue, and put a cow in the belfry, and at Christmas broke windows, cut bell-ropes, squirted the Freshmen, and were given to other follies. These pranks in this last direction were described by Willis in a Freshman letter to his father: "Last night they barred the entry doors of the South College, to exclude the government, and then illuminated the building. This morning the recitation-room doors were locked and the key stolen, and we were obliged to knock down the doors to get in; and then we were not much better off, for the lamps were full of water and the wicks gone. However, we procured others, and went on with the lesson." If we may judge from his letters, these boisterous diversions were not to the taste of Willis, who from the beginning was more of a lady's man than a man's man, and was given to tea-drinkings and moonlight walks. His tone and bearing are said to have been aristocratic, and not without *hauteur*, and his abilities were acknowledged, even by those whose sympathies were withheld from him. What these abilities were, in part, was shown when he was about nineteen in the *Boston Recorder*, to the Poets' Corner of which he contributed sundry metrical compositions over the signature of "Roy." They suited the character of that paper, in that they were of a religious nature; that is to say, they celebrated certain personages and incidents in the Old and New Testaments, and so far, at least in intention, were Scriptural poems. Why this airy, elegant, dandified young gentleman should have selected such themes as these to exercise his poetical powers upon, can only be conjectured. It could not have been because they reflected a serious side to his mind, for no such side was discoverable, then, or later. Nor could it have been because there was any warrant for the kind of writing they exhibited, and certainly not in the "Hebrew Melodies" of Byron, who, dead less than a year before, was still the prevailing poet. The tenderness that touches us in "The Harp the Monarch Minstrel Swept" and "The Wild Gazelle," the sadness and sorrow that find a voice in "Jephtha's Daughter" and "Saul," and the flood of lyricism that burst forth in "The Destruction of Sennacherib," were in none of them. I know of no one who could have inspired them, except it was Mrs. Hemans, who was more popular in America than in England. I remember a poem of hers, "The Hebrew Mother," which, as nearly as I can make out, was published before the earliest of Willis's Scriptural sketches were written, and in which one cannot fail to detect their manner. It is in blank verse, a measure which most minor poets are fond of writing, probably because it saves them the trouble of finding rhymes, and it is diversified, or meant to be, by the insertion of a lyric, to which it serves as prologue and epilogue. I can recall no English poet who wrote in this fashion before the fair Felicia, and no American poet before the jaunty Nathaniel. If the reader of this rambling paper should happen to have among his books a complete edition of the poetical writings of Mrs. Hemans, and should also happen to have a little spare time, I would advise him to read "The Hebrew Mother," and compare it with any of Willis's Scriptural poems,—*"The Leper,"* say,—and note the

resemblance between the two, a resemblance which is too close, it seems to me, to be accidental. The attitude of the American mind, and the absence of the critical faculty in this mind, at the close of the first and the opening of the second quarter of the century, are apparent in the sensation which was created by these early poems of Willis. They were copied from the *Boston Recorder* into all the newspapers in the land, were cut out of these newspapers and pasted in scrap-books, and, the supply of printed copies failing at last, they were transcribed in albums. They were seized upon by the compilers of anthologies and the makers of school-books, and one or more of them were, no doubt, reprinted in the Reader where I first saw the stanzas on "Saturday Afternoon" of which I have already spoken. The verdict of the reading world was that a new poet had appeared,—a verdict that was accepted by the literary world, as may be seen in the verse which young Mr. Longfellow was now contributing to the *United States Literary Gazette*, particularly in his blank-verse lines on "Autumn," wherein the elegant touch of Willis is as clearly discernible as the didactic touch of Bryant. Of our Scriptural poet at this time of his first triumphs we have a lively glimpse in his memoir by Mr. Henry A. Beers, in the "American Men of Letters" series: "All this literary glory gave the young undergraduate great *éclat* in New Haven. He received many invitations out, and was teased for verses by the owners of numberless albums. He began to frequent the society of the town, where his rapidly developing social gifts soon made him a favorite. He was at this time a tall, handsome stripling, with an easy assurance of manner, and a good deal of the dandy in his dress. His portrait, painted by Miss Stuart, a daughter of the famous portrait-painter Gilbert Stuart, shows him with a rosy face, very fair hair hanging in natural curls over the forehead, a *retroussé* nose, long upper lip, pale gray eye, with uncommonly full lid (a family trait), and a confident and joyous expression. He carried himself with an airy, jaunty grace, and there was something particularly spirited and *vif* about the poise and movement of his head,—a something which no portrait could reproduce. With naturally elegant tastes, an expansive temper, and an eagerness to see the more brilliant side of life, Willis could at all times make himself agreeable to those whom he cared to please. But he was quick to feel the chill of a hostile presence, and towards any one in especial who seemed to disapprove of him he could be curt and defiant. He had a winning way with women, who were flattered by his recognition of their influence over him, and grateful for *les petits soins*, which he never neglected."

His college days over, Willis returned to Boston, where he remained during the next four years, continuing the literary career which he had begun with his Scripture poems. He was in demand, not only in his father's paper, but in a second paper, *The Youth's Companion*, which he started about this time (1827), and in *The Christian Examiner*, *The Christian Watchman*, and other sacred and secular journals. He was in demand, and, better still, he was sometimes paid twice over for the same productions; for the editors of that day were in the habit of offering prizes at the beginning of the year for the best poems contributed to their columns during the previous year, and Willis had the

good fortune to take several of these prizes,—one for his "Absalom," another for his "Sacrifice of Abraham." To no other young man did Boston offer such opportunities of living by authorship as to Willis. While he was at college, Bryant was desirous of making it his home, but was dissuaded from the attempt, the chances of his earning a livelihood there by his pen were so unpromising. He wrote for *The United States Literary Gazette* at the same time as Longfellow, and during the twelvemonth between April, 1824, and April, 1825, he contributed to it more than twenty poems, among them such masterpieces as "The Rivulet," "Summer Wind," "Monument Mountain," "After a Tempest," and "Hymn to the North Star," upon which he set a cash value of two dollars each, which was considerably increased by the right-minded publisher of that unlucky venture. Like Micawber's coals, poetry could not be considered remunerative. But Bryant, it may be said, was too modest, while Willis— Stop a moment. There was, I admit, a difference between the two men; but it was not so much one of modesty, or immodesty, as one of temperament and knowledge. Bryant was diffident, reserved, and ascetic; Willis was confident, bustling, and extravagant. The aim of one was to be a poet, and nothing else; the aim of the other was to be a poet, and a man of the world. It is well, perhaps, to estimate one's powers highly, for the world is apt in the long run to accept a man at the value that he sets upon himself. There was no good reason why Willis should not profit by his success, and accordingly he profited by it. To have cheapened himself would have been foreign to his wishes, his tact, his mind. He did not cheapen himself. The hour was come, and the man,—I mean, the man who was to give his reputation a different direction. This man was Samuel Griswold Goodrich, a native of Connecticut, who at an early age had been a publisher in Hartford, had travelled in Europe when travelling was less common than now, and the year before Willis had left college had returned to America and settled in Boston, where he combined the business of making with the business of selling books. He projected a multifarious personality, *Peter Parley*, which soon became famous the world over through the books which he wrote, and were written for him, and which must have made him a great deal of money. We all read *Parley* when we were children, and, for all I know, our children may be reading *Parley* now, though I hardly think so, since we have invented object-lessons and transplanted the kindergarten. It was the season of Annuals, which, introduced into England by the German Ackermanns, were running their rapid race of popularity there, under editors with an elegant turn of mind like Mr. Alaric A. Watts, who succeeded in persuading Turner, Leslie, Newton, and other artists of repute to make illustrations for them, and a good many authors of the minor sort to write for them. The idea of supplying the American market with pictorial literature of native growth struck two of our early publishers simultaneously,—Elam Bliss, of New York, being one, and the indefatigable Goodrich the other. The venture of Bliss, which was edited by Bryant, Sands, and Verplanck, was called "The Talisman," while that of Goodrich, which was called "The Legendary," was edited by Willis. Both ap-

peared in the same year, 1828. "The Talisman" extended to three annual volumes; "The Legendary" lived a year, and was followed by "The Token," the first volume of which was edited by Willis, and which lived fourteen years, at the end of which time the rage for these ephemera was nearly over. Goodrich's corps of contributors embraced such popular writers as Halleck, Longfellow, Pierpont, John Neal, Willis Gaylord Clark, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, and Mrs. Hale, with other celebrities who have long since been forgotten. But Goodrich's great contributor was Nathaniel Hawthorne. What Goodrich thought of his quondam editor he told us in his later years in a volume of pleasant gossip of which he was the hero and his life as author and publisher the subject: "The most prominent writer for 'The Token' was N. P. Willis. His articles were the most read, the most admired, the most abused, and the most advantageous to the work. In 1827 I published his volume called 'Sketches.' It brought out quite a shower of criticism, in which praise and blame were almost equally dispensed; at the same time the work sold with a readiness quite unusual for a book of poetry at that period. One thing is certain: everybody thought Willis worth criticising. He has been, I suspect, more written about than any other literary man in our history. Some of the attacks upon him proceeded, no doubt, from a conviction that he was a man of extraordinary gifts and yet of extraordinary affectations, and the lash was applied in kindness, as that of a schoolmaster to a loved pupil's back. Some of them were dictated by envy, for we have had no other example of literary success so early, so general, and so flattering. That Mr. Willis made mistakes in literature and life, at the outset, may be admitted by his best friends; for it must be remembered that before he was five-and-twenty he was more read than any other American poet of his time; and besides, being possessed of an easy and captivating address, he became the pet of society, and especially the fairer portion of it. As to his personal character, I need only say that, from the beginning, he has had a larger circle of steadfast friends than almost any man within my knowledge. It is curious to remark that everything Willis wrote attracted immediate attention and excited ready praise, while the productions of Hawthorne were almost entirely unnoticed. Willis was slender, his hair sunny and silken, his cheek ruddy, his aspect cheerful and confident. He met society with a ready and welcome hand, and was received readily and with welcome."

That the genius of Hawthorne, several of whose "Twice-Told Tales" appeared in "The Token," should have escaped recognition while the talent of Willis was at once acknowledged, may excite surprise, though it need not, if one will but stop to consider the marked differences between the matter and the manner of their writing, and the absence of the critical faculty in average readers the world over. The majority of readers know what they like, but why they like, and whether they ought to like, are problems which never trouble them. The history of famous authors and popular writers is often the history of literary mistakes, and as much the mistakes of these authors and writers as of their readers. Wordsworth could not understand the reputation of Byron, neither could Southey, Coleridge, or Lamb. Gifford and Lockhart

derided Keats, and Maginn disgraced himself by attacking Shelley ; and that young Mr. Tennyson had reason to remember rusty, musty, fusty Christopher we all know. Hawthorne was for years, as he confesses in one of his charming prefaces, the most obscure man of letters in America. Praised by the English long before his own countrymen recognized his merits, he was forty-six before he achieved success in "The Scarlet Letter." Willis, on the contrary, was successful from the beginning. There was that in his Scripture poems that suited the popular taste, which was caught by their melodious versification and their picturesque description. That they were precisely what they should not have been,—were artificial when they should have been simple, and pretty when they should have been severe,—in other words, that they violated the spirit of the old Biblical narratives of which they were a recension,—was of no consequence, since their admirers were not critical. He wrote finer poems in "Saturday Afternoon," in "The Annoyer," and his lines "To a Belfry Pigeon," but they were less highly thought of. Young as he was when these compositions flowed from his pen, he was better equipped for the literary profession than any of his contemporaries. He knew enough to serve the purpose he had in view,—had an instinctive tact that supplied his lack of experience, insight that divined what would be acceptable, and capacity to create it if it did not exist, cleverness, adroitness, versatility. His editorial connection with Goodrich, and the editorship of a periodical which he projected at this time on his own account, widened his intellectual horizon, and opened the way to a path of letters in which he was fitted to walk. Popular poet though he was, he had sense enough to know that he could not live by poetry : so he taught himself to write prose. He wrote tales, which bore no resemblance to those of Hawthorne ; discursive essays, chatty criticisms, of the kind that then obtained in English magazines, lighter and less scholarly, but more genial and gentlemanly,—for, whatever may have been the personality he assumed, he always wrote like a gentleman. The qualities which differentiated his writing from the average writing of the period were censured by the critics, whom he never sought to conciliate, and his personal bearing, which was confident and self-possessed, was resented and ridiculed. It is safer to be conventional than individual,—even among individual people, who, as a rule, are more satisfied with themselves than with others, and whose social charity generally begins and ends at home. If Willis, as Goodrich said, had a large circle of steadfast friends, he had a larger circle of steadfast enemies.* His magazine struggled along for two years and came to an end. It was a benefit to him, in that it taught him to write prose, and an injury to him, in that it cost him (or his creditors) upwards of three thousand dollars. The failure of his clever venture sickened him of the censorious people of Boston,—a complaint to which other disappointed men of letters have since fallen victims. He referred to them in a letter which he wrote to his mother from England four years later : "They have denied me patronage, abused me, misrepresented me, refused me both character and genius, and I feel that I owe them nothing. I have never suffered injustice except from my countrymen, and I have in every other land found kindness and favor."

He concludes by saying, "The mines of Golconda would not tempt me to return and live in Boston." Shaking the hallowed dust of Beacon Street and the Common from his sandals, Willis emigrated to New York, where his talents found a larger field of exercise. Nine years before his arrival, during his Freshman year at Yale, a weekly paper had been started in New York, by two poets, who sought to maintain themselves and instruct their countrymen by blending the *utile* and the *dulce* in journalism. Both were older than he, and both had a certain vogue on the stage and in concert-halls. The elder, Woodworth, a native of Massachusetts, had written several plays, one an opera, or operetta, airs from which had reached the little town wherein I lived in boyhood; the younger, Morris, a native of Pennsylvania, had written a Revolutionary drama, and much prose and verse besides. The reputation of both, such as it was, rested on songs,—that of the one on "The Old Oaken Bucket," that of the other on "Woodman, Spare that Tree." The apprenticeship which he had served upon his moribund magazine made Willis a master-workman by the time he joined the staff of *The New York Mirror*. As the paper was not in a very flourishing condition, its editors cast about for ways and means to increase its circulation and enlarge its narrow bank-account, and it was resolved upon over an oyster-supper at the plebeian Delmonico's of that day that Willis should travel abroad and write letters home. The moderate fortune of five hundred dollars was somehow scraped together, and his passage was taken. The world was all before him where to choose,—to the extent of five hundred dollars, which he received in advance, and for which he was to write fifty letters! He was in his twenty-sixth year. The difference between the journalism of sixty years ago and the journalism of to-day is nowhere more apparent than in the emoluments that were disbursed to editors and contributors then. No correspondent now would seriously entertain a proposal to write fifty letters for five hundred dollars, upon which sum he would be expected to maintain himself like a gentleman in the capitals of Europe. Willis had elegant tastes and luxurious habits, but he had also the economy that pertained to his Puritan stock, and a fund of good sense that never dishonored the drafts that were drawn upon it. He was clever enough to be admired, and companionable enough to be liked: so he made friends, one of whom—Mr. Rives, United States Minister to Paris—presented him to the Citizen King and attached him to his own embassy, a courtesy which entitled him to wear the uniform of a secretary of legation and to enter the court circles of the countries he visited. We need not trace his progresses in France, Italy, Greece, Constantinople, and elsewhere, nor analyze his "Pencilings by the Way," which were literally what they purported to be, and were so popular that they were copied from the columns of the *Mirror* into hundreds of city and country journals. American readers of the thirties were comparatively untravelled, and were consequently interested in letters of travel. They had an insatiable thirst for knowledge respecting foreign lands, the traditionary "want to know" of the Yankee infesting the race throughout the States. It was the continuance of this thirst that drove young Bayard Taylor to Europe some fifteen years later than

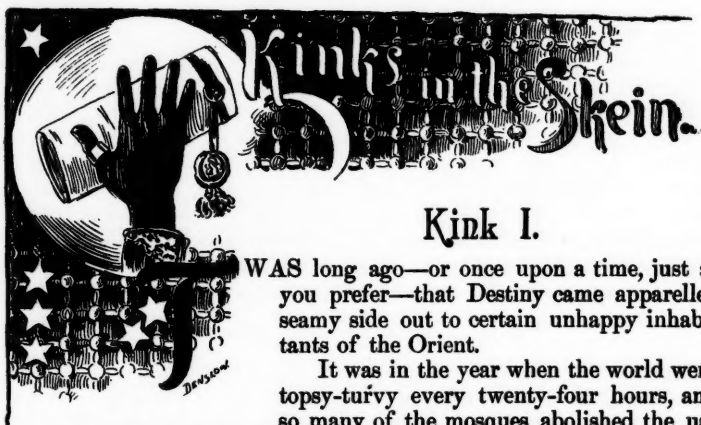
Willis, and has since driven other ambitious country lads to follow in his footsteps. They wore no winged sandals on their feet, however, for they were not poets. Willis was the progenitor of the Special Correspondents of our time, and his correspondence anticipated their brightest and best work. It glanced at and over the surface of European life and manners, and, if deficient in solid information, for which he never cared, was not deficient in picturesque description and social observation. While at Florence he made the acquaintance of Walter Savage Landor, who gave him a letter to Lady Blessington. Fortified with this valuable document, he proceeded to England, where he remained for upwards of two years. He was graciously received by her ladyship, who invited him to dinner, and made him free of her house in Seamore Place, where he met a circle of tolerant authors, who omitted to bring their wives and daughters with them. Among these were Thomas Moore, who had sung his best songs; Bryan Waller Procter, who had not fulfilled the promise of his early manhood; James Smith, of the "Rejected Addresses;" John Galt, the Scottish novelist; and two young gentlemen, one of Hebrew extraction, who began their careers by writing novels and were to end them by becoming peers. Judged by the standard of Beacon Street, the society in Seamore Place was promiscuous and shady. But—not to indulge in any scandal about Queen Elizabeth now—it was distinguished of its kind, and was captivating to Willis, through whose "Pencillings by the Way" lively accounts of it were scattered among his curious countrymen at home.

If Willis in his Continental letters was, as I have intimated, the progenitor of the Special Correspondent, in the English and Scottish letters which succeeded them he was the progenitor of that later, greater personage,—the Interviewer. These letters of Willis's suggest two or three questions in the ethics of letter-writing, and the more dubious ethics of journalism, which had not been mooted before, which have been left open ever since, and which have given Willis an unfragrant memory in the literary mind of England. What are the relations between a guest and his hosts? Does the fact of his eating salt at their tables necessarily close his mouth and paralyze his pen, or is he permitted to speak, though not to write? That private persons have a right to object to any, the least, publicity respecting themselves and their affairs, is as certain, I think, as any obligation in the unwritten code of modern manners. Willis himself would have acknowledged this, for he was a well-bred man, but would have defended himself with the plea that Lady Blessington, and Moore, and Procter, and Bulwer, and Disraeli, were not private persons, but public characters, who ought not to object to being written about in a journal which was published three thousand miles away and was hardly likely ever to reach England. The difference between the communicative writing of Willis and the communicativeness of his epistolary descendants is the difference between personal journalism and journalism of personality. He was the third American author (Irving being the first, and Cooper the second) who succeeded in making a reputation in England, where his pen was speedily in demand, in spite of the disfavor with which some of his "Pencillings"

had been received, and to whose leading periodicals he was a constant contributor. The society in which he moved was of a more showy and artificial kind than he had been accustomed to in America, and it fostered whatever was showy and artificial in his nature. It was a period of dandies and dandified writing, and it suited Willis, who continued its traditions after they had generally fallen into disuse. What Willis was during this first visit of his to England he remained to the day of his death. His personality, both as a man and as a writer, underwent no important change. He was fond of good society, which was fond of him, as it should have been, he was so courteous, so considerate, so kindly, so willing to please and be pleased; and he preferred the manner of letters that he partly invented, and always cultivated, to any other and better manner. He was not naturally a poet, I think, notwithstanding the reputation that he won as a poet, but a magazinist,—a journalist,—a paragraphist. He was reckoned our best magazinist even when Hawthorne and Poe were writing in the same magazines. Poe treated him with acute consideration, in his "Literati,"—praised his social sketches, not only as being clever in themselves, but also as reflecting his personal character, and had a few good words to say about his manner: "His *style* proper may be called extravagant, *bizarre*, pointed, epigrammatic without being antithetical [this is very rarely the case], but, through all its whimsicalities, graceful, classic, and *accurate*. He is very seldom to be caught tripping in the minor morals. His English is *correct*: his most outrageous imagery is, at all events, unmixed."

Beyond and above all other editors and authors whom I chanced to know in my early years, Willis was the most watchful for, and the most considerate towards, young writers,—the most appreciative and generous, and, better than all this, the most helpful. His papers were always open to them, and his pen always ready to praise them. He discovered—if the phrase be not too strong—Bayard Taylor, whose juvenile verse I saw in the *Home Journal*, and the gentlewomen who wrote over the pen-names of *Fanny Forrester*, *Edith May*, and *Grace Greenwood*. He was an authority in letters,—so much so that when I was eighteen or nineteen, and was happy only when I was manufacturing metrical compositions, which I copied in little volumes of white paper, I sent him one of these manuscript booklets wherein I had copied a late pencilling of mine, with a boyish note, asking him to be good enough, if he would, busy as he must be, to say whether there was, or was not, any talent in the same. I left this effusion at the office of the *Home Journal*, in Fulton Street, where at the expiration of a week or two I found it, with a brief note of endorsement, from the pen of Willis. I lost this note years ago, but it read (in substance) as follows: "I think the writer of this poem has genius enough to make a reputation, but pruning, trimming, and condensing are necessary to make it what it should be, as the same labor was necessary to Byron's genius, and Moore's. It is hard work to do, and ill paid when done." I have good reasons to remember Nathaniel Parker Willis.

Richard Henry Stoddard.



Kink I.

WAS long ago—or once upon a time, just as you prefer—that Destiny came appalled seamy side out to certain unhappy inhabitants of the Orient.

It was in the year when the world went topsy-turvy every twenty-four hours, and so many of the mosques abolished the use

of the Koran and put Reuben Elsewhere in its stead.

It was in the year, too, when that facetious marvel Peeping Forward was written and received so seriously by all the tribes from hither to yon, that people, anticipating the premature arrival of the millennium, put on their ascension-robcs,—the only pure thing that most of them possessed,—and went about wofully groaning and beating their breasts, in the unhappy style affected by sinners when they have reason to fear that the world is about to be greatly blessed.

It was a year of untoward things, and Providence, with unusual caprice, had ruffled the shirt-bosom of Muley Ben Whack Ed, the august Sultan of Morocco, Emir of all true believers, and the terror of vandals afflicted with the mania of thinking for themselves.

Muley Ben Whack Ed, his sensitive spirit stung by the harsh treatment accorded a band of his faithful subjects whom he had sent over the border to secure a few more Algerine specimens to add to a collection he was keeping in a harem-scarem sort of way, demanded redress.

He received, instead of redress, or dress of any kind, a *décolleté* Kabyle, with a message from Weddn Dey, ruler of all the Algerines, informing Muley Ben that while he was a good Mussulman he was no clam, and notifying him in regard to his late foraging-parties for new stars for the *corps de ballet* that he proposed to preserve for his own especial use all such talent within his borders.

Furthermore, if Muley Ben Whack Ed persisted in his search, he (Weddn Dey) would mass his forces upon the frontier and precipitate the Sultan of Morocco into the middle of necks tweak in Janizary.

Signed,

Weddn Dey,

his X mark.

Muley Ben Whack Ed made the Kabash howl when the Kabyle delivered his message.

He smote off the messenger's head, tore his own hair vicariously from the heads of his vizier and a cadi who was standing handy, ordered out his troops, and advertised for a new navy to be ready by the close of the war.

He cast well, but didn't seem to land anything.

His army went over the border like so many Napoleons of finance seeking quarters in Khan Ada.

In less than three weeks his forces had gotten into the hilly provinces of Hotwhata, and when the courier brought his head with the news to Sultan Muley Ben Whack Ed, his officers and staff were construing "*Facilis descensus Averni*," which by interpretation is, "It is a heap sight easier to get into Richmond than it is to get out of Libby Prison."

The halting of his army was not the only bad news to come:

One whos doth tread upon another's heels.

The Sultan turned to Don Kharriif Ido, his chief of staff. "Scour the desert," he said, "and bring all our allies of the spears."

"May your shadow never be less, nor your whiskers gray!" said the sheriff, bowing to the ground. "But there is no more dessert. The cook has just reported that there is not a pie in the house."

"Then," groaned the unfortunate monarch, "close the mince and suspend specie payments. Alas! what next?"

And a tall, dark figure, clad in the garb of the desert, rose up before him and said,—

"I, the Berber!"

And they carried the fainting Muley Ben into the harem, where he presently re-wived.

Still, he kept up a vigorous prosecution of the war.

Every time one of his generals lost a battle, he cut off his head for incapacity and example. Every time one of them won a battle, he cut off his head lest he should become popular and ambitious and dangerous.

In the mean time Weddn Dey got into the discouraging habit of defeating Muley Ben Whack Ed's legions with a chronic regularity for which there seemed to be no remedy.

In the midst of these disasters he recollected that his favorite wife, Sahara Simoon, had an eight-hundred-mile-distant relative, the Bey of Tripoli, who was open to the persuasion of a subsidy, provided it was large enough and tendered with sufficient tact.

Here was a possible ally.

Muley Ben had never visited Tripoli, but he had frequently met Tripolitans in the great pashalic of Gnoo Yahk.

So he called Don Khariff Ido, and, cutting off his head, ordered four of the swiftest couriers in the sultanate to be brought to him.

This was finally accomplished at the trifling expense of three more heads, before Muley Ben regained sufficient composure to return to the more formal and time-honored method of deferring the execution until after the errand.

"Allah Bismillahdonnerwetter!" he cried, gritting the enamel from his teeth at the delay, "how I do hate this red tape!" Indeed, for sharp business methods he much preferred the bowstring.

The couriers came, and, prostrating themselves before the Sultan, bumped their heads sharply on the floor thrice, not so much as an act of homage, as to make sure that they were still fast to their necks.

They were not very fleet of foot,—all the runners with records had long since had their necks cut off for bringing bad news from the battle-fields,—but they had one point in their favor, their feet were large, and that covered the ground.

To one of these four couriers Muley Ben intrusted a precious document to be delivered to Fundi Bey, ruler of Tripoli, or to his treasurer, Haf Foffer Khash.

It was arranged that the one of the four who had the document in his possession should have a band of gold about his thumb, to indicate that the paper was in the lining of the sleeve of that arm.

It was also understood that if for any reason the

bearer should intrust the document to the keeping of any of the other envoys the band of gold must always accompany it.

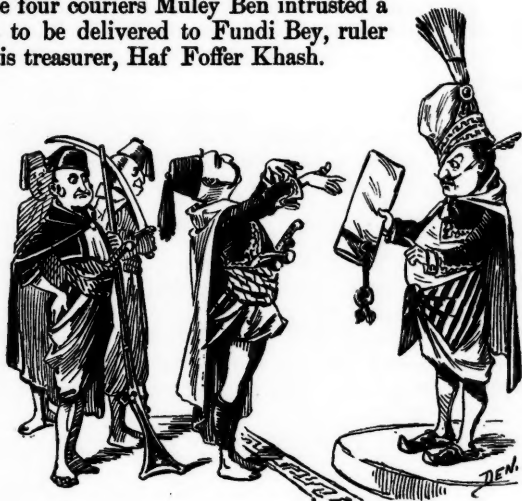
The location of the ring was ever to indicate the hiding-place of the document.

"I believe," said this genial sovereign, in his cordial way, "that is all. Fail me, and you die; succeed, and—well, no matter." And he eyed his scimitar suggestively.

"Away, then, and may all the fiends in Eblis take you! Stay, dogs!" And with a swift movement he cut off the head of the fleetest runner. This necessitated the procuring of another messenger and the redelivery of instructions; but at length everything was satisfactorily arranged, and the messengers shook the dust of the palace ingrain from their feet and started away, neck by neck, all four powerful glad that they had necks to do it with.

After the envoys had departed, it suddenly occurred to the Sultan that he had provided for every contingency but one:

What becomes of the document in the event of all four messengers being killed?



"By the whiskers of the Prophet, what a beautiful dolt you are!" exclaimed Muley Ben Whack Ed, addressing his image in the mirror.

"Thanks, your Majesty," murmured the successor of his late chief of staff, Don Kharif Ido, who entered the apartment just in time to appropriate the remark to himself.

"Ah ha!" cried the Sultan, as he unsheathed his scimitar. "Your arrival is most opportune. The blood of the subject atones for the fault of the king. How will you have your head-piece served?"

"By proxy, your Majesty."

"Ha! ha! first-class! It shall be as you say, if you suggest a means of having the document returned."

"Why not send Prince Felix and Prince Djebel Amur after the messengers?"

"Inspiration! Have them brought hither."

The princes, in search of whom the chief of staff so hastily quitted the royal presence, were temporarily attached to Muley Ben Whack Ed's suite, and permanently attached to his sweet daughter, the beautiful princess Absinthia.

There was no danger they would not have faced for her.

Particularly was this the case with Prince Felix, towards whom the princess leaned with a delightful bias manifested only in the secluded nooks and snuggeries of the palace.

The calculating Muley Ben Whack Ed knew all this, but his objections, if he had any, were suggested by a deeper preoccupation, from which those who saw him oftenest might expect an eccentric display of despotic cruelty.

So in this unforeseen difficulty the princes prepared to meet their sovereign.

The young men made their wills, took off their collars, and came.

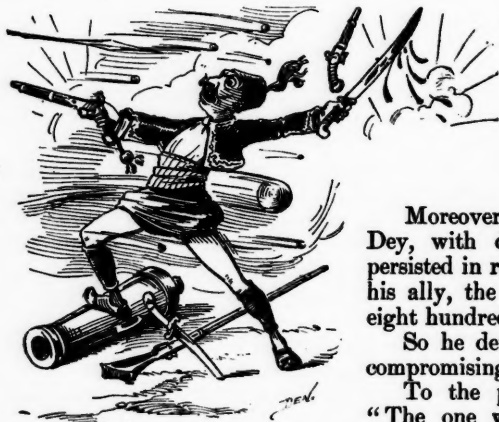
They listened to the words of the Sultan with delight. They

were to overtake the couriers and bring back the document, which touched upon matters which, for the safety of his own precious head, must never see the light.

Moreover, his opponent Weddn Dey, with disgusting regularity, persisted in routing his armies, and his ally, the Bey of Tripoli, was eight hundred miles away.

So he determined to have the compromising document back again.

To the princes he continued, "The one who places the docu-



ment in my hands shall wed the princess Absinthia. The one who returns empty-handed shall also be provided for—*tehkh ! swish !*" With hope in their hearts, and a crick in their necks, they departed. Muley Ben Whack Ed fell to wondering which of the two would dispose of the other, and presently entered an inner chamber of the palace, where a number of gourds were mounted on stuffed figures in the place of heads.

These he cut from the false shoulders one after another with his scimitar, exclaiming at each stroke, "Take that ! and that ! and that !"

Thus did he execute his opponent Weddn Dey substitutively, who in the mean time made things look very black for Muley Ben Whack Ed.

However, it is almost always the unexpected that happens when you are not looking for it.

On their way through the territory of the Algerines, where Weddn Dey was decimating the discouraged remnants of Muley Ben Whack Ed's forces, the four couriers ran into the flank of their sovereign's army just as things were coming to an unpleasant focus.

The conflict was tremendous.

The couriers, being soldiers, accustomed rather to the use of arms than of legs, caught the inspiration of volley and cheer, and aligned themselves with the nearest legion as it swung into position.

Wherever they went, victory roosted upon the nearest tree. They carved everything that wore a turban. Whenever one of them yelled, the nearest Algerine fell dead ; whenever they yelled in chorus, the listener turned to stone ; and if the eleven and forty-four had been with them they could have won the day ; but there were only four, and the combination was incomplete.

The battle was soon over.

The flying Moroccos, tanned to a turn, made soft leather tracks for home,—except those who had been despatched on other business to the sensuous paradise of the credulous barbarian. Dead,—amid heaps of slain,—gashed by a dozen wounds, lay the four soldier couriers, with the document punctuated with bullets and securely bound upon one cold arm.

Now, there was an emergency nobody had thought of providing against. Who ever heard of four men in the same line dying at once ? It was very dramatic, but decidedly improbable.

The unhappy tidings reached Muley Ben Whack Ed ; and, now that his cake was wholly dough, he made overtures of peace to Weddn Dey, and matters were presently adjusted by a one-sided compromise.

That is, the harem of Weddn Dey was increased by the arrival of several new candidates for royal favor, and the harem of Muley Ben was depleted to that extent. The main cause of Weddn Dey's success lay in the fact that he was always to be found in the midst of his army. Thus it was that during the final rally and charge of his opponent's forces he had witnessed the unusual bravery of the quartette of envoys ; and when the unfortunate result of their impetuosity was made known to him he was so profoundly impressed that he gave orders that they should have a military burial in his own territory. Accordingly, the messengers were placed in separate graves one beside the other.

The Dey, of course, did not know to whom he gave this mark of royal regard, except that on the breast of one was tattooed a solitary star, on the breast of the second were two stars, on the breast of the



third were three stars, while the breast of the fourth was distinguished by a crescent moon.

Accordingly, each grave was marked one star, two stars, three stars, and a crescent.

In circumstances of this complexion the two princes reached the scene of the late conflict in their search for the document. They heard the history of the four graves, and knew from the characters marked upon the head-boards that the document they wanted was underneath one of the mounds.

They sought an audience with the conqueror, and to him they said that one of the four men to whom he had accorded the honor of a military burial had upon his thumb a ring that became talismanic by the death of its possessor; and they asked permission to open the graves for the purpose of securing it.

But the Dey did not seem inclined to consent to this, because he had given these brave men an appropriate burial and did not care to have their graves disturbed. However, upon discovering the rank of the two young men, and influenced by their evident anxiety, he consented to the following:

"You must determine beforehand which one of the graves contains the ring, and you may open that one. But should you uncover the wrong body your heads must pay the penalty."

This gruesome condition caused a sinking sensation in their hearts

and aggravated the crick in their necks. But it was that or nothing: so they, perforce, consented.

The prime necessity now was to determine to which of the four messengers the Sultan had intrusted the document at the outset; for Muley Ben Whack Ed, with characteristic elision of detail, had neglected to mention this feature of the case, in his instructions to the princes.

They concluded that the man of one star, or Murad, as he was known in the sultanate, was not the one to whom the Sultan intrusted the document at first, from the fact that Muley Ben Whack Ed had recently relieved one of Murad's relatives of his fortune and his head at the same time.

Bedad, or the envoy of two stars, was equally unlikely to have the document upon his person, if not for a similar reason, at least for one equally valid; that is, Bedad was not in the habit of wearing a doublet, his main apparel being a generous allowance of sun-burned complexion; so there was no sleeve in which to bestow it.

He of the three stars, or Ghetta Long Jo, they also concluded was not custodian of the document, since he had only been sent with the envoys on general principles, having no specific virtues of his own.

His prominent characteristics had been the aridity of his intellect and the inconsiderate impetuosity of his actions.

But Muley Ben Whack Ed never plucked persimmons before they were ripe: so the princes wisely presumed that Ghetta Long Jo had been sent with the envoys to get himself into trouble by his previousness and thus distract attention from his associates.

Accordingly, they decided that the document would be found in the grave of Ovah the Moor, or him of the crescent moon.

There was no other solution of the difficulty. The equation could be eliminated no further, and what remained had to be the answer.

So they announced to the Dey that they had determined to dig in the grave designated by the sign of the crescent moon.

In the mean time the Dey had been thinking; that is to say, he had called in his vizier, and had concluded that there is no place for a talismanic ring like the hands of a sovereign.

This was an unfortunate conclusion,—unfortunate for the finder of



the ring; because a Dey is apt to follow a fancy in an arbitrary fashion. Therefore he informed the princes that there was no reason why both of them should imperil their heads at once, and that they might decide between them which was to fly in the face of Providence.

This would leave a prince for further search.

The lot fell to Prince Djebel Amur.

He was furnished with a spade and directed to commence his probe into the secrets of the dead.

It did not take him long to reach the casket, which had been buried with as little sod as ceremony.

But in the act of raising the lid he paused and looked at the Dey in evident distress.

"Weakening!" exclaimed the sovereign, "I'll wager a sequin to a cent."

"The sequin is mine, then," responded the prince, "as well as"—with a gasp—"the scent. Have you any chlorides handy? No matter." And, with the varied sensations of one who is about to hazard treasure for bagatelle, he pried off the lid and gazed earnestly for a moment at the gruesome sight, and then started back with a cry of terror.

"What now?" inquired the Dey.

"Swish thwick!" murmured the executioner, as he felt the edge of his scimitar.

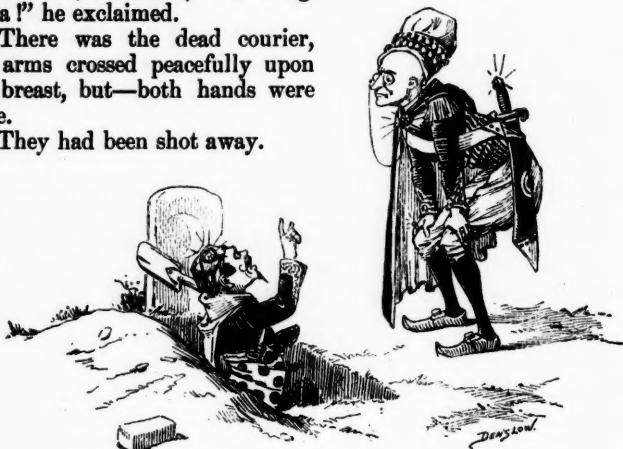
Several of the court officials pressed forward about the grave, a look of perplexity overspreading their countenances.

They fell back as the Dey approached and gazed into the opening.

"Allah, Bismuth, and Magnesia!" he exclaimed.

There was the dead courier, his arms crossed peacefully upon his breast, but—both hands were gone.

They had been shot away.



Robert J. Burdette.



Some Dey, some Dey I will meet you, love;
I know not when or how.

THE sun was just about declining with thanks and a flushed face which proved that he was wise to do so, as our second chapter opens.

That is, he seemed to be declining to stand still according to the fevered imagination of unhappy Prince Felix.

A wide sweep of Oriental sand and alkali, trackless as the heaving bosom of the night, stretched far away towards the flushed and slightly razzle-dazzled features of the above-mentioned declining luminary.

A few hare-lipped camels, with ear-muffs on their legs and side-whiskers here and there scattered over their persons, stood about, ripe for the camel's-hair shawl maker.

Gaudy trappings covered their poorly upholstered systems as they stretched themselves out in the gathering gray of evening, adding to the strange and weird picture, which I could more fully paint in choice and beautiful language if I had been able to read the preceding chapter.

In the foreground the haughty monarch leaned upon his curved stab-knife, wrapped in thought and a large red nubia of untold value.

He was softly whistling the words with which this chapter opens.

What was to be done?

The discovery of a dead messenger with no ring upon his hand would have been an easy problem to solve; but a man with no hands at all was a complication altogether without precedent in this style of literature, and it placed the great Weddn Dey, ruler of all the Algerines, in a peculiar situation.

"Bismillah Abdallah Bismuth Chinchilla," he cried, beating upon his breast with his clinched hands, "this is indeed a great note. I must go to my tent and think of this a little. Excuse me, gentlemen," he continued. "I never could think in public. I will step aside from your gaze, if you please, and have an idea."

He was gone some little time, during which the trained ear could easily hear the great monarch thinking. When he returned he had made up his mind with the head towards the north, according to the Oriental method of making up the mind.

He said that Prince Djebel Amur had hardly been accorded what, in his own barbaric tongue, he was pleased to call "a fair shake." The young man must be granted a new deal before shuffling off his mortal coil, and thus obtain another chance.

Taking a large chew of tobacco from the carefully dried and prepared third stomach of a camel, which he always carried as a tobacco-pouch, the Resurrecto Dey ordered the perspiring prince to lance another grave.

The wise monarch came to this decision for two reasons,—viz.:

He wanted to be considered just and stand well with the press, therefore the princes were righteously and equitably entitled to another whirl, as he called it; and, secondly, he desired the magic ring, with which he was sure he could, by uniting with the court-house ring, make himself entirely solid with his people and add to his Oriental pull among the nations of the earth.

He did not say so, but it was generally conceded by those who knew this royal pelican that the prince who found the ring would also be excused as soon as he had done so, and that on the following morning his beautiful young head might be found among the unanswered postal cards and begging letters in the monarch's waste-paper-basket, whilst the royal old thief would wear the ring as comfortably as it was possible for a felon to wear a close-fitting ring.

That was the train of thought also pursued by the unfortunate princes.

They could not conceal from themselves, even, that they had fallen into the hands of a cruel and relentless despot; but their duty was plain.

Dazzled by the prospects of obtaining the ring, the old barbarian would not suspect them of their real design,—to wit, the discovery of the concealed document.

The Dey, however, was somewhat disturbed by the statement previously made as to the ring becoming talismanic.

Possibly he would not be able to work it after he got it unless he kept the young princes by him.



This worried him, because he was already keeping more help than he could afford, and his every-day suite, to say nothing of his Sunday clothes, would knock the ciphers out of a national surplus at the rate of one per week; while clothes for his wives required an annual issue of debenture bonds which would have brought about a temporary paresis in old Croesus himself, if this facetious old despot had not contracted a habit of accephalating his creditors when they wouldn't renew *ad libitum*.

Several times he had threatened to establish the rule that he would make his prisoners, hereafter, board themselves, but he had always weakened on it.

In the mean time, what must he do with these two boys who possessed the combination to the talismanic ring?

Then a startling thought occurred, that caused him involuntarily to put his hand to his head to discover if the patent steel-woven ruff was safely adjusted about his neck: Does the death of each succeeding possessor of the ring intensify its talismanic qualities?

If so, it may occur to some of his travelling suite that a well-directed welt over the head of his most gracious Majesty while he is thinking of the tariff, some day, would bring to the assassin, through the ring, a degree of power even greater than that heretofore possessed by the Dey himself.

All these strange thoughts chased each other rapidly through the dreary waste which the "pussy" old monarch was pleased to call his mind.

We will not delay our story, however, to moralize over an immoral sovereign, for the princes want the document, the Dey desires the ring, and that overworked convenience "the dear reader" is no doubt in a fever of anxiety to have things come to a focus.

So let us at once proceed with this remarkable story, which not only involves the history of two great countries, but calls into play, in its recital, three of the brightest minds to be found in the whole realm of American prevarication.

We will now proceed with the story.

The Dey decided, at length, that the experiment must go on: so he told the princes that they were entitled to another experiment, if they desired,—according, however, to the previous condition.

They made no objection to this, because Prince Djebel Amur had in his former effort dexterously assured himself that the document was not in the sleeve of the deceased's doublet, there being no lining whatever to his sleeve, the satin having been pulled out in putting the garment on, and never put back again, owing to the absence of defunct's wife.

Prince Djebel having made the other exhumation, and being somewhat heated by the exertion, it was decided that Prince Felix should make the next experiment. So, moistening his hands, and having scoured the spade a little by means of his voice, for he had a very harsh and searching voice indeed, he proceeded to put a little camphor on his handkerchief, and then to dig to his own almost certain death, whatever the result might be, unless the tender-hearted old administration

decided that he could not work the talismanic combination without help.

He hesitated for a short time over the question of which grave to open.

Finally he cut a little witch-hazel crotch and held it upright as he walked, seeking to divine the proper locality to dig up as the well-digger of the Occident still does.

He had just reached a certain grave, the one bearing above it the emblem of the single star, when the disgusted and impatient old monarch spanked him with the flat of his scimitar in a way that took the temper not only out of the sword but also out of Prince Felix himself.

"Dog of an enemy," exclaimed the infuriated monarch, as he kicked the sands of the desert into the sultry air, "will you keep us waiting all the week?"

"By the burnsidcs of the Prophet, thou hadst better hustle, or to-night the jackals and vultures of Algeria will not only dine late on the remains of the dangerous but dead envoy whom thy companion hath unearthed, but I will see that both of you shall constitute a banquet for the denizens of the desert,—when



the tiger shall taste thy juicy Morocco tenderloin, and the tigress of Algiers with her whining whelps shall select some of the white and

some of the dark, and all the beasts that prey and prowl shall pick their teeth with thy wish-bone, to the soft lowing of the Alderney bul-bul."

At this Prince Felix began to probe the chosen grave, while the Dey and his suite retired for a short distance and held their handkerchiefs to their noses out of respect for the dead Murad.

Presently the prince reached the casket, which was but a little way below the surface, and, prying off the lid, he recognized the face of Murad. But there was no band of gold upon either of his thumbs.

At this the prince felt of his own head, to reassure himself that it was still there.

However, without losing his head until he had to do so, he rapidly ran his hand up the sleeve of deceased, as gently and gracefully as a campaign committee going through a department at Washington.

Eureka!

It is there!

Quickly he ripped open the lining and secured the document with one hand while ostensibly weeping with the other over his dead friend.

Thrusting the document into his doublet, he was about to breathe a sigh of relief, when it occurred to him that the Dey of Algiers had a crow to pick with him, and that no price which he might pull out of his morocco pocket-book could save his head.

The brunette monarch approached, and discovered that the search in so far as the ring was concerned had proved fruitless.

He saw that he must do as he said he would, or lose the respect of his people and court the adverse criticism of the press.

But the ring was not yet secured. However, the old monarch was not the pearl-gray ass of the desert which he looked to be.

As one of his wives said to him while he was crossing the Channel on one of their bridal tours and while his nibs was somewhat ill,—“Ah,” she said, while the love-light lingered in her glorious eyes and her fair face reminded one of a Peri,—“ah, your Majesty, Full Moon of the Empire, Sachet-powder of the Universe, thou dew upon the lip of Beauty, how true it is that we never know what a Dey may bring forth!”

“Thou hast indeed a great head,” said the monarch, as he took a little bismuth and lemon, “and I still maintain that I never had a wife in my enclosure that knew so well my sorrowing heart, or so wisely spoke, and yet so seldom withal. Allah preserve thee, sweet one! so be that it be well done, thou wilt wear the blue ribbon at the county fair.”

* * * * *

But to return to the solemn scene at the grave.

The haughty Dey felt that he must adhere to his royal decree and sever the handsome head of the prince from his body at sundown.

So the unhappy young man was conducted to a gloomy dungeon, to await the hour when Day began its customary larks with Night at the regular occidental rendezvous.

This fateful time was still two hours distant, for the fevered imagination of the prince had grossly deceived him as he began his work at the opening of this chapter.

As matters stood, Prince Djebel was at liberty to return to his sovereign, but did not dare to do so without the document which, un-



known to him, was in the keeping of Prince Felix, who had not an opportunity to communicate this important fact to his friend.

The Dey's desire for the ring was still ungratified, and the ring itself had strangely disappeared from the thumb of the dead envoy.

It had either been lost, or forfeited in penuckle to one of the two envoys still uncovered.

Or, more likely, it had with its graven motto, "*In hoc signo vinces*," been left in the keeping of one of the numerous military usurers invariably to be found along the route of contending armies, and its "*signo vinces*" was "*in hoc*."

At all events, its recovery was sufficiently unlikely to jeopardize the head of Prince Djebel, whom the Dey proposed to utilize in a further search, and affairs generally were in a disgusting hodge-podge.

The sun now began to decline and ask the hectic west to excuse him.

A lull came over the desert as genuine and unbroken as the rest of Murad, whose still features mocked the turbulency of grim-visaged war.

Far away his brothers are at play in the tent of his father.

The childish laughter of young Boneshad mingles with the merry whoop of Billdad, Tumad, Futpad, and Tubad.

But he recks not.

The hot simoon of the desert can no more wither and blast his life. Where he has gone, if the simoon came with its hot breath people would have to bring in their garden-stuff to keep it from freezing.

Where Murad is, according to the best orthodox information we can obtain, one of our earthly smelters would make a good refrigerator.

Reluctantly I leave the poor princes, one cursed with doubts as to the whereabouts of the long-sought-for document which, when found, it is very doubtful if any one can read, the other a prisoner awaiting the sunset which will bring to him his rapidly ripening doom.

Weddn Dey is very cross about the ring. Wheeling about sorrowfully, he wraps seven or eight more shawls about him and goes to his beautifully caparisoned tent, muttering through his blue lips and chattering teeth, "Bismillah Cas-carilla Ballywhack Manilla Mohammed, but it is a cold Dey when I get left."

And the sun kept on declining.



Bill Nye.



Northern Wisconsin. The snow was snowing as only snow snows in the pages of an illustrated Christmas story. If it had not been such a dark, dank, etcetera night, the snow might have been observed silently covering the surface of the fifty-dollars-an-acre landscape on which was situated a plain, old-fashioned farm-house, the home of John Blivens. It was only about ten minutes' walk, on a long summer day, from the little red school-house down the creek. Outside in the bosom of the night the elements were making it very uncomfortable for a tall, thin, gray-haired man without a buffalo overcoat who was slowly plodding his way through the snow-drifts down by the little red school-house. The wind, in fitful gusts, scooped up great sheets of snow and sent them swirling in drifts against the doors and windows of the old farm-house, then, in seeming savage enjoyment of its power, it shrieked through the keyhole and howled down the chimney, and anon in malevolent glee it thrashed its way down through the orchard, breaking the branches and swaying the trunks of the gnarled old apple-trees; out and down the lane it went, its icy breath blowing in no uncertain way through the whiskers of the tall, thin man who was plodding his way past the little red school-house. The dog-chain rattled as the dog shivered and scrooged himself down deeper into the straw in his barrel. The dog got up and howled and then lay down again. A bird aloft in a branch of the old elm by the gate chirruped a pitiful protest against the cold, and stuck its head under its wing.

Inside the farm-house, in a big arm-chair in front of a great wide fireplace, sat John Blivens, asleep. The fire had burned low, and only the red glow of a heap of embers dimly lighted up his rugged features. At uncertain intervals a twig from the huge back-log dropped into the

glowing embers, and as it blazed up sent lights and shadows flickering over the walls. The old man slept on, oblivious of the fact that only six miles away, down in the vaults of the First National Bank, his mortgage note was silently but surely drawing eight per cent. interest. The dog got up and howled and then lay down again. The tall, thin man had now passed the little red school-house, and was plodding on. The snow fell, and the wintry wind still continued to be about.

John Blivens moved uneasily in his chair. The bird in the elm staggered on its perch, looked out at the rapidly-falling snow, and again stuck its head under its wing. The old clock in the corner continued to tick with the same regularity and industry that it had exhibited when the grandfather of John Blivens was twenty years young. The dog got up and howled and then lay down again.

With a start John Blivens awoke, and, without uttering a word, stepped quietly to the corner, and, bending low over some dark object, lifted it gently in his arms and carried it out of the black shadows. It was a black-jack log. He placed it in the fire. Then he brought another log out of the gloom, and, laying it on top of the first, he adjusted it in place with the toe of his three-dollar shoe. A fierce gust of wind rattled the window, and through a crevice blew a tiny drift of fine snow on to a Farmers' Almanac that lay on the deep, broad window-sill. The bird lay dead in the snow at the foot of the old elm at the gate. John Blivens turned to the clock. The hands on its honest face pointed to ten minutes past twelve.

"Well, I swan!" said John Blivens; "and this is Saturday night, too!" As he reached out to get the key to wind up his faithful time-piece his hand stopped as if paralyzed, and a look of surprise beginning at the corners of his mouth spread all over his wrinkled face. He seemed to be listening intently. "I could have sworn I heard foot-marks," said John Blivens. The dog got up and howled and then lay down again.

* * * * *

At the same time that the chilly incidents just narrated were occurring on that frigid night in Northern Wisconsin, the third kink in this tangled skein was unwinding itself far away in Algiers; but, although it was the same moment of time, the sun was shining brightly in Northern Africa. Two hours before, Prince Felix sat in the prison-cell to which he had been consigned by the Dey of Algiers. He was to die when the sun was an hour high. Time, that moves on leaden wings when one is waiting at a way-station for an accommodation train,—that same *tempus fugit* appeared to be rushing into eternity at a feverish and altogether unnecessary rate of speed. His cell was furnished in a frugal manner with a table, a chair, and a cheap copy of the Koran in paper covers with advertisements on the last three pages. On the wall was a lithographed time-table of the Tripoli, Tunis & Morocco Railroad and its Suez Canal connections. I mention these seemingly unimportant details not that they have any connection with our story, nor because they are true, but because they may interest the gentle reader who has been in jail or who expects to be there, and

further because to other readers they may perchance serve to while away an idle moment without bringing the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence.

The prince sat in the chair, his elbows resting on the table and his face covered with his hands. He was buried in thought. Occasionally he bit his lip; then he gnawed his rich tawny mustache and clinched his hands until his finger-nails sunk deep into the flesh. It is a rule with all melodramatic heroes to do this when they get into tight places, and Prince Felix made no exception to the rule. Pacing the floor, his eye caught the time-table of the T., T. and M. R. R.; but it had little interest for him. What cared he whether the 4.20 P.M. train made close connection at Tunis with the boats for Port Said, or whether the early milk-train from El Bedah ran, or did not run, on Sunday? Was he not going to die when the sun was an hour high? was not that bright orb even now moving rapidly in the direction of Oshkosh and other places U.S.A., and no Joshua at hand to make it stand still?

These bitter reflections passed through his mind as he paced savagely up and down the narrow confines of his dungeon-cell. As he stepped on a rat while making a quick turn to avoid falling over his chair he laughed bitterly in the rich tenor voice for which he was noted in the *salons* of Morocco, and began expressing his thoughts aloud:

"This, then, is the end of all! not a single ray of hope is left. All is lost! I am doomed to die ere the sun is an hour high. It is dark yet, but e'en now the morning sun is doubtless going to press. I am, however, determined to die as becomes an envoy of the Sultan. As the cold of winter strengthens the blood of man, so does my adversity strengthen my resolution to act like a prince and to die like a man. Ha! ha! cruel Dey of Algiers, you may slay me, but you cannot harm my Absinthia. She will marry some one worthy of her, and, alas! forget me."

The prince strode fiercely from end to end of his cell, but became more calm as the words of the old nursery-song came to him, and he softly murmured its soothing refrain:

She may be happy yet,
You bet.

The good Prince Felix, although giving expression to these thoughts, was less anxious and distressed about his own approaching death and the future of his beloved Absinthia than he was as to what disposition to make of the despatch that he had taken from the sleeve of the dead messenger's doublet. It would be fatal to the fortunes of his illustrious master the Sultan if the Dey of Algiers should gain possession of the document, and this he would likely do after the prince's execution. There was no way to destroy it,—no fire in his cell in which to burn it, no instrument with which to dig a hole wherein it could be buried. The despatch was small and written on thick parchment.

"Ha!" said the prince, "by the whiskers of the Prophet, I have it!"

He was wrapped in deep thought for a moment : then he unwrapped the deep thought, and these are the portentous words that issued from his lips :

"I shall eat it."

He immediately began putting his plan into execution. Kicking the door, it was at once opened, and an armed guard appeared.

"Varlet ! a ham sandwich, quick ! and, mark ye, plenty of mustard."

The guard disappeared. The door slammed. The prince was again alone.

"By the great horn spoon of the Prophet, a new idea ! I shall *not* eat it," said he. "I know a trick worth two of that. Ha ! ha ! Again I say, Ha ! ha ! I shall kill two birds with one little worm."

It may be parenthetically remarked here that Prince Felix was much less of a fool than he looked.

Once more he kicked the door, and the guard appeared.

"Vassal of a generous foe, ask your master if his distinguished prisoner may write a letter of farewell to the illustrious Sultan of Morocco and forward it by the hand of Prince Djebel Amur."

The guard made a hasty Exit L. U. E. To the prince it seemed that he was gone for hours, when really only ten minutes elapsed before he returned and informed the prince that the Dey had graciously granted his request. Writing-materials were brought, and Prince Djebel Amur was summoned to receive the letter.

When the latter arrived, the missive was finished and sealed.

"Hark !" said Prince Felix to Prince Djebel Amur, as he

handed over the letter. "Also H-i-s-t ! Here is the Sultan's despatch to the Bey of Tripoli. I found it in the sleeve of the messenger's doublet in the grave I searched, although the ring was not there. The Dey thinks this is merely a letter of farewell from me to my master. Hand it to the Sultan. He will reward you as may be pleasing to him, and you may possibly bask in the sunshine of Absinthia's smiles during the rest



of your life. Tell them that I died happy in the thought that I had served them. Farewell, my brother."

Prince Felix turned to the wall, apparently to hide his emotion, but there was a grim smile on his face and a swift though slight motion of the left eyelid. What these mysterious actions meant will develop later on.

It was only an hour now before the time set for the execution. As Prince Djebel Amur stepped out into the court-yard, where his camel stood saddled ready to carry him back to Morocco, the sun was rising in the east. The prince kicked the beast away from the remains of an old army overcoat on which he was breakfasting, and, leaning up against a post, began to think. He was pleased to have possession of the despatch, for without it he dare not, on pain of death, return to the Sultan. He thought of the beautiful Absinthia, and his thoughts were pleasant thoughts; but a shadow passed over his face when he reflected that the uncertain and autocratic Sultan might be in ill humor when he learned of the death of Prince Felix, who of all the nobles in his realms was the favorite, and when he found that although the despatch had not fallen into his enemy's hands yet it had not reached his ally the Bey of Tripoli. When the Sultan was in one of his tantrums he had an unpleasantly extemporaneous way of ordering heads to be amputated, regardless of law, evidence, justice, or pleas for a change of venue. Was the chance of the prize worth the risk? Would the Sultan value the returned despatch? Happy thought! would it not be worth more to the Sultan's enemy the Dey of Algiers? The belief that it would be better policy on his part to turn it over to the Dey and trust to reward from him was strengthened when he overheard one of the officers of the Dey's household troops tell another officer that the Dey, being in a genial mood, was considering the desirability of pardoning Prince Felix. This decided Prince Djebel Amur. "Prince Felix free," he muttered, "and he will demand from me the document. He will get honors from the Sultan, and the hand of Absinthia, and I—I shall get left."

Prince Djebel Amur requested an immediate audience with the Dey, stating that he had important information to impart. He was at once admitted to the presence of the Dey, who, surrounded by his courtiers and vassals, was impatiently waiting the hour of Kam Sosh, which being interpreted means the time of execution,—an hour after sunrise, or six o'clock by a Waterbury watch.

"Illustrious Dey! Chief beam of the Eternal Luminary! allow your slave to kiss the sole of your slipper," said the obsequious prince, as he knelt before the Dey and bowed his head until his forehead touched the three-ply ingrain on the dais.

"Who is this presumptuous biped?" said his Deyship to the Chief Lord High Jinks in waiting.

Without waiting for the Chief L. H. J. to reply, the prince bowed again, and said,—

"Illustrious Dey! Light of the Earth, Son of the Dog-Star, and Brother of the Comet of 1856! it is I, Prince Djebel Amur. Here is an important document in this envelope which Prince Felix, now under sentence of death, gave me to carry back to the Sultan. It contains

matters of great import to your illustrious self, and gives evidence of an alliance between your enemies that bodes evil to your person and realm. I present it to you."

"Prince," responded the Dey, "we appreciate your motives. You shall have unexpected honors heaped upon you. You may kiss our other toe."

Thus speaking, the Dey opened the envelope and read the letter. Prince Djebel Amur eagerly watched him as he read. As the Dey absorbed the contents, the frown on his face gradually faded, and in its place came a smile that developed into a cheerful chuckle as he folded the letter and stowed it away in the pistol-pocket of his trousers.

"It is well," said the Dey. "The hour for the execution of Prince Felix is at hand. Will the good Prince Djebel Amur accompany us to the campus?"

In the open space devoted to executions, on an ivory chair, sat the Dey in front of the headsman's block. On his right stood Prince Djebel Amur, pale, but confident. On his left the red-cloaked executioner stood leaning on the hilt of a great, broad, gleaming scimitar. Behind were a company of the household troops and a multitude of citizens.

"Bring forth Prince Felix." The prisoner was brought forward and stood before the Dey.

"Was this letter addressed by you to the Sultan?"

"It was," replied Prince Felix.

"And you," said the Dey, addressing Prince Djebel Amur, "received this document from Prince Felix with instructions to carry it to the Sultan?"

"Even so, may it please you, most exalted Dey."

"Prince Djebel Amur, in the realm of your sovereign as well as in my dominions there is but one punishment for treachery. You doubtless know what that is?"

"I do. It is death."

"And a just punishment for such a crime?" interrogatively said the Dey.

"Most truly," replied Prince Djebel Amur.

"Let the Chief Lord High Jinks read aloud the document sent by Prince Felix to the Sultan, and now haply fallen into our hands," said the Dey.

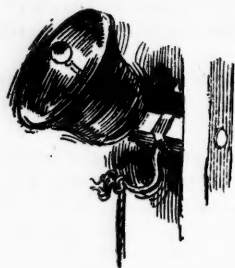
The Chief L. H. J. took the letter, and in a voice that would warp a tin roof, read as follows:

"To the august MULEY BEN WHACK ED, Sultan of Morocco and Emir of all true believers:

"SIRE,—When this letter shall have been placed in your hands your most humble subject Prince Felix will be no more.

"Within one hour from this writing my unfortunate head will ornament one of the palings of the palace, for at sundown my life is forfeit to Weddn Dey.





"However, your Majesty, the fault is my own, and there should be no unkindly feelings cherished by you towards the august Dey of Algiers.

"It is unfortunate that you have ever engaged in warfare with Weddn Dey, for he is a most generous and high-minded ruler.

"And I feel certain that your Majesty would be profoundly impressed with his character if you could come into personal contact with him.

"His subjects all love and venerate him, and——"

The Chief Lord High Jinks paused abruptly.

"What's the matter?" cried Weddn Dey, impatiently. "Go on: it is very interesting."

But the L. H. J., after one more attempt, fell exhausted, and had to be carried away. That last sentence was too much for him. A subordinate was directed to resume the reading of the letter.

"And everybody admires——"

"Hold on!" cried the Dey; "go back a few sentences."

And the subordinate resumed:

"His subjects all love and venerate him, and everybody admires his just though determined rule.

"He is particularly noted for the wisdom of his decrees, and noble or subject is equally sure of justice. Embrace the beautiful Absinthia for me, and tell her my last thoughts were of her.

"Farewell, Sire.

"Your faithful subject,

"PRINCE FELIX."

An ashen pallor overspread the face of Prince Djebel Amur as the reading of the letter proceeded. When it ended, his knees knocked together. He knew that he had overreached himself and that his doom was sealed with a large broad seal, without which no Oriental doom is genuine.

The astute Prince Felix, knowing the character of Prince Djebel Amur, had written the letter purposely to trap him. He believed that the chances were ten to one that he would act in the traitorous way that he did. Therefore he had not given him the document at all: that precious missive was safely hidden away in the bosom of his doublet.

"Stand forward, Prince Felix," said the Dey. "We have read your letter. We like your style. It is our will that you go free. You will be furnished with an escort and conveyed to the frontier of your own country.



"As for you, audacious foreigner," turning to Prince Djebel Amur, "it is decreed that you take the place of a better man than yourself; and, for your treachery, die as you would have been pleased to have seen him die."

Prince Djebel Amur in wild despair threw himself on the ground before the Dey and exclaimed,—

"O Morning Sun of the world, O Aurora Borealis of the Eastern hemisphere, hear me——"

"Not a word," sternly said the Dey. "We have decreed. Executioner, do your duty."

There was a brief struggle; a red cloak was cast on the ground; a broad blade gleamed for a moment in the sunlight—swish!

There was one stroke on the great brazen bell up in the tower of the palace. As its sound reached the city below, all the people shuddered, for they knew that it only sounds its gruesome knell when some unfortunate goes to his death by order of the Dey.

* * * * *

Away up in Northern Wisconsin John Blivens wound up his clock and went to bed. The dog got up and howled and then lay down again.



J. Armoy Knox.

IN THE EVENING.

I.

IN the evening of our days,
When the first far stars above
Glimmer dimmer, through the haze,
Than the dewy eyes of love,
Shall we mournfully revert
To the vanished morns and Mays
Of our youth, with hearts that hurt,—
In the evening of our days?

II.

Shall the hand that holds your own,
Till the twain are thrilled as now,
Be withheld, or colder grown?
Shall my kiss upon your brow
Falter from its high estate?
And, in all forgetful ways,
Shall we sit apart and wait,—
In the evening of our days?

III.

Nay, my wife,—my life!—the gloom
Shall enfold us velvetwise,
And my smile shall be the groom
Of the gladness of your eyes:
Gently, gently as the dew
Mingles with the darkening maze,
I shall fall asleep with you,—
In the evening of our days.

James Whitcomb Riley.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

THAT little parasite with the curious white berry, the mistletoe, has long been a puzzle and a mystery to botanists, naturalists, and antiquaries. But we will leave the botanists and naturalists to fight out their battles among themselves, and merely glance at what the antiquaries have to say concerning the origin of the pleasant and of course popular custom of kissing a maid under the mistletoe.

Now, as there is nothing new under the sun, when we come to vexing ourselves about the origin of things we find we must go almost as far back as the creation itself, and certainly the origin of the connection between mistletoe and kissing indicates a no less than primeval antiquity, and may be one of those things which, as Lord Dundreary was wont to observe, "no fellow can find out." But at least it is worth while to glance at what the antiquaries have to tell us, and it will surprise no one who beholds the mistletoe at this season seductively hanging from on high to be told that of old the little plant was sacred to love. The Scandinavians dedicated the mistletoe to Freya, their goddess of beauty and love. Freya united in herself the attributes of Venus and of Proserpine, who was the queen of the dead, and it is curious how the mistletoe has been inextricably mixed up with both love and death, the story of Freya and Balder, her son, furnishing a striking illustration. Balder, so the legend goes, dreamed a dream presaging danger to his life, and this dream was a cause of much anxiety to his mother, who, to make sure of fate, exacted a promise from Earth, Air, Fire, and Water, and all things springing from them, that they would do no harm to her son. This done, the Scandinavian gods met in their hall, and, placing Balder in their midst, amused themselves by casting stones, darts, lances, and swords at him as he stood. True to their oaths, they fell from him, leaving him unscathed. Loki, the spirit of evil, filled with wonder and envy at the sight, resolved to learn the secret of Balder's invulnerability. Transforming himself into an old woman, he went to Freya, told her how her son bore unhurt the assaults of all the deities, and soon wormed himself into her confidence and won the secret of Balder's invulnerability. For to Loki's inquiry if all things had made the promise not to injure Balder the goddess replied that all things had taken the oath save the mistletoe, which was too feeble to hurt, if it would. Loki then left Freya, resumed his own shape, and, plucking up the mistletoe by its roots, fashioned it into an arrow as he went. On rejoining the assembly he found the gods still at their sports, but, looking around, spied blind Höder (the god of fate) standing silently apart from an amusement he could not share. Loki entreated him to do honor to Freya's offspring, placed the arrow in his hand, and guided his arm. It flew with fatal accuracy, and stretched the unhappy Balder dead before the startled gods. All nature mourned so bitterly the death of the sun-god that Hela agreed to restore him if it could be shown that everything lamented. Then every creature wept, and the trees even dropped their branches in token of their grief. Loki alone stood tearless. In holy rage the assembled gods rushed on the cause of the world's sorrow, bore him to the bottomless pit, and chained him fast. At this unexpected result of

his evil work, Loki shed tears copiously, and, Hela's condition being thus fulfilled, Balder returned to life.

Prof. Skeat explains why the mistletoe should be of all created things the slayer of the sun-god (Balder) by saying that the myth represents the tragedy of the solar year, the sun overwhelmed by the gloom of mid-winter. In Anglo-Saxon *mist* means "gloom," and *mistel* is used for the plant "mistletoe."

It is curious how in later stories love and death are still both associated with the mistletoe. Take, for instance, the famous ballad of "The Mistletoe Bough," by Thomas Haynes Bayley, which has long enjoyed a wide popularity. Here is sufficient of it to give the story :

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly-branch shone on the old oak wall,
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride,
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.
Oh, the mistletoe bough !
Oh, the mistletoe bough !

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried ;
"Here tarry a moment,—I'll hide, I'll hide ;
And, Lovell, be sure thou art first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking-place."
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan ;
And young Lovell cried, "Oh, where dost thou hide ?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride !"

* * * * *

At length an oak chest that had long lain hid
Was found in the castle : they raised the lid ;
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair !
Oh, sad was her fate ! in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest,
It closed with a spring, and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb.
Oh, the mistletoe bough !
Oh, the mistletoe bough !

This story is widely spread and has numerous *locales*. Rogers in his "Italy" tells the same tale, and calls his heroine "Ginevra." In Florence in an old castello there is shown the identical chest in which the unhappy lady is supposed to have secreted herself. In England many old houses have similar traditions connected with them ; and as the old oak chest or coffer was in former times an article of furniture in every mansion, and as, from its size, it was an inviting hiding-place, it may have been the cause of more than one tragedy. Collet in his "Relics of Literature" gives the story, and it is also to be found in the "Causes Célèbres."

But *revenons à nos moutons*. The gathering of the mistletoe was a most im-

portant ceremony among the ancient Druids. Five days after the new moon they went in stately procession to the forest and raised an altar of grass beneath the finest mistletoe-bearing oak they could find: the arch-Druid ascended the oak and with a golden knife removed the sacred parasite, the inferior priests stood beneath and caught the plant upon a white cloth, for if a portion of it but touched the ground (Loki's empire) it was an omen of misfortune to the land. The mistletoe was distributed among the people on the first day of the new year. As it was supposed to possess the mystic virtue of giving fertility and a power to preserve from poison, the ceremony of kissing under the mistletoe may have some reference to this original belief. Now, the mistletoe was dedicated to Freya so long as it did not touch earth, and so it is always hung from the ceilings of houses: it is curious to note that it is still considered very unlucky if the mistletoe is dropped or placed upon the ground, which superstition is evidently a relic of the Scandinavian legend.

But, setting aside Druidical and pagan practices, let us see what part the mistletoe played in mediæval times. It seems pretty well established that it once had a place among the evergreens employed in the Christmas decoration of churches, but that it was subsequently excluded. Hone states that it was banished together with kissing in the church, which practice had established itself at a certain time of the service. Brand, however, asserts that the mistletoe never entered into sacred edifices except by mistake, and assigns it a place in the kitchen, where "it was hung up in great state, with its white berries; and whatever female chanced to stand under it, the young man present either had a right, or claimed one, of saluting her, and of plucking off a berry at each kiss." Nares makes it ominous for the maid not so saluted, and says, "The custom longest preserved was the hanging up of a bush of mistletoe in the kitchen, or servants' hall, with the charm attached to it that the maid who was not kissed under it at Christmas would not be married in that year."

Whatever the origin of kissing under the mistletoe, the custom was a deservedly popular one, and still retains its hold. An enthusiastic English minstrel sings,—

Yet why should this holy and festival mirth
In the reign of old Christmas only be found?
Hang up Love's mistletoe over the earth,
And let us kiss under it all the year round.

But there may be too much of a good thing, and then, too, there is a time for all things. Let us keep up the good old custom, however, at this season of the year, for it is eminently worth preserving, especially when a pretty girl is in the question, and certainly its antiquity should be a guarantee for its respectability. Of course the true mistletoe is difficult to procure in this country; but then there are many substitutes which fully answer the purpose, and kissing is kissing the world over. There is no reason why a kiss beneath a bunch of holly-berries should not be as sweet as a kiss under the mistletoe, especially if it is also *under the rose*.

Surely at this jovial time of the year no death is associated with the mistletoe, as of old, save only that one may fall dead in love beneath it. And who knows but that the old Scandinavian legend may have had something to do with the origin of this curious expression? However, it is not Loki who shoots the arrow now, but it is Cupid who fashions a dart from the dangerous little plant,

and many a stout heart may during these holidays feel a sudden pang never felt before, and fall as Balder fell, pierced by the mistletoe.

Oh, the mistletoe bough !

Oh, the mistletoe bough !

To all fair maids who may read these lines we wish nothing better than a Merry Christmas and a kiss, from the right one, under the mistletoe.

Henry Collins.

OUR WINTER FESTIVALS.

WHETHER Christmas comes to us hallowed because we feel the sacredness of the season set apart to celebrate

The day wherein the Lorde did bring his birth to pass,

according to the quaint and reverent expression of an ancient poet, or because the anniversary is set thick with early and sweet associations of childish joys, surprises, and family gatherings about the Christmas board, men and women will have to be cast in a different mould from that in which they are now formed to be quite insensible to the subtle influences of this time of home cheer and universal peace and good will toward man.

Even the prosaic occupation of shopping in preparation for Christmas or the New Year is touched with a light that belongs to the season, and represents to the thoughtful mind something more than great crowds of people pricing and cheapening wares. If that eager-faced woman looking over the trinkets at one counter is doing her best to get the ring, that would look so pretty on Clara's dainty finger, for somewhat less than its price, it is only because she wishes to stretch the capacity of her already depleted purse to compass the purchase of a most ravishing doll with luxuriant real hair, at the next counter, that will make little Sarah the very happiest of mortal maidens on Christmas morning. Viewed from a proper stand-point she is neither sordid nor parsimonious, as the shop-keeper thinks, and, from his point of view, it must be granted, with some show of reason. On the contrary, she is generous and expansive, desiring, like all those other men and women hurrying along the street with their arms full of packages and their hearts full of kindliness, to add another note to the universal joy.

It is pleasant at such seasons to turn back and make our acknowledgments to the ancients, and at the same time to note how the two festivals that have rooted themselves so deeply in the life of many nations stood in the early days of their inception for many of the same ideas for which they now stand. For, whether the crowning festivals of the winter solstice are derived from those Northern nations who observed in December the feast of the sun, hailing with joy his entrance upon his course for another year, or from the Saturnalia and kindred celebrations of the Romans, the underlying thought is always thankfulness for the common blessings of life, sun and air, fruitful fields, peace and home content. The feasts, revelry, and mummeries of early times, with much in their

details that is shocking to our later civilization, as well as the exchanging of gifts, congratulations, and visits among friends, all embodied some thought of gratitude to a higher power and some foreshadowing of the universal brotherhood of man as sharers in the general bounty: why else should slaves have been granted their freedom during the Saturnalia?

When Christianity entered into the Roman life, long after the great winter feasts had been established, the heads of the Church showed themselves wise men in their day and generation when they grafted upon the old heathen festivals the new ceremonials of Christmas Day, hoping probably that their nobler observances would supersede those of Bacchus, Saturn, and all the other gods. The Saturnalia, which dates back to a period anterior to the foundation of Rome, fell on the 17th of December and lasted several days, while the festival of the New Year, celebrated in the time of Romulus in March, was transposed under the new calendar to the 1st of January. Hence the two holidays overlapped, as they continued to do among the ancient Britons and Gauls, the Christmas festivities lasting more than a week, including those of the New Year, and ending on the thirteenth day, or Feast of the Epiphany. This latter was preceded by the revels of Twelfth Night, of which Shakespeare in his comedy so named gives us the spirit, although not the details.

Christmas and the New Year being celebrated so close to each other in time, the wassail bowl, which substituted the Grace-Cup of the Latins, belonged to both these seasons as well as to the Twelfth-Night merrymakings. This bowl was often of massive silver, and was frequently decked with ribbons and sprigs of rosemary. The component parts of its good cheer were ale, sugar, nutmeg, and a toast, roasted apples being necessary ingredients of genuine "lamb's-wool." It is evident that crab-apples were often used in the wassail bowl, as frequent allusions are made in old English poetry to "turning a crabbe in the fire," and Shakespeare doubtless adverts to this custom when he makes Puck say,—

And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.

One of the earliest mentions of the wassail bowl in England is that well-known scene when Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, presented to her father's guest, King Vortigern, a bowl of wine, with the words, "Louerd King Wass-heil!" to which he replied, "Drinc Heil!" "Wass-heil," or "Come, here's to you," and "Drinc heil," "I'll pledge you," being among the usual phrases of quaffing among the earliest civilized inhabitants of Britain, our New-Year's toasts of health and happiness seem their legitimate successors, although the New-Year visitor who receives the modern wassail bowl, in the form of eggnog or wine, from the hands of the fair may not be permitted to follow in the footsteps of that ancient warrior who, after crying,

Health to the Saxon maid,
Gayly rose, and 'midst the concourse wide
Kissed her hale lips, and placed her by his side.

Although the festival of the New Year was early and long observed in England with wassail bowl and "lamb's-wool to welcome the rising year," for some reason, perhaps connected with ecclesiastical observances, Christmas has retained

a more abiding place in the life and homes of English-speaking people, while New-Year customs and revels have grafted themselves more firmly upon the French and other Continental nations. The Romans called the gifts exchanged during the *Saturnalia xenia* and *strenæ*, whence perhaps comes the French term *étrennes*, which was used as early as the thirteenth century.

It was Alfred the Great of England who ordered the annual festival to be kept for twelve days ending with the feast of the Epiphany, which was later one of the most popular of the winter holidays, with its Lord of Miarule, its merry-makings, and its cake made of flour, honey, ginger, and pepper. The Twelfth-Night custom of choosing the king and queen by the bean, or by drawing straws, has been traced back to early Grecian and Roman banquets, when dice were cast to determine who should be the *rex convivii*, or ruler of the feast. From whatever source the custom is derived, it long obtained in England and France. One of the chroniclers of the court of the latter country draws a charming picture of Anne of Austria cutting the Twelfth-Night cake, on a mournful 5th of January during the disturbances of the Fronde, for the amusement of her small son, Louis XIV. The slice containing the bean fell to the share of the youthful monarch, making him king of the evening, which honor he waived, and, with the grace that seems never to have deserted him in youth or in old age, turned and presented the bean to his mother, making her queen of the feast, which gave all the company the right to say, when she drank a glass of hippocras, "The Queen drinks," according to the ancient custom.

Another fashion of the Latins, which would undoubtedly add to the jollity of this season with many persons, was that of allowing debtors to remain unmolested during the New Year's week of revelry.

Who does not recall with pleasure Elia's delightful essay on New Year's Eve, commencing with "Every man has two birthdays," in which the sympathetic essayist treats of "the nativity of our common Adam" with a pathos as exquisite, in its own time and place, as the humorous fancy with which he touches the "Roast Pig" and the "Poor Relation"? Viewed from this standpoint, New Year's Day, with its gifts and visits and good wishes, has its background of solemn joy as truly as the Christmas-tide. For if one approaches us with its prospect of jollity and good cheer, overarched and spiritualized by the thought that

The time draws near the birth of Christ,

the other announces the setting up of a new landmark in the life of each man and woman, a milestone whence they may look back thoughtfully and forward hopefully, like the Roman god Janus, patron of the season, who was so richly endowed with faces that he had one with which to review the old year and another with which to greet the new, fitly symbolizing the attitude of humanity at this season, with thoughts divided between the has-been and the to-be.

Who is there who cannot turn back, like Elia, to the child, "that other me," and recall the thrill of expectancy with which he or she looked forward to the mysterious birth of the new year in the night and darkness, as of some unknown creature about to be ushered into the life and light of the world? He who cannot revert to such sensations of hopeful expectancy on the threshold of the new year has lost something out of his gallery of retrospection, which would seem to forecast the daily meeting of the new and untried which is life's experience. It is on such anniversary days that floating thoughts are wont to crystallize into words and phrases, and we clasp each other's hands and say, "A Happy New

Year to you!"—a happy year of happy days as they come,—or, using the words of the most life-loving of poets, who found delight to the last in "sun and sky and breeze, in summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*," say with him, "And now another cup of the generous [let it be only one cup, most genial Charles, and not too generous!], and a merry New Year, and many of them, to you all, my masters!"

Anne H. Wharton.

BOOK-TALK.

ONE of the crying needs of the American people is that of a national historian. We have a picturesque, moving, and interesting past; we have no one who has succeeded in reporting its salient characteristics. Bancroft? McMaster? Neither of these has achieved the difficult task. Bancroft's fault is that he is too good: he commits the unpardonable sin of infallibility. He may have been present at the secret councils of the Creator, but one is a little sceptical: it is difficult to persuade the hard-headed historical student that the oracle proceeded from Mount Sinai. An historian of democracy, above all others, should not join the aristocracy of the elect. As to Mr. McMaster, he has command of a vivid and forceful style, but the style was made and measured for Macaulay and hangs a little loosely about the more modern gentleman. He tells a story very well (that art he has learned from his preceptor), he is scholarly and generally accurate, but his philosophy is not very broad, and he has none of that brilliant play of rhetoric by which Macaulay covered his inability to reason logically and cogently. Sometimes, indeed, the old Macaulayite thinks he recognizes the familiar tricks, he imagines the fuse is lighted, but instead of the expected fire-works his eyes are greeted by only a mild phosphorescence. Nevertheless, Mr. McMaster is very clever. Now, we want something more than a clever historian.

The reader who peruses Henry Adams's "History of the United States during the First Administration of Jefferson" will lay that book aside with the impression that here we have a man who is qualified to fill the gap,—to become our national historian,—and a hope that he may be induced to undertake the task. He has covered four years of our history in an admirable manner, and the six preliminary chapters, which serve as an introduction to the whole and summarize the mental, physical, and economical condition of the country at the time of Jefferson's election in 1800, form a well-reasoned and well-written bit of historical literature. Mr. Adams is a careful student; he has had access to government archives from Spain, France, England, and the United States which were never before laid open to the historian; he has a sure grasp of his facts, and he is familiar with the latest results of sociological investigation. His style, moreover, is gracious and urbane; it has a distinguished ease as of high breeding; it eschews all startling rhetorical effects, all unnecessary passion and vehemence. Above all things Mr. Adams is non-partisan: you could not guess his politics from his book. That is the true stand-point for an historian who wishes to be consulted even more than to be read: he may not appeal to the wide circle who like simply to be amused and so prefer their nerves to be titillated by a little hot-headed bigotry; nevertheless he will command the suffrages of all historical students.

Mr. Adams draws a very engaging portrait of Thomas Jefferson, not merely the public Jefferson, the political thinker who did more perhaps than any other man to shape the destinies of our nation, the statesman who fearlessly held to his opinions in the teeth of the most bitter opposition, the *philosophe* who shocked the conservative by believing too much in man and too little in God, but the private Jefferson also, the shy, awkward, loosely-built, stiff figure in red waistcoat and yarn stockings, with slippers down at the heel and ill-fitting clothes that set the fashion of what has since become famous as "Jeffersonian simplicity" in the White House. He is not made a hero of; he is presented as a man: the historian has little respect for the dignity of history; he tells the plain, honest, familiar truth. The men whom he paints are not austere and venerable and awe-producing figures, they are men of the same kidney as ourselves; we move about among them and know them, we recognize that they are part of the aggregate you and me which constitutes society, we are conscious that if we prick them they will bleed. But this art—so high above the reach of the average historian—is skilfully concealed behind the elegant unpretentiousness of Mr. Adams's English.

Mr. Adams, it will be remembered, won his first laurels as the biographer of Albert Gallatin, who was Jefferson's Secretary of the Treasury. His more recent studies in the same field have borne admirable fruit. Let us trust that he may be tempted to widen his scope, to bring to bear the same patient investigation, fine scholarship, and dispassionate candor upon other periods of our national life, and finally give us that history of the American people which the people deserve to have.

Harper & Brothers have a lot of new books for young people which are worth their parents' consideration. Thomas Knox has already approved himself an excellent *cicerone*, and now he turns up again with a new volume in his "Boy Traveller" series, and takes his party of wanderers through Northern and Central Mexico, Campeachy, and Yucatan. He improves his opportunity to give a full description of the republics of Central America, and also of the Nicaragua Canal, and he weaves all this information into a story which is interesting and at times even exciting.—Another book that combines instruction with entertainment is "City Boys in the Woods; or, A Trapping Venture in Maine," in which the boy heroes learn a great deal about life in the woods—the arts of trapping and hunting—from a friendly Yankee trapper.—In "Redeeming the Republic" Charles Carleton Coffin covers the third period of "The War of the Rebellion" in the year 1864. Perhaps the fact that he bluntly gives this name to what is more euphemistically known as the late unpleasantness may show that the book is meant for Northern rather than Southern children and takes the Northern side throughout. In fact, it is written throughout in the tone of the newspaper correspondent of the period covered, and is good enough if looked at from that point of view.—It is a pity that the first collection of Thomas Nast's cartoons that has yet been made should be the "Christmas Drawings for the Human Race" which he has just presented to us. The book has little more than the prestige of a great name to recommend it. Mr. Nast never drew pretty things; he is magnificent in savage Hogarthian caricature, but he has neither grace nor delicacy, he can't even draw correctly. Now, the pictures here collated are all childish subjects that need a less brusque and vigorous pencil to deal with them.

William S. Walsh.

CURRENT NOTES.

THE extensive hold which disorders of the stomach have secured upon the people of America has become proverbial: so much so, that dyspepsia has been designated by some the American disease. It may be met with all over our great country, in almost every household, and is becoming more prevalent day by day. It is a disease of civilization, and largely of modern civilization. The etiological factors which might enter into a treatise on the subject are numerous, but the actual effects of many often very indefinite. No one, in fact, has yet satisfactorily accounted for the great prevalence of dyspepsia in America. There is one cause which has been slowly, insidiously, yet none the less surely and dangerously, exerting its influence. We refer to the constant introduction through the food, into the stomach, of ammonia.

If any one will take the pains to study the modern history of dyspepsia, he will soon discover that its march of progress has been contemporaneous with the introduction and use of baking powders. The consumption of this article has become enormous. No pantry to-day is without it. Not every brand, however, is impure. There are one or two worthy exceptions; but many of them are contaminated, and the most deleterious substance to be found in any is ammonia.

This ammonia introduced into the dough is not all set free by heating. According to Prof. Hilgard, University of California, "The ammonia may not assume the gaseous state further than does the water itself, of which it slightly lowers the boiling-point. When present in large proportion, the ammonia gas itself will aid in the inflation of the dough. A biscuit hastily baked may have lost only from ten to twenty per cent. of the total amount introduced into the baking powder. After cooling the carbonic acid contained in the bread-cells gradually diffuses and is replaced by air in the course of time; while the ammonia remains in absorption or solution in the water of the bread, recombined into carbonate."

So much for the presence of ammonia in some of the popular brands of baking powders now on the market, and for its retention in the bread. Now, what are some of its effects? Bartholow, classing it among the agents that increase waste, says, "The long-continued use of ammonia impairs digestion by neutralizing the gastric juice. Increased waste of tissue is also one result of its administration, manifested by pallor, emaciation, and feebleness. When introduced into the blood in sufficient quantity it damages the structure of the red blood-globules, and in this way also it affects the nutrition of the body." This question regarding the effect of ammonia upon the human economy is one upon which authorities do not differ, and the individual experience of every physician is in accord with the assertion of authorities. The agent is a drug, not a food; an excrement, not a nutriment. The amount received by the system through these means, while not great at any particular time, and not sufficient to prove injurious, becomes both great and deleterious by being continuous.

For the benefit of our readers we desire to say, The Royal Baking Powder contains ammonia, while Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is free from ammonia, lime, alum, or any drug taint. Recommended for the last quarter of a century by the most eminent physicians and chemists of the country as the most perfect baking powder made.—*From the Pacific Medical Journal.*

THE LAST ENGLISH MILITARY DUEL.—Duelling received its death-blow in England by a fatal encounter which took place on the 1st of July, 1843. Two officers, Colonel Fawcett and Lieutenant Munro, who were brothers-in-law, had a quarrel. Colonel Fawcett was elderly, had been in India, was out of health, and exceedingly irritable in temper. It came out afterwards that he had given his relation the greatest provocation. Still, Lieutenant Munro hung back from what, up to that time, had been regarded as the sole resource of a gentleman, especially a military man. He showed great reluctance to challenge Colonel Fawcett, and it was only after the impression—mistaken or otherwise—was given to the insulted man that his regiment expected him to take the old course, and that if he did not do so he must be disgraced throughout the service, that he called out his brother-in-law. The challenge was accepted; the meeting took place; Colonel Fawcett was shot dead, and the horrible anomaly presented itself of two sisters—the one rendered a widow by the hand of her brother-in-law—and a family of children clad in mourning for their uncle, whom their father had slain. Apart from the bloodshed, Lieutenant Munro was ruined by the miserable step on which he had been thrust. Public feeling was roused to protest against the barbarous practice by which a bully had it in his power to risk the life of a man immeasurably his superior against whom he happened to have a dislike. Prince Albert interested himself deeply in the question, especially as it concerned the army. Various expedients were suggested; eventually an amendment was inserted into the Articles of War which was founded on the more reasonable, humane, and Christian conclusion that to offer an apology, or even to make reparation, when wrong had been committed, was more becoming the character of an officer and a gentleman than to furnish the alternative of standing up to kill or to be killed for a hasty word or a rash act.—*All the Year Round*.

THE GRIMALDIS.—The Grimaldi family, from which the rulers over Monaco have sprung, is ancient and distinguished. Several foolish statements are current about the origin of the Grimaldis. The authority for these fables is Charles de Vénasque, secretary to Honoré II., the first ruler who assumed the title of Prince of Monaco after it had been ascribed to him, probably through error, in the official report of the French general who, in 1646, recaptured the Lerins Islands. Charles de Vénasque drew up a pedigree of the family to which his master belonged, and he may have thought that Honoré II. would be gratified by being assured that he had a distinguished ancestor living in 712, and another who was Lord of Monaco in the tenth century. These particulars have been printed, and have been reproduced as authentic. Indeed, a genealogical fiction has a tenacious life. A long and illustrious pedigree is a possession which once acquired is not easily renounced, every member of the family to which it relates having a personal interest and natural pride in cherishing it. Thus, when M. Henri Métiévier—who was tutor, we believe, to the late Prince of Monaco—wrote the large and able work on "Monaco and its Princes," which appeared in 1865, he incorporated into it the family fables which Charles de Vénasque fabricated or copied in 1647. The facts relating to the origin of the Grimaldis and to their careers as sovereign princes of Monaco do not require any coloring or varnish either to attract the student of history or to fascinate the reader who likes to be diverted or thrilled. There is no lack of amusing particulars in the history of Monaco: some of the incidents in it are as tragic as any with which Shakespeare has dealt.—*The Quarterly Review*.

COMPETENT JUDGES, who try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, pronounce it to be the best blood-purifier ever made. Its success is as complete as was that of its manufacturers in their recent controversy with the Dominion Customs authorities. It wins its way to popularity on the ground of merit.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the standard specific for all diseases caused by impurity of the blood. It is compounded from the most powerful vegetable alteratives; is highly concentrated and therefore economical to use; and is especially beneficial for the debilitated and feeble of both sexes.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla has always been a great seller. My customers think there is no blood-purifier equal to it."—L. M. ROBINSON, *Pharmacist, Sabina, Ohio.*

"I was sick twelve years with kidney disease and general debility, and treated by several physicians without relief, but having taken seven bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla am now better in every respect, and think I am nearly well."—M. LUDWIGSON, *Albert Lea, Minn.*

"I was troubled with rheumatism so as to be confined to the house, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected a complete cure."—A. E. REED, *South Boston, Mass.*

"Over twelve years ago a sore came on the shin-bone of one of my legs. I applied simple remedies at first, but the sore enlarged, and started in new places, until it reached from ankle to knee. Our best doctors, after several years' experimenting, failed to benefit. Last fall it became much worse, giving me no rest day or night. I was persuaded to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had used the fourth bottle my leg was entirely healed and is now as well as ever it was."—SYDNEY DEGOLYER, *Justice of the Peace, West Fort Ann, N. Y.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

"Like magic," the effect produced by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Colds, Coughs, Croup, and Sore Throat are, in most cases, immediately relieved by the use of this wonderful remedy. It strengthens the vocal organs, allays irritation, and prevents the inroads of consumption; in every stage of that dread disease, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral relieves coughing and induces refreshing rest.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists.



A LONDON correspondent says he hears that the last quarterly payment to the proprietors of the *Times* amounted to one-quarter of the dividend which they had been in the habit of receiving for the same period before the sitting of the Special Commission. This is an improvement on the two preceding quarters, when the proprietors received no dividend at all; but there is still a great deal of discontent among them as to the action of the conductors of the paper in bringing it to such a lamentable financial condition.

THE ARAB DOMINION IN AFRICA.—The problem of Arab dominion is not on the coast at all, but in the interior of Africa. On the coast the European states can make their influence felt, but it extends no farther than a narrow strip of land, beyond which barbarism reigns supreme. And here we arrive at one of the most remarkable phenomena of the age in which we live and the planet we inhabit. The aboriginal inhabitants of Central Africa are savages, sunk in heathenism, afflicted by the evils and the weaknesses of savage life, and perhaps inferior in mental and physical vigor to the stronger races of mankind. Over them has passed, like a tempest from the East, a horde of men of another and a stronger race, which marks them out for slavery and destruction. The Arab invasion of Africa is characterized, in every part to which Europeans have penetrated, by desperate valor in arms, by an utter indifference to human life, and, above all, by an enthusiastic and fanatical belief in the faith of Islam. They remind us of those ardent followers of the Prophet who, in the first ages of Mohammedanism, bore his blood-stained standard and his intolerant creed from Spain to the confines of China, and well-nigh overthrew the faith and civilization of the ancient world. Indeed, if we are not mistaken, they are the same men,—the living inheritors of the passions, the valor, and the faith of the soldiers of Mohammed. Before the strength of the Christian states they are now compelled reluctantly to bow; but over the unarmed and untutored native races of Africa they are supreme. Accordingly, what we are now witnessing in Africa, since it has been partially opened to our view, is an amazing recrudescence and fermentation of Mohammedan power. On the Congo it is not the native population, but the blood-thirsty Arab slave-dealers, who oppose the progress of civilization: the natives ask for protection from these formidable tyrants. On the Nile the fierce chiefs of this new warfare have made Khartoum a seat of power and authority over the neighboring tribes, for since the overthrow of the Egyptian government in the south they are masters of the Soudan. The capture of that important position, and the defeat and death of the heroic champion of civilization who perished there, were much greater events than they even seemed to be at the time they occurred; for they established a power, whether it was that of the Mahdi or any other name, which commands the interior and the river.—*The Edinburgh Review*.

M. ZOLA has his eye upon Émile Augier's vacant chair among the Immortals. "I shall," he says, "be a candidate. The Academy has shown recently that it is no longer absolutely hostile to new formulæ. I shall conform to the usages, make the necessary visits, and expect a defeat. Hugo in his day was not diminished by such a defeat. I shall not be diminished either. To crown my career I wish to become a member of the French Academy, and if I live long enough I shall succeed in my desire."

THE WONDERFUL CARLSBAD SPRINGS.—AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN READS A PAPER OF GREAT INTEREST BEFORE THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS.—At the Ninth International Medical Congress, Dr. L. A. Toboldt, of the University of Pennsylvania, read a paper stating that out of thirty cases treated with Carlsbad Water and the Carlsbad Sprudel Salt, powder form, for chronic constipation, hypochondria, disease of the liver and kidneys, jaundice, adiposis, diabetes, dropsy from valvular heart disease, dyspepsia, catarrhal inflammation of the stomach, ulcer of the stomach or spleen, children with marasmus, gout, rheumatism of the joints, gravel, etc., twenty-six were entirely cured, three much improved, and one not treated long enough. Average time of treatment, four weeks. In all of these cases no particular diet was prescribed. The doctor claims, in conclusion of his paper, that the Carlsbad Mineral Water, as exported by the city of Carlsbad, being the natural product, is much to be preferred where the quantity of water is no objection, particularly in diseases of the stomach. Whenever the quantity of water cannot be taken, the Carlsbad Sprudel Salt (powder form, genuine imported) will answer equally as well. He states that the effect of the Water and the Carlsbad Sprudel Salt is to be relied upon, independently of any adjuncts of treatment, such as diet and exercise, whether taken hot or cold, claiming even an advantage when taken cold, as it acts more decidedly purgative, and that he has given cold the preference, only using the water hot when a less purgative action is desired. The dose of the water employed was two tumblerfuls before breakfast and one or two during the day. The dose of Salt is a teaspoonful twice a day dissolved in a tumblerful of water. Whenever a stronger action is desired the Carlsbad Sprudel Salt in powder form should be used in conjunction with the Carlsbad Water. The GENUINE article is bottled under the supervision of the city of Carlsbad, and has the seal of the city and the signature of "Eisner & Mendelson Co.," sole agents for the U. S., on the neck of every bottle. All others are worthless imitations. The genuine is never sold in bulk. Dr. Toboldt's lecture, with table of cases treated, will be mailed to any address upon application to the agents of the Carlsbad Spring. Eisner & Mendelson Co., 6 Barclay Street, New York.

It is rumored, writes the London correspondent of the *Manchester Courier*, that among the papers of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold a large number of poems have been found, many of which are of such excellence and finish that in the opinion of his literary executors they ought to be given to the world.

LOTTA writes, under date of December, 1888, "When I reached Philadelphia I was very much fatigued, run down in health, and my voice almost gone. After using the Compound Oxygen treatment for three weeks I felt that my health was entirely restored. I can now sing without fatigue, and never felt better in my life. I feel under great obligations to the Compound Oxygen treatment. To Messrs. Northrop & Hickman, 1128 Walnut Street, Philadelphia." The secret of the success of this Compound Oxygen lies in the fact of it being a blood-purifier, a tonic, and a stimulant without depending on drugs for its action. Compound Oxygen will restore a healthy action in every diseased organ in the body; gives tone to the nerves, relieving Neuralgia and Nervous Prostration. Especially recommended in diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, Lungs, Liver, and Kidneys, Catarrh, and Rheumatism. For further information concerning Compound Oxygen treatment, address Northrop & Hickman, 1128 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HAWTHORNIANA.—Mr. George M. Williamson, a Brooklyn bibliophile, has just come into possession of what is undoubtedly the most important collection of Hawthorne books and letters in existence. The books alone fill a case of goodly size, and include not only first editions and English reprints, but foreign translations, bound volumes of magazines that Hawthorne edited or wrote for, and biographies and critical essays. There is one of the large copies of "The Gentle Boy," with a frontispiece by Sophia Peabody (afterward Mrs. Hawthorne); one of the four "Fanshaws" that remain of the first edition of the novel, its author, after printing it at his own expense, having recalled and destroyed all copies that could be obtained; and one of the very scarce prints of "The Celestial Railroad," published in Philadelphia as a tract, with ludicrous lithograph illustrations. In the old journals and magazines are many articles that bear the pen-marks of the great writer, and here and there one comes upon ideas that were amplified in his stories in after-years. A number of portraits on wood, steel, copper, and in photograph are included in the collection, among the photographs being one of *carte de visite* size, with Ticknor, Fields, and Hawthorne posed in a group, attired in the graceless fashion of thirty years ago, and wearing the stiffest of collars and tallest of chimney-pot hats. The letters include notes to Hawthorne as well as from him, and reveal him in the pleasant aspect of a faithful friend and watchful benefactor; while personal traits are occasionally disclosed in them, as in a letter to one of his acquaintances in Salem, whom he begs to do a little shopping in his behalf, and to buy two hundred and fifty cigars, "a year's supply," some pale brandy, and a pair of No. 9 boots. This collection is the result of a search for Hawthorne books, pictures, and manuscripts that was prosecuted for fifteen years or more by Mr. John Pierce, of Brooklyn, who is related by marriage to the Hawthorne family.—*The Critic*.

THE MODERN DOG.—Every vice of the age reflects itself in the modern dog. He is self-conscious, affected, communicative, gushing, the victim of ennui; he thirsts for excitement, for society; for public notice. From room to room he speeds, looking for that in which he finds most society and is most brought forward. He is vain of his accomplishments, and delights in begging, in refusing or accepting, bits of cake "from Mr. Gladstone," in "giving three cheers for the Queen," in saying "William." Mr. Romanes mentions a dog in Dumfries who could say "William." Nobody ever heard of a cat who attempted anything of that sort. It is told of a dog living in a small country house that when the local magnate had other magnates staying with him that dog would go away and desert his master for the more diverting and distinguished society. The dog is all expression. He communicates every one of his numerous emotions. He is so vain that a large and, it must be admitted, handsome collie has been known to contemplate himself all day in a mirror. The dog must always be "in evidence." How much of his acknowledged gallantry in saving life and attacking robbers is due to a mere desire to see his name in the papers can never be certainly discovered. In fact, he is bitten with all the sentimentality and effusiveness of the period. Even his friends, even Miss Frances Power Cobbe, will admit, on reflection, that the dog has been thus degraded by associating with mankind. He is by way of being a philanthropist. "That dog'll speak to any beggar," said a Lowland shepherd of his own hound, which had gone up and wagged his tail to a passing angler.—*The Saturday Review*.

YOUR ANSWER TO THIS?—The argument for life insurance is almost as old as it is irresistible. The man who insures really strikes the key-note when he says, "Well, I won't expose my family to the chance of my dying, leaving them unprotected, before my work has achieved anything for them,—before I have accumulated a fund for their care." This is what frightens men into insuring; and they may well be affrighted at the probable fate of the family without life insurance.

This is but one phase. There is another, perhaps more influential because more selfish,—righteously selfish. It is the desire to pass one's old age in comfort. Who is a producer at sixty? How many at that age can earn a dollar? How few are they who are not wholly or practically dependent on charity? Look about you! The man who took the nickel from your hand and tugged at the strap which registered the fare was, twenty years ago, a prosperous merchant! The night watchman in the great ——— Bank held his head very high but six years ago. With Monte-Cristo, he then thought the world was his. It was a dream only. Mrs. S——l now has a cheap boarding-house, and Mr. S., pinched in features, threadbare, wan, spiritless, ill, utterly crushed, goes marketing afoot. The wealth and splendor and pride which evoked applause and envy, now they are gone, call forth pity, contemptuous pity, from those who are exposed to the same hazard as was he.

The sensible man provides for both contingencies. If he die, the fate of the family is assured; if he live, he has days of independence and comfort.

Consult the **PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**, 921, 923, and 925 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

EXPERIMENTS are now being made in Italy upon this year's vintage in the electrification of wine. Fifty different sorts of wine have already been experimented upon, and the results have been very satisfactory. The wine is clarified, acquires a "bouquet," and is said to stand equally well transport by land or long journeys by sea.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, and to enable every one to act his part well needs that he shall be in perfect health. The very best of actors require prompting occasionally, and so it is with the functional parts of our bodies: they sometimes require prompting. A sluggish liver, impaired digestion, or weak stomach, if taken in time, only need a little prompting to set them right, but if neglected may lead to complications that will necessitate a physician's care. An article that has, comparatively speaking, been but recently introduced in America, is by far the best little prompter in all the aforementioned cases. We refer to Beecham's Pills, a staple article in England, having been before the British public for over fifty years and already in great demand in every other English-speaking country throughout the world. These pills are really a wonderful medicine, arousing and strengthening the system and prompting every organ to the proper performance of its part. It has recently been shown that they are nine times more used in England than any other patent medicine and have the largest sale of any in the world. In fact, they are the World's Medicine. No home in America need be without this famous and inexpensive remedy, for, although they are proverbially pronounced to be "worth a guinea a box," they can be obtained of any druggist for 25 cents, or from the Sole Agents for the United States, **B. F. Allen & Co.**, 365 Canal Street, New York City, who will forward them to any address upon receipt of price.

PRAYING AND EATING.—If religious festivals make a people religious, the Sardes are among the most religious of nations. Seldom did we enter a town or village without finding the place either in the midst of a festa, anticipating a coming festa, or discussing the festa just ended. Scattered over the island are a multitude of small chapels dedicated to obscure saints, and to which the villagers for miles around flock with provisions and bedding once or twice a year. They camp out in the open or sleep in adjacent caves; a priest says mass in their midst, and they all eat and drink as if they had never before had a good meal, or as if the rest of their lives was to be one long fast. A disagreeable litter of ox-bones, ribs of sheep, orange-peel, bean-skins, and stones of olives, strewn amid the grass near the hermitage or on the level earth at the very church door, bears constant witness to the traveller of this sort of religious junketing up and down the land. The following statistics of food consumed at a traditional gathering, merely to celebrate the ordination of a priest in the district of Mamojada, shadows forth the magnitude of the Sarde festas in general. Two thousand five hundred people were present, and between them they ate twenty-two cows, twenty-six calves, twenty-eight deer and wild boars, seven hundred and forty sheep, three hundred lambs, kidlings, and sucking pigs, six hundred fowls, sixty-five measures—of what size indeterminate—of sugar, fifty pounds of pepper and spices, two hundred and eighty measures of corn, a hundredweight of rice, a hundredweight of dates, fifty sugared cakes, three thousand eggs, twenty-five large barrels of wine, three thousand fish, and a vast quantity of confectionery. —*Chambers's Journal.*

THAT "Ben-Hur" will outlast "Robert Elsmere" in popularity is the judgment which Miss Ellen M. Coe has formed from her experience as librarian of the New York Free Circulating Library. "Ben-Hur" has now passed "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which in 1887 headed the list of fiction in greatest demand. The recent report of the Maimonides Library in New York gives the same testimony: "Ben-Hur" heads the list of single volumes of fiction most sought after.

A POSTAGE-STAMP SAVING-CARD.—Mr. Horace J. Smith, of Philadelphia, has issued a circular suggesting the passage of a law providing for the preparation by the government of a postage-stamp saving or remittance or return postal card, embodying the following features: postage-stamps may be affixed to the card, either for the saving of small sums, or for transmission through the mail; when presented at any United States post-office, the face value of the undefaced stamps affixed to it is to be paid to the person to whom it is addressed, or it may be endorsed to bearer; in sending the card by mail a one-cent stamp must be affixed to it, or it may be enclosed in an envelope to which a two-cent postage-stamp must be affixed. The proposed card, a sample of which is enclosed with the circular, is about double the size of the regular postal card, and folds. The uncanceled stamps are to be placed in the inside, and the value of the stamps is to be paid on presentation at the post-offices. The plan suggested has been in successful operation in France, Belgium, Austria, and Italy. The system has also been adopted in the Netherlands, and in Canada and other British colonies; and the Postmaster-General of Germany is seeking to introduce it into the Empire. Mr. Smith ventures to hope that in the near future such a card may be adopted by the International Postal Union as a method of transmittal of small sums between persons of different nationalities.

WHAT IS VANITY?—ARE ALL MEN AND WOMEN VAIN?—IS IT PARDONABLE SO FAR AS PERSONAL BEAUTY IS CONCERNED?—A LETTER FROM MRS. LANGTRY.—The impression has existed among ignorant or prejudiced people that women or men who are particularly neat about their persons or careful to preserve their personal charms are vain.

We cannot agree to this view. It might as well be said that men or women who keep their hands scrupulously clean are "vain." Nature intended creatures with the "form divine" to also have good features and complexions, and where they are otherwise the cause may be found in neglect or suffering caused by sickness or poverty. A man or woman who is willing to be hideous or repulsive by having on the face blackheads, pimples, tan, liver-spots, and other like imperfections, must be grossly ignorant or utterly devoid of all the feeling which can be described in one quotation—"Cleanliness is next to godliness." Nothing more disgusting can be imagined than a face covered with the imperfections referred to: they are worse than unclean finger-nails.

Just think how suggestive they are. What must be the effect on one's lover, one's husband, or one's friends? It is a matter of duty to prevent and remove these things, and is in no sense an indication of vanity. No woman of the world but thoroughly understands the potency of a beautiful complexion.

Read the following letter and rest assured that every woman and every girl should use the Récamier Preparations. In no other way, so far discovered, can she appear as nature intended she should.

NEW YORK, August 14, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. AYER: I have been for a year using your delightful Récamier Preparations, and was, as you recollect, one of the first to attest to their excellency. While they are in no sense of the word *cosmetics*, of which I have a *wholesome horror*, they do away with the need of such meretricious articles and excel any preparations for the complexion I have ever seen.

As I wrote you some months since, I use the Récamiers "religiously," and believe them to be essential to the toilet of every woman who desires to retain a fair skin.

Yours most sincerely, LILLIE LANGTRY.

N.B.—For convincing testimony as to the positive purity and great efficaciousness of these preparations, reference can be made to Dr. Henry A. Mott, Ph.D., LL.D., Member of the London, Paris, Berlin, and American Chemical Societies; Prof. Thomas B. Stillman, M.Sc., Ph.D., Professor of Chemistry, Stevens Institute of Technology; Peter T. Austin, Ph.D., F.C.S., Rutgers College and New Jersey State Scientific School, and many others to whom the Récamier Preparations have been voluntarily submitted for searching examination and analysis. Therefore, if your druggist says he has no Récamier Preparations, refuse all substitutes and have him order them for you. If he will not do this, order them yourself and they will be sent you free of express charges.

Récamier Cream, for tan, sunburn, pimples, etc. Price, \$1.50.

Récamier Balm, a beautifier, pure and simple. Price, \$1.50.

Récamier Almond Lotion, for freckles, moth and discolorations. Price, \$1.50.

Récamier Powder, for the toilet and nursery; will stay on and does not make the face shine. Prices, large boxes, \$1; small boxes, 50 cents.

Récamier Soap, best in the world. Prices, scented, 50 cts.; unscented, 25 cts.

Caution.—Beware of swindlers and discharged employés. I employ no agents. The secrets of my formulas are unknown outside my laboratory.

RÉCAMIER MANUFACTURING CO., 52 and 54 Park Place, New York City.
Harriet Hubbard Ayer, President.

MONARCHS OUT OF REPAIR.—A wail comes from Berlin concerning the unhealthiness and unhappiness of the present rulers of Europe.

First, the Czar is hypochondriacal and terribly shaky in the nerves. The Czarina is even worse, and is subject to attacks of intense nervous prostration. The Emperor of Austria is a healthy but a heart-broken man, and the Empress is a martyr to sciatica, rheumatic fever, and melancholia. She belongs to the Wittelsbach family, who produced other samples of royal misery in the demented kings of Bavaria. The King of Würtemberg is said—by North Germans, at any rate—to be more than half crazy; King Milan of Servia is haunted day and night by the dread of assassination; and, lastly, the Sultan cannot enjoy a moment's peace, because he expects to meet the fate of his predecessor. Three more miserable men, they say, cannot be found in all Europe than the Czar, the Sultan, and King Milan.

The German Emperor's physical defects, again, are well known. The King of Holland is paying the penalty of violent liberties taken with a naturally strong constitution, and has now sunk into the dotage of an irritable invalid. The King of Italy suffers from chronic gastric derangement brought on by excessive smoking of green cigars. The infant King of Spain has no constitution at all, for his father ruined his by excesses, and was only kept alive latterly by opiates and champagne. The King of the Belgians is lame. The Queen of Roumania is haunted by hallucinations, which sympathetically affect King Charles. In truth, it is a grim and ghastly list; and of all the sovereigns of Europe only Queen Victoria and the Kings of Denmark, Sweden, and Greece seem to be blessed with sound minds in sound bodies. To complete the list, it should be added that the late King of Portugal had been a most unhealthy and unhappy man for nearly thirty years, as he had never had a month's respite from illness of one sort or another since 1860.—*The London World*.

THE amount of money attracted to Paris by the Exposition is estimated at \$250,000,000,—\$100,000,000 from the 5,000,000 French people who came from the provinces, and \$150,000,000 from the 1,500,000 foreigners. There were 380,000 Englishmen, 226,000 Belgians, 160,000 Germans, and 120,000 Americans in the list of those who attended the great show. These figures give an idea of the vast financial benefit of a big exposition.

THE PRESENT OSCAR WILDE.—A London correspondent writes, "The Oscar Wilde who made himself famous in America a few years ago is not the Oscar Wilde of to-day. The long hair has been cut and is now short and curly. The knee-breeches have been put away carefully, the lackadaisical air is no longer worn, and the Oscar Wilde of London to-day is a straight, strong, broad-shouldered, athletic fellow, with no nonsense about him, and an evident determination on his face to make fame and money. The Wilde craze, so far as England is concerned, is over. I saw Oscar Wilde on Fleet Street to-day, and would not have known him had not an English friend pointed him out to me. He looked as English in his dress as in his manner, and conducted himself as thousands of other broad-shouldered young fellows whom you will find at Oxford or Cambridge or in the big commercial houses of London and Liverpool." Oscar Wilde is at present engaged in writing his first novel for *Lippincott's Magazine*.

FORTY years ago almost every mother thought her child must have paregoric or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a few drops too many of them will produce the sleep from which there is no waking. Many are the children who have been killed and whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum, and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is "*A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which, in poisonous doses, produces stupor, coma, convulsions, and death.*" The taste and smell of opium medicines are disguised, and sold under the names of "Bateman's Drops," "Godfrey's Cordial," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician knows of what it is composed.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."—H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."—ALEX. ROBERTSON, M.D., 1057 Second Avenue, New York.

"From personal knowledge I can say that Castoria is a most excellent medicine for children."—DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria promotes Digestion, assists Teething, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.



CATARRH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS, AND HAY-FEVER. A new home treatment. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and Eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay-fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

"N.B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of ten cents by A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 West King Street, Toronto, Canada."—*Toronto Globe*.

Sufferers from catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

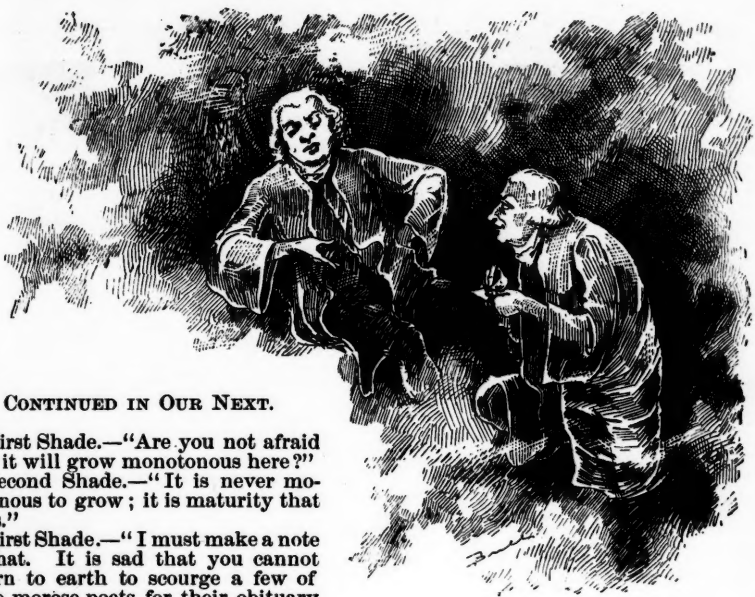
BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER and MRS. LILLIE LANGTRY, two famous beauties concerning whom all ladies are interested in reading, and whose care of their beautiful complexion should command the attention of all womanhood, have taken the trouble to write in reference to an article which both have tried and have found worthy of a place among their toilet requisites. In the March number of *The Home-Maker* will be found an article on Chapped Skin, written by that friend of the household, "Marion Harland." In it she follows the example of Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Langtry in recommending Watt's Glycerine Jelly of Violets as the best preparation in use. It is a harmless and inexpensive way to keep the skin smooth and velvety soft, and will prevent all roughness of the skin due to the use of impure soap, cold winds, exposure to the sun, etc. Sold by all druggists, and by the manufacturer, H. C. WATT, 10 North Broad Street, Philadelphia.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.—One of the fairest dreams conjured up by Edward Bellamy in his popular book, "Looking Backward," and one which, in these days when servants are the mistresses, has a special attractiveness to every home maker, is co-operative housekeeping. To the complete building of this castle, in any more substantial material than air, is a long look ahead, but at least one or two solid blocks are even now ready for the foundation. It is claimed, and the claim is not disputed to our knowledge, that, in the manufacture of the well-known washing compound Pearline, chemical science, the most advanced mechanical appliances, and bold and sagacious business methods, are all co-operating in an eminently successful manner with the housekeeper in her difficult task of "keeping things clean." The best results, at the least outlay of time, temper, and money—each one of the millions of packages of Pyle's Pearline sold every year is a practical demonstration of how to solve this difficult problem, in one direction at least.—*Boston Congregationalist*, October 3.

AMONG the lately introduced machines for household use is the Meat Cutter or Chopper. While largely used in years past by butchers and farmers to cut raw meat, it is only the recently designed machines, like the Perfection Meat Cutter, that will chop everything required in the household. The American Machine Co., northeast corner of Lehigh Avenue and American Street, Philadelphia, who manufacture it, have issued a little book describing their Perfection Meat Cutter and how it can be used. In it Mrs. S. T. Rorer gives full directions for some sixty dishes that can be prepared with the Cutter. Cold pieces left over at meals are speedily converted into toothsome croquettes. The Recipe Book will be mailed by manufacturers to any one on request.

MR. JOHN W. WOODBURY, the celebrated dermatologist, of 125 West Forty-Second Street, New York, has issued a very handsome calendar for the coming year. Mr. Woodbury has been eminently successful in the removal and eradication of facial blemishes, and is the inventor of Woodbury's Facial Soap, which has become an indispensable article of the toilet. This soap is an excellent remedy for the milder forms of skin and scalp affections, and, by keeping the skin in a healthy condition, serves as a preventive against these imperfections.



CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

First Shade.—“Are you not afraid that it will grow monotonous here?”

Second Shade.—“It is never monotonous to grow; it is maturity that palls.”

First Shade.—“I must make a note of that. It is sad that you cannot return to earth to scourge a few of these morose poets for their obituary measures.”

Second Shade.—“Nothing would please me better, but I would have to measure to my obituaries.”

First Shade (abruptly).—“I see your wings are larger than mine. How do you account for that?”

Second Shade.—“Naturally enough. ‘*Tot homines, tot sententiæ*,’ you know; as are the men, so are their o-pinions.”

First Shade.—“Can you tell me why it is that Dignity always seems to have something disagreeable in its keeping?”

Second Shade.—“Because it is always so self-possessed.”

First Shade.—“Hottentots are happy in their ignorance: does this fact justify the paradox ‘the folly of wisdom’?”

Second Shade.—“Does their barbarity emphasize the wisdom of folly?”

First Shade.—“I’ll make a note of that. How true it is that study and discipline add weight to character!”

Second Shade.—“Yes, and all things come to him who weights.”—Blim !!!—

“What’s that?”

First Shade.—“Oh, nothing; an angel fainted.” (Reflectively) “Can you tell me why they call old Father Time ‘the reaper’?”

Second Shade.—“Can’t say, unless it is because all flesh is grass.”—Blam !!!—

“What’s that?”

First Shade.—“Another angel! Do you think marriage is a failure?”

Second Shade.—“The question is idle: show me the girl who misses her chance, with a chance to be Mrs.”

First Shade.—“The effusions of literature show a painful lack of inspiration since your time. Effort no longer seems fired by the muse.”

Second Shade.—“No; it is fired by the editor.”

First Shade.—“Do you believe that self-scourging is a proper penitence?”

Second Shade.—“Maceration is not a specific for sin;

For you do not atone though you wear yourself thin.

It is an aggravated sinfulness for bibulating bacchanals, sodden with drink and undiscovered peccadilloes, to expect the texture of existence worn to fray and ravel will be acceptable as an aton—” —x x !!! x x !!!! x !!

“Heavens! what’s that?”

First Shade.—“That last sentence fell through upon the earth!”

Chad. McCoy.

CHRISTMAS GLUTTONY; OR, THE VICARIOUS CAT.





THE INCIDENT OF GREATNESS.

It was a jovial banquet board,
Great guns were feasted free,
Great generals, great senators,
Great counsellors-at-fee;
And in the special honor seat,
To see the great well fed,
There sat a great—what shall I say?—
That's it! Great head,—great head.

Great toasts were drunk, great mots were turned,
And so were viands rare,
Great tanks of cham—but let that pass;
That's neither here nor there.



And when a great one spouted some,
And sat him down flushed red,
The savants clapped him great applause,
And cried, "Great head! Great head!"

They tell us beauty's but skin-deep;
Well, so is greatness, too.
The cuticle of greatness holds
No more than I or you.
And so next day each great one lay
Within his own great bed,
And ran his fingers through his locks,
And groaned, Great head Great head!

Samuel C. Appleby.



A DESPERATE CASE.

Crupples.—"Why, there goes Atterly on crutches. What's wrong? It was only yesterday that I saw him playing lawn-tennis in his yard."

Crupples.—"Oh, nothing ails him, I guess."

Crupples.—"Nothing ails him! Why, look at the man! What's he got up in that style for, then?"

Crupples.—"Oh, he's going to draw his pension."



'TWIXT YOU AN' ME.

GRAMMAR AND SENTIMENT.

"A kiss is but a common noun," cried Sue;
 "Yes, *very* common," artlessly cried Loo.
 But as she caught a merry glance she hushed
 Her silvery voice and beautifully blushed.
 "Yet if 'tis common it is proper too!"
 Cried Sal,—a twinkle in her eyes of blue.
 "It can't be both!" said Mabel, much perplexed:
 And so they argued out the question vexed.
 To one thing each at last made up her mind:
 A kiss was something hard to be declined.

Wilson K. Welsh.

WHAT A BUCKET-SHOP WAS.

Tom.—"Say, Jack, what's a bucket-shop?"

Jack.—"I guess it's where the brokers get their buckets to water the stock with."

"MA, when is your wooden wedding?"

"It was when I married your father, Johnnie," she answered, grimly.

PANDERING TO HIS WEAKNESS.

The waiter who gets on a "high"
 Should always board a ship;
 For every time a wave comes by
 The vessel has to tip.

WHICH JUST REVERSES MATTERS.

The New-Yorkers are trying to put the electric wires underground. The electric wires are continually putting the New-Yorkers underground.

WAS Mr. Bellamy's book, "Looking Backward," suggested by the story of Lot's wife?

A WEATHER REPORT.—Thunder.

WHAT RAISED THE RUMPUS.





B natural.

B sharp.

B flat.

A DEAD WEIGHT.

Bagley.—“You have been twelve years on the stage?”

Miss Merveilleux.—“Yes. (Sighs.) And still a walking lady.”

Bagley.—“You have been unfortunate.”

Miss Merveilleux.—“No; simply moral.”

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

The jolly tar can't well avoid
The name of “tipsy rover;”
For in the middle of the deep
He's always half-seas over.

It is a foolish crockery-merchant who cracks up his own wares.

In literary matters it is first think and
then th'ink.

IN MINOR KEY.

The *New Orleans Picayune* says, “The musical people of America demand a national air.” Well, when they secure the air, here are some words to start off with:

No more “My country, 'tis of thee,”
We sing in patriot elation;
Because that statement don't agree
With unrestricted immigration.
Nor can we start that gay old tune
The nations know as “Yankee
Doodle,”

For alien hands will hold us soon,
When we're sold out to British
boodle.



Sweetness and Light, à la Arnold.



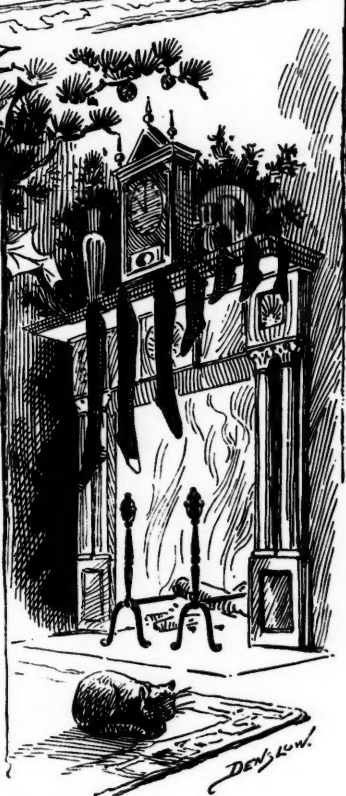
CHRISTMAS-LAND.

When Christmas white comes in the night
 And lines the lawn, the glebe and glade,
 Then dozing lads and lassies haste
 To reach, in dreams, the land of taste
 Along the fields of jujube paste,
 Across the streams of lemonade.

A moment seems a day in dreams,
 A minute for a month avails,
 Until they reach that honeyed land
 Where sugar takes the place of sand,
 And gum-drop trees on every hand
 Are plundered by vanilla gales.

The hills are made of marmalade,
 And jellied into dales and dells;
 The peaks in taffy ridges rise
 Where soda-fountains fizz to skies;
 Where bushes bend with custard pies,
 And trees hang low with caramels.

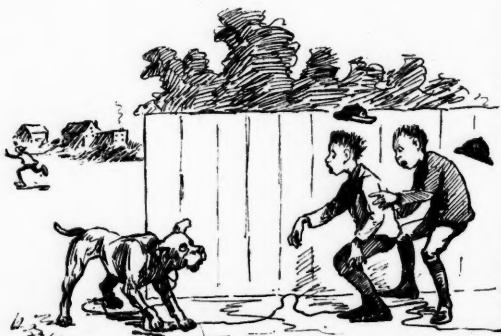
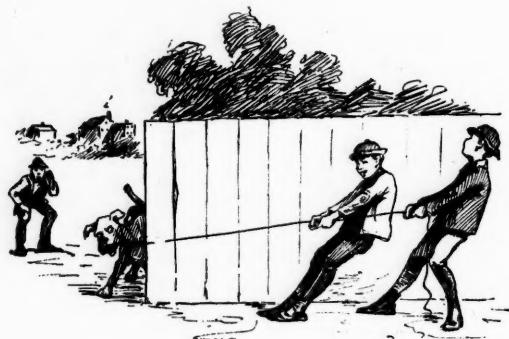
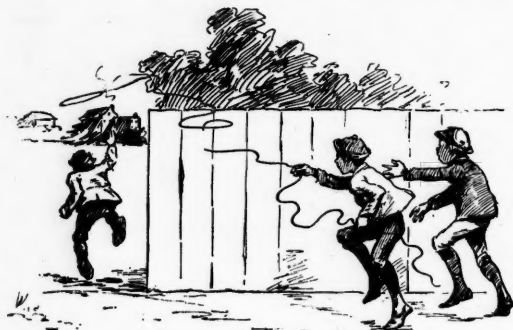
The streams that leap adown the steep
 Are melting creams of frozen ice;
 And these in rivulets begun
 With "mallows" softened by the sun



Into the sponge-cake valleys run,
With everything that's sweet and nice.

Then o'er the mead, with eager greed,
The youngsters flit like sunny gleams.
But ere a single sip they take
The jelly mountain starts to quake.
It topples,—tumbles; they awake
And—that's the way it is with dreams.

THE UNEXPECTED ALWAYS HAPPENS.



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